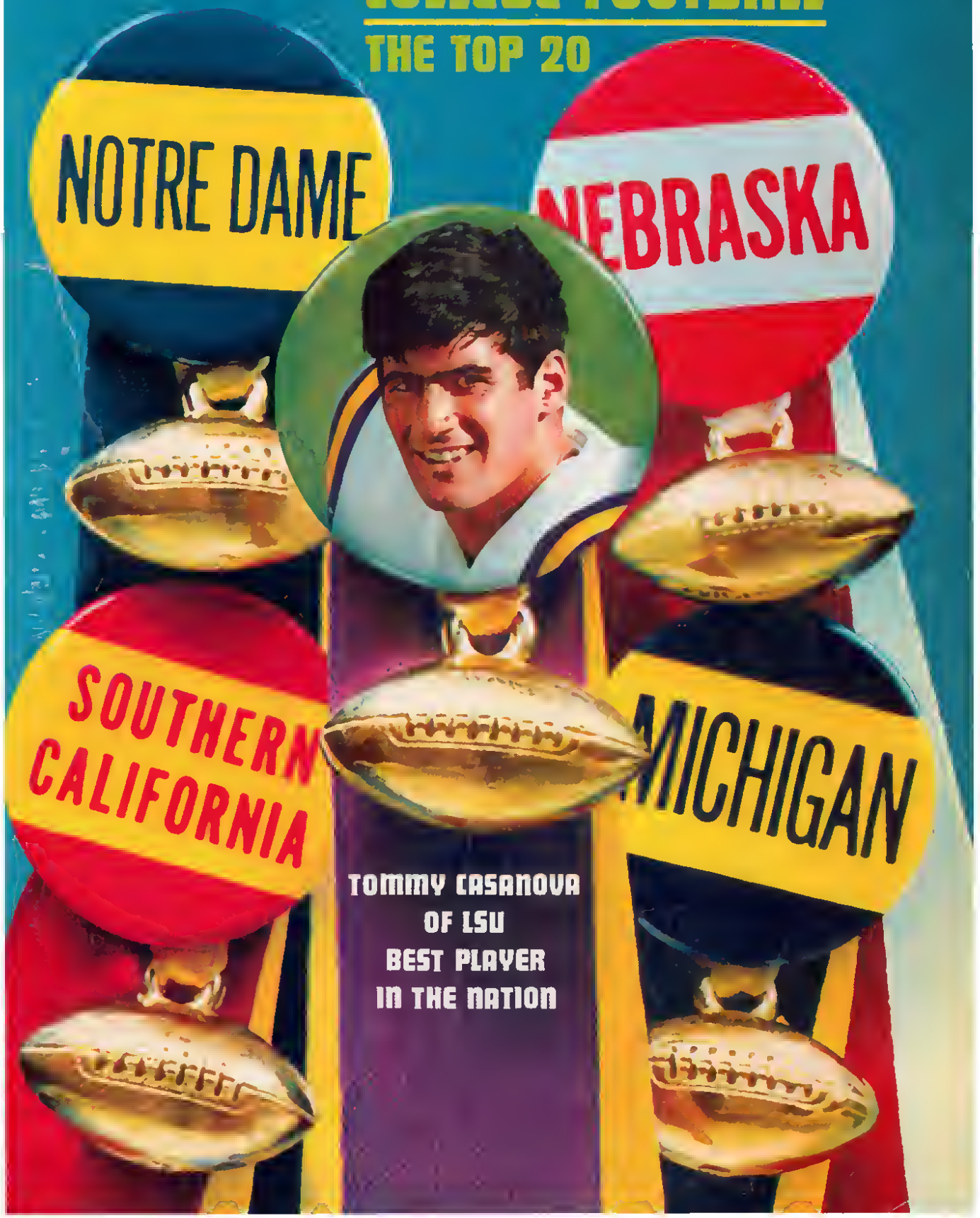
Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 13, 1971 60 CENTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

THE TOP 20

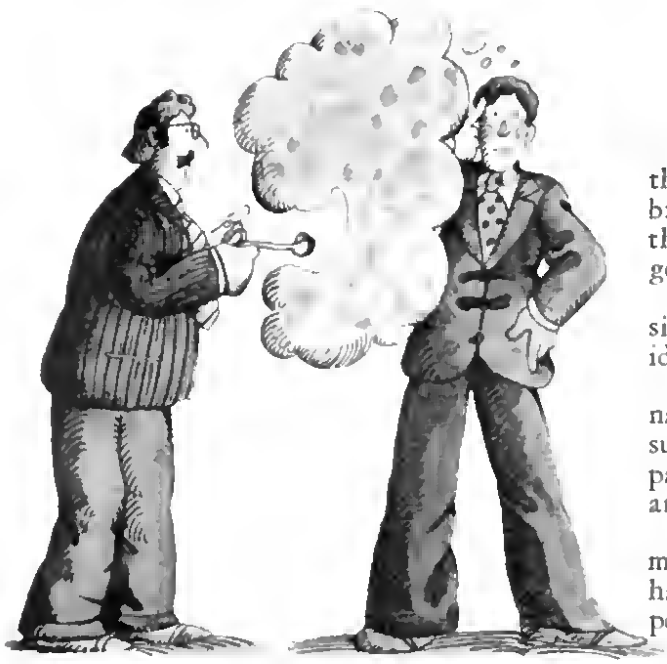




THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

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The Care and Feeding of the Bright Idea.



We have some alarming news.

The bright idea is an endangered species. And too few organizations seem concerned about its preservation.

Here at 3M we've given the problem a lot of thought. And worked out our own ecology for encouraging and developing ideas.

It starts with the people who work here. We try to treat every employee like the individual he is. Let him know we want his ideas. And do all we can to help them grow.

In fact, our research men often get part of their 3M workday free if they want to work on brainstorms. Plus the space and tools and help they need to pursue those elusive strokes of genius.

Our people know their rewards and responsibility will grow apace with the results their ideas produce.

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3M has watched ideas begin as the tiniest of things. And grow into products like "Tartan" Brand athletic surfacing. The first successful presensitized metal printing plate. And Boil-in-Bag and Bake-in-Bag packaging.

We have countless satisfied customers who seem to like the way we treat ideas

And 65,733 people to have them.

People still count here. 3M COMPANY

3M Co., 3M Center, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101



Our newest compact stereo. It may lose us some component customers.

Just when you're all set to buy some of our superb Sony components, we ask you to listen to our new HP-610. And be flabbergasted by its great sound. And wonder whether you need components after all.

We're not really nuts. We just suspect there are some highly sophisticated hi-fi buffs who secretly long for a compact.

Just because you know great sound, doesn't mean you have the room to accommodate components. And the time to shop around, to match and compare. Or that you're a whizz with a soldering iron and screwdriver. And get a kick out of building your own cabinets.

You think you *must* have components to get great sound. Well, think again.

Where most compacts fail to measure up is in the amplifier. The HP-610 has one with all-silicon transistors and a 66-watt music output (E.I.A. standard). That's a lot more powerful than many components you could buy.

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There's a Dual 3-speed automatic turntable with a Pickering micro-magnetic cartridge. And enough input and output jacks to satisfy the most insatiable hi-fi fiend. There's even a speaker-selector switch that lets you turn your remote speakers on and off separately from the main speakers.

There's also a price of around $400. Which is maybe $100 less than you'd have spent on our components. Perhaps we're nuts after all.

THE SONY HP-610 STEREO

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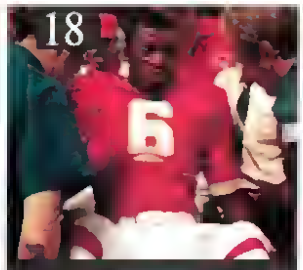
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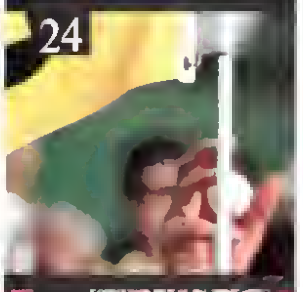
Because the smallest germ of civilization can devastate these island sanctuaries, few men can visit them

The departments

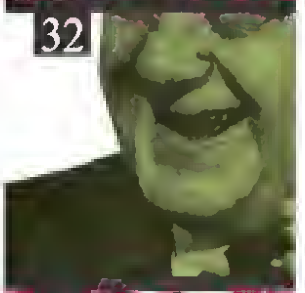
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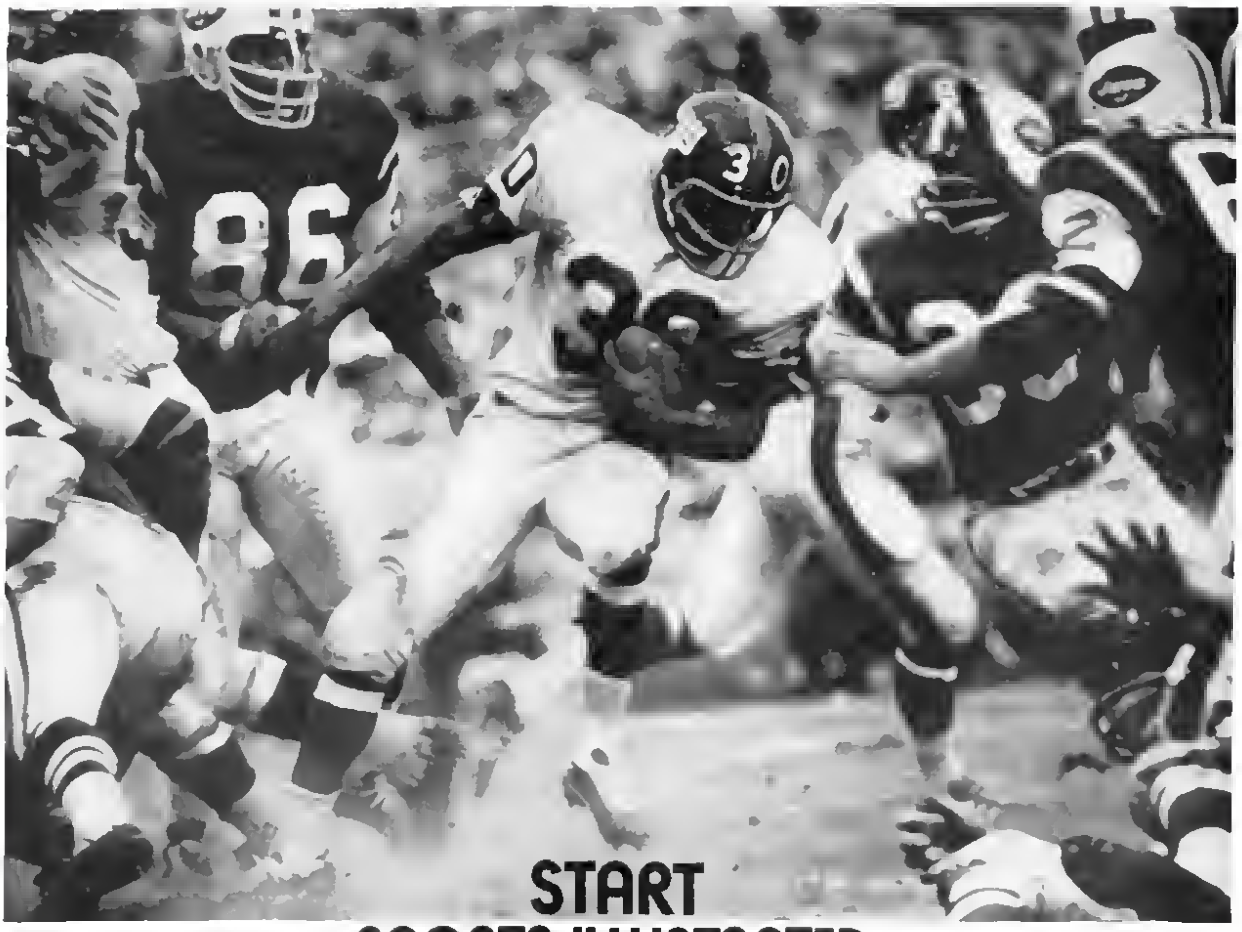
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President, Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year.

Credits on page 111

Next week

PRO FOOTBALL, with its cast of 1,040, is bigger and better than ever, says Tex Maule, who vows the same applies to his annual positive prognostications. Following Tex comes a dozen pages of scouting reports, a gallery of the 49ers at work, an article by Robert F. Jones on John R. Brodie, the San Francisco quarterback and Scientologist, and John Underwood's mind-bending portrayal of Tim Rossovich of the Philadelphia Eagles, who's almost as spectacular at self-immolation as he is at linebacking. With our usual complete sports news coverage and features.

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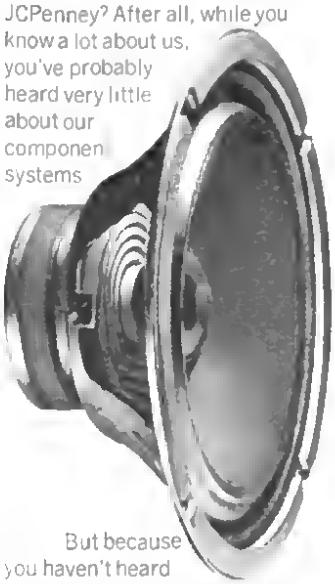
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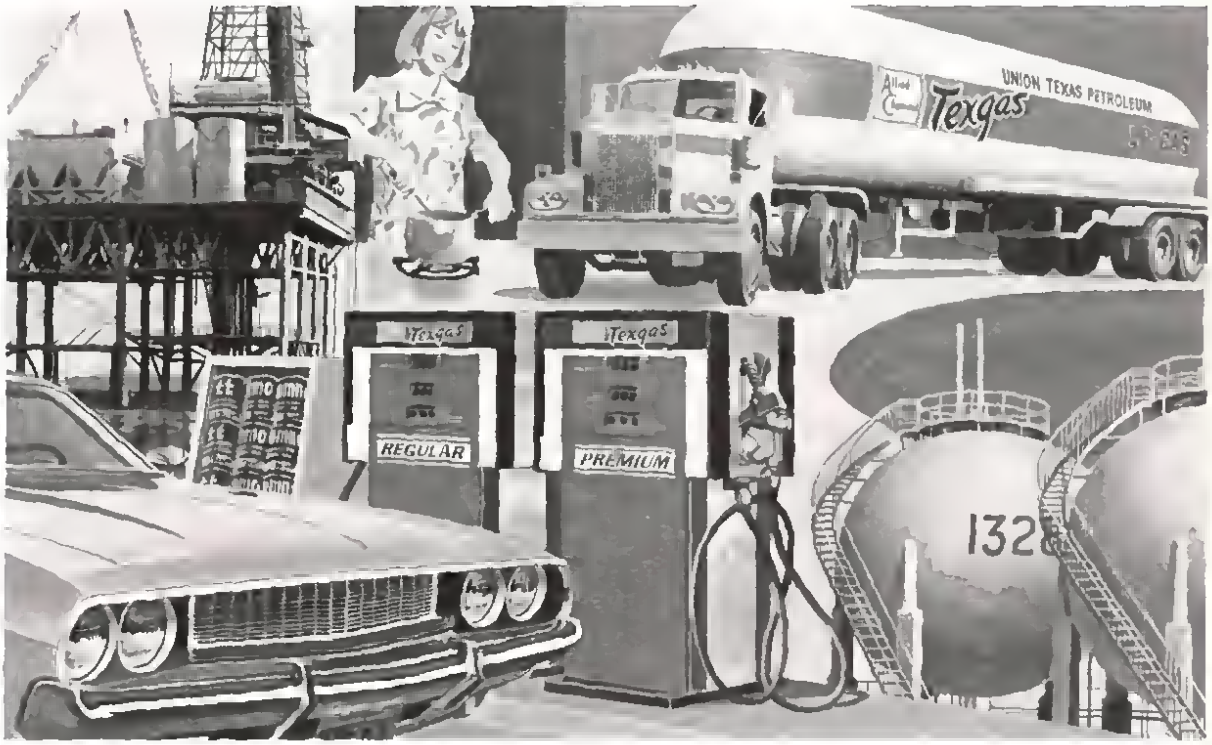
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

This issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a collector's item. Not for you perhaps, for we hope you will merely sit back and enjoy it, but for us, since it represents a major technological breakthrough. Thanks to a new associate—one that weighs 250 tons, costs $2.5 million and can print at the rate of nearly a quarter mile of paper a minute—we are now able to present most of our fast-closing news stories and some additional sections of the magazine, too, in full color. In this issue several stories are illustrated in color that otherwise might not have been.

It is the very nature of sport to be both colorful and immediate. Because of this SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has long stressed, and to a degree pioneered, the use of what we call "fast color." Beginning this week, we will be offering our readers more fast color week after week than any magazine being published today.

We are gratified to be able to undertake such a journalistic advancement at a time when economic pressures are obliging many magazines to forgo improvements. Like most magazines, we have in the past been forced to react to inflation by charging the reader more, but we also intend to give the reader more. Hence what might be called the new model SI, hot off the assembly line. The essential ingredients—which we like to think are high-quality writing and illustration—will remain or, hopefully, be improved, but the chassis will have this modern look.

The associate that is making this color program possible is, of course, a printing press. Her full name is the Baker Perkins Double Gemini Twin Satellite, but she (we think a press, like a ship, can be called she) is known in the trade as the Halley-Aller, for her European designers. Halley, a 15-foot-wide, 22-foot-high, 145-foot-long giant, is the property and joy of Regensteiner Press in Chicago. There is nothing like her in the United States, although her British makers have installed some of her siblings in Europe and elsewhere. We have been searching for a press with her capabilities for a long time, and we strongly encouraged Regensteiner to have her bought, built, packaged and shipped, piece by piece, to Chicago.

In the early 1960s SI began stressing its need for engraving, press and distribution schedules that would allow us to photograph sports events in color—virtually anywhere in the world—as late as Sunday afternoon while still getting the magazine in the hands of readers before the following weekend. With the help of Time Inc.'s Corporate Production Department, we found our way by the mid-'60s to the printing mode known as "offset," usually associated in the magazine field with small, costly monthlies that have no great deadline difficulties. We were able to adapt it to the more urgent exigencies of a news weekly.

The offset color presses SI has been using for half a dozen years have performed exceedingly well. Now comes Halley-Aller, twice as big as anything before in our press family and much more versatile. Thanks to her we have been able to take a sprightly step forward in our—if you'll forgive the sporting phrase—game plan.

Dick Munro

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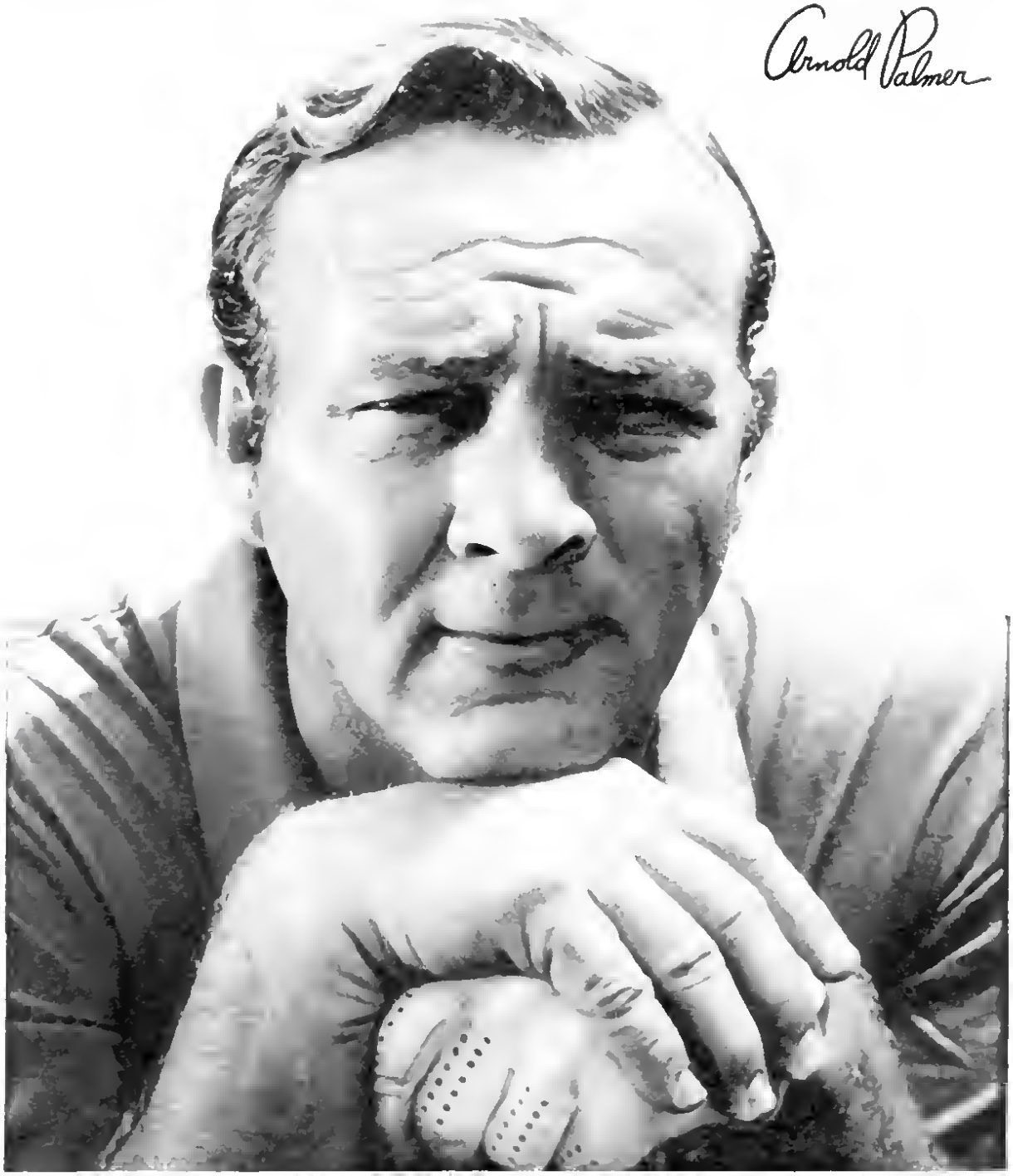
From that time on for the rest of his life, he was undoubtedly the biggest single influence in the huge increase in the popularity of the game of golf.

That's why the USGA and the PGA are jointly sponsoring an organization called GOLF'S TRIBUTE TO IKE. It was formed to complete the financing of two institutions in which the General was vitally interested—Eisenhower College in Seneca Falls, New York, and Eisenhower Medical Center in Palm Desert, California.

15,000 volunteers are now working at every golf course in the U.S.A. for GOLF'S TRIBUTE TO IKE, so when they ask, please make a tax deductible gift of $10, or as much more as you wish, in memory of President Eisenhower.

But if you prefer, you can mail your check to GOLF'S TRIBUTE TO IKE, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, marked for my attention. All contributors will receive a souvenir tag usable on your luggage or golf bag together with a hitherto unpublished portrait of the General suitable for framing."

Arnold Palmer



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TV TALK

Despite a shortage of personalities, tennis now scores in the rating game

It has become fashionable to speculate about tennis' failure to thrive on television. It is a fast, elementary game played in a compact area by men whose faces and form are highly visible. Yet even with these photogenic advantages, tennis has never made a good partner for TV. Probably this has something to do with the nature of the game—as a spectator sport, it tends to be repetitious—but even more with the intramural feuds that keep it from producing new American stars.

In spite of this, however, tennis is increasing in popularity and will be a more regular television entry. The educational network already is a strong supporter of the sport. CBS is telecasting the U.S. Open for the fifth straight year and Lamar Hunt's World Championship of Tennis has sold rights to its playoff final in November to an independent network. Specifically to better accommodate television, WCT has restructured its 1972 schedule so that its "season" will end late in the spring.

Despite yet another all-Australian final in the U.S. Open last year, CBS saw the rating go up on the final day to 5.0, which is about what a run-of-the-mill golf tournament draws. This year's three Open telecasts (Sept. 4, 11, 12) were sold out to sponsors well in advance, and a couple of weeks ago CBS also telecast a promotional teaser to the Open. The CBS qualifying procedures were carefully worked out so that three of the four players had to be the biggest names—Arthur Ashe, Rod Laver and John Newcombe.

The matches were played on the slow clay at Hilton Head, S.C. with Bud Collins and Donald Dell as commentators. They got no help from the camera work, which was static and unimaginative, or from the Australians, who were their usual dispassionate selves. Collins, a columnist for *The Boston Globe* and a former college coach (Abbie Hoffman was his first team captain), seemed somewhat more subdued than usual, but he is as adept at describing tennis as any announcer in sport. He is well informed, light and irreverent, and is unmatched when it comes to interviewing. He is not afraid to kid the players or dispute them when they give some silly stock answer.

Dell is adequate enough at the mike—if perhaps too grave—but he was an inexcusable choice. He is Ashe's agent and the man who put the tournament together. Jack Kramer and Ann Haydon Jones will work with Collins at Forest Hills. The best thing they will have going for them is an engaging, handsome, well-spoken group of athletes. CBS would be foolhardy not to provide more time for Collins' interviews.

—FRANK DEFORD

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Galesburg — Fred Schuldorh
Kankakee — Marshall's Clothing
Kewanee — Finley & Sons
Lansing — Holstra's For Men
Mt. Prospect — Lauter's
Oak Park — Baskin
Oak Park — Lytton's
Oak Park — Winkoldt Stores, Inc.
River Grove — Cosmo's
Rockford — Stuckey's — All Stores
Rockford — Chas. V. Weise Co. — All Stores
Skokie — M. Hyman and Son
Skokie — Lytton's
Waukegan — Lytton's
Waukegan — Storey's — Both Stores
Waukegan — Winkoldt Stores, Inc.

INDIANA
East Chicago — Ben Lieman's
East Chicago — Mill's Store For Men
Elkhart — Myer's Men's Wear
Ft. Wayne — Meier
Ft. Wayne — Meyers & McCarthy
Ft. Wayne — Patterson-Fletcher
Gary — H. Gordon & Sons
Gary — Mac & Dewey
Indianapolis — The Wm. H. Block Co.
Indianapolis — Edrich Ltd. — All Stores
Indianapolis — Hudson's
Indianapolis — Style Store For Big and Tall
South Bend — Gilbert's

IOWA
Ames — The University Shop
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Council Bluffs — Iowa Clothes Shop
Des Moines — Bodin Van Dorn — Both Stores
Des Moines — Frankels — Both Stores
Des Moines — Ruchares — Both Stores
Des Moines — Park Ave. Shoe & Clothing
Indianola — Ce Dee's Clothing
Marshalltown — Gridners
Marshalltown — Renogy's
Red Oak — Jessen's
Sioux City — Block & Knight
Sioux City — Weatherwox

KANSAS
Kansas City — The Leader — All Stores
Kansas City — Todd's
Leavenworth — J. Michaels Ltd.
Leavenworth — Toffler's
Overland Park — Louis Barry Ltd.
Overland Park — Todd's
Topeka — Roy Beers Clothing Co.
Topeka — Mr. B's Mens Wear
Wichita — Kern's

MICHIGAN
Adrian — Micheal Roberts
Albion — Young's Apparel For Men & Women
Battle Creek — Cole's Clothes of Distinction
Battle Creek — Furmans
Battle Creek — Furmans Brandt
Bay City — May Clothing Co.
Big Rapids — The Collegiate Shop
Birmingham — Steve Felix
Dearborn — Doerkorn Toggery
Detroit — Le Clair Men's Clothiers
Detroit — Harry Thomas
Farmington — Domery's — All Stores
Flint — Binder's Big & Tall Shop
Flint — A. M. Govison's
Flint — Marvin's
Flint — Smith Brigoman's
Flint — Milt Weiss Apparel
Grand Rapids — Christopher's Big & Tall Apparel
Grand Rapids — Holmes Mens Wear
Grand Rapids — William Riein Store For Men
Grand Rapids — Wurzburg's
Holland — Lokker Rutgers
Jackson — Furmans
Kalamazoo — Law Hukeard — All Stores
Kalamazoo — Al Traxler's Men's Store
Lansing — H. Rosilchek & Bros.
Lansing — Small's
Lansing — Wurzburg's
Mt. Clemens — Teck & Marks
Mt. Pleasant — The Glen Oren Stores
Muskegon — Friend's Friendly Clothiers
Niles — Pools Toggery
Oak Park — Shilman's
Okemos — Small's
Owosso — Storrer's
Rochester — Mitzelfeld's
Saginow — Heavenrich's
Southfield — Van Horn's Men's Wear — All Stores
Utica — Van Dyke Clothiers
Warren — Van Dyke Clothiers
Wyoming — Rogers Dept. Store
Ypsilanti — Heyward's

MINNESOTA
Bemidji — Gill Brothers
Bloomington — Cedric's
Duluth — Livingston's Big Duluth
Duluth — M & H Men
Edina — Wes Bolleson's Inc.
Fernbault — Jim & Joe
Fergus Falls — Arneson and Larson
Hibbing — Sachs Bros.
Mankato — Wilson's Clothing
Minneapolis — John R. Chain
Minneapolis — Liemandt's
Minneapolis — I. Ross Pants
Minneapolis — Jack Stevens Big & Tall
Minneapolis — Whitehall Clothiers
Minneapolis — Young Quinlan — All Stores
Moorhead — The Toggery
Northfield — Perman's
Rochester — Hanny's Menswear
Rosemount — Cedric's
St. Paul — Cedric's
St. Paul — Johnson-Dodds, Inc.
St. Paul — Liemandt's
St. Paul — Young Quinlan — All Stores
Shakopee — Bill's Toggery & Shoes
Virginia — delace Clothing
Willmar — R. E. Torgerson Clo. Co.

MISSOURI
Cape Girardeau — Howard's
Carthage — Belk Simpson
Clayton — John Cerf's
Columbia — Puckett's "Ot Course"
Columbia — Harry Smith Men's Wear
Higginsville — Harry Smith Men's Wear
Independence — Knoepker's
Jefferson City — Czarlinsky's
Kansas City — Indins Plaza Men's Wear
Kansas City — The Jones Store Co. — Stores
Kansas City — Clothes Closet
Kansas City — Peter's Custom Tailoring
Kansas City — Syl's Mens Fashions
Lexington — Harry Smith Men's Wear
Maplewood — Herman's Toggery
Raytown — Peter's Custom Tailoring
St. Joseph — The Custom Shop
St. Louis — B and E Clothing
St. Louis — Boyd's — All Stores
St. Louis — Downs Mens Shop — All Stores
St. Louis — Famous Barr — All Stores
St. Louis — Joe's Other Place
St. Louis — Roszett Johnston
St. Louis — Lincoln's
St. Louis — Morre's Mens Store
St. Louis — The Specialty Shop
St. Louis — The Squire's Shop
St. Louis — Stix Baer & Fuller — All Stores
St. Louis — Wolff's — All Stores
Springfield — Cole's Clothing & Shoes
Springfield — Glasgow Fine Men's Wear — All Stores
Springfield — Mara Clothing — All Stores

NEBRASKA
McCook — The Vogue Clothing
Omaha — Brandeis — All Stores
Omaha — Landon's
Omaha — Fred's
Superior — Ray Ruth's

NORTH DAKOTA
Dickinson — O'Hearns
Fargo — Strous Co.
Fargo — The Toggery

OHIO
Canton — The Harvard — All Stores
Cincinnati — Harry's King Size Clothes
Cincinnati — Pogues — All Stores
Cleveland — D. R. Baker
Cleveland — Stern's Men's Wear
Cleveland — Jack Stevens Big & Tall
Columbus — Dunhill Clothiers
Columbus — Harry's King Size Clothes
Columbus — Walkers
Dayton — Elder Beerman
Dayton — Metrogolitan
Euclid — Gornik's
Fairview Park — Shottler's Men's Wear
Findlay — Warren Beltz Clothing Co.
Ironton — Megeron's
Lima — Gregg's
Lima — Heitelier Hiett & Clark
Lima — The Squire Shop
Marion — Walter Axthelm's
Middletown — Worthmore Clothes Shop
Newark — Mitchell's Men's Wear
Niles — The Gantry Co.
Sidney — Zelkie Clothing Co.
Steubenville — Myer & Stone
Toledo — Damschroder's
Toledo — Harry's King Size Clothes
Wapakoneta — Zelkie Clothing Co.
Wooster — Nick Amsinn's
Youngstown — Hartzell's Rose & Sons — All Stores

SOUTH DAKOTA
Brookings — Wilson's Clothing
Rapid City — Seeley, Inc.
Sioux Falls — E. and W. Clothing Co.
Sioux Falls — Herman's Mens Wear

WISCONSIN
Ashland — Stern & Field
Delavan — Lake Lawn Lodge
Green Bay — G. A. Gross Co.
Kenosha — Chiappetta
La Crosse — Newburg's Men's Wear
Madison — Clarks
Milwaukee — Berman-Bach Ltd.
Milwaukee — Boston Store — All Stores
Milwaukee — Gieringer's — Both Stores
Milwaukee — Marshall Field & Company
Milwaukee — Schmitt Drlow Stemgts — All Stores
Milwaukee — Johnnie Walkers — All Stores
Oconomowoc — The Country Squire
Prairie Du Chien — Rozelko's
River Falls — Kolstad Druikers
Sheboygan — Kress Hertel

JAYMAR

SLACKS

with BAN-ROL†



Slacks shown: Dacron* Polyester double knit slack with 2¼" wide belt loops, Avanti pocket, button-down flap on back pocket; flared silhouette... about $32.50. Other Jaymar knit slacks from $25.00

Why You'll Call Jaymar's Knit Slacks

THE NO-QUIT-KNIT!

Because even after two days in a suitcase, or a week-end in a boat locker, or on a tortuous air bus to Topeka, Jaymar's knit slacks just won't stop looking new.

Simply shake 'em out, slip 'em on and jet going again. Wrinkles just roll out.

Fashioned of 100% Dacron* (the big name Polyester) in every solid fashion look, Jaymar's No-Quit-Knit slacks come in colors you won't believe and in patterns you can't resist.

Slim into a pair today at your favorite men's or department store. That's Jaymar's No-Quit-Knit. Made by people who care . . . for people who care®. Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana.

A JAYMAR® SLACK with DACRON*

by the makers of Sansabelt®

*DuPont's Reg. T.M.
†Reg. T.M. of Ban-Rol Co.
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WE'D GIVE OUR RIGHT ARM TO HELP AN ACCIDENT VICTIM.

We gave this right arm to an accident victim named Ray Rival. And it works.

Ray can literally control this arm with his brain. He can lift things up, put things down, run construction equipment, go fishing.

It took six years to develop this device—the first of its kind for above-elbow amputees. We were working with Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Massachusetts General Hospital.

It might have been easier to stick to paying claims instead of research specialists. But we're trying to make life a little better. For people like Ray Rival. For people like you.

LIBERTY MUTUAL

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HOME OFFICE BOSTON

We're fighting for your life.



The Company reserves the right to determine the scope of its loss prevention service for each policyholder © 1971

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

FROM THE TOP

Phil Wrigley's decision to run an ad in Chicago newspapers last week in support of Leo Durocher excited tremendous comment, including end-of-the-world front-page headlines. In the ad (he wrote it in longhand and his wife typed it, supposedly because she is the only one who can decipher his handwriting), Wrigley pointed out that the Cubs had been perennial failures before Leo took over, whereas under Durocher they have been one of the best teams in the league. He ended by saying, "Leo is the manager and the 'Dump Durocher Clique' might as well give up. He is running the team, and if some of the players do not like it . . . we will see what we can do to find them happier homes."

Player response was mixed (Fergie Jenkins said it was all "a bunch of junk" while Ernie Banks called it appropriate), and afterward, Wrigley was asked precisely why he had published the ad.

"Because I've found that you can't run things with a lame duck in charge."

Did that mean Leo would be the manager again next season?

"Not necessarily. I have the whole winter to think about that, and if a change is to be made it will be made when I have time to think about it."

Did he expect the Chicago press, which had been filled with stories of dissension and anti-Durocher feeling on the ball club, to drop the matter now?

Wrigley laughed. "Not at all. You know the press isn't like that."

In that case, what effect did he want the ad to have?

"I just wanted to let the team know who they should be taking orders from."

And what has been the reaction?

"Everybody says I should have done it long ago."

A refreshing man, P. K. Wrigley.

HOSPITAL REPORT

In case you were wondering, Canonero II is still stabled at Belmont Park in New York, where he finished an exhausted, injured fourth in the Belmont Stakes in his last race. His right hock (all right, the backward "knee" on his right rear leg) is still badly swollen, but not nearly as much as it was. The Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner comes out of his stall occasionally to graze and walk around the stable area, but he will not be racing or even working out for a long time yet.

The other famous equine casualty of 1971, Hoist The Flag, is also at Belmont. His shattered leg has mended gratifyingly and is no longer in a cast. But the leg is still encased in a massive bandage and whether the supercolt will be able eventually to enter the stud is still a matter for conjecture.

JUMPING SHIP

When a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy returns for his third year at Annapolis he commits himself to serving in the Navy for seven more years—two at the academy and five on active duty as a naval officer. Ade Dillon of Appleton, Wis., Navy's No. 1 quarterback, decided last week that the commitment was too much for him and resigned from the academy. "It's like a seven-year, no-cut contract," he said. "It's very difficult for a guy my age to say this is what I'm going to do for the next seven years."

Dillon's disenchantment with the Navy stemmed from more than just this bleak regard of the future. His brother-in-law was killed in the fire aboard the aircraft carrier *Enterprise* off Vietnam in January 1969, and he was denied leave, he says, at a time when his father was facing surgery for lung cancer. Academy rules and the rather quiet atmosphere of Annapolis were factors, too, particularly for a carefree type like Dillon, who liked to wear a Mickey Mouse T shirt under his uniform blouse. "He's a very loose, relaxed, casual type," said Navy Football Coach Rick Forzano. "When he started the Notre Dame game, I think I was more nervous than he was. This all really comes as a shock to me."

"I'm 20 years old," said Dillon, "and I've got to be in by 12.30 on Saturday night. I was doing that in the eighth grade. You don't feel like you know what's going on in the world. And everyone thinks of you as totally perfect and pure. They're so shocked when something happens like last spring." Last spring nine midshipmen were dismissed from the academy on the eve of graduation for using marijuana.

The old order sure does change.

ABOUT TIME

A grand old American custom is the annual tour of college football training sites by sportswriters covering a particular group of college teams. During a recent tour of Big Eight Conference camps, the assembled writers were more than a little miffed one day when a bus taking them from the airport to their motel in Lincoln, Neb. broke down, obliging the typewriter carriers to walk almost a mile to the motel in 90° heat. Hell has no fury like a reporter denied his amenities, so the following morning, when the troupe was scheduled to leave for its next port of call, Mayor Sam Schwartzkopf of Lincoln sent two station wagons, complete with police escort, to convey the journalists to the airport. Unhappily, after the two station wagons were filled to the brim there were still 15 writers standing on the sidewalk. Police Chief Joe Carroll, who was on hand, solved that problem with dispatch. He called for a police van, loaded the 15 writers aboard and whisked them out to the airport.



It made everybody happy, including

continued

What's your handicap on the dance floor?



$10 GIFT $10 GIFT

THIS RHYME WITH GOOD REASON IS WORTH $10.

So why not find out?

"Can't put it all together, not doing your thing? Been so far out you don't know how to swing?

Going on vacation, need some liberation? But it's not in your feet, when you hear the beat.

You want to get with it and learn how to groove . . . but how do you do it and always look smooth!

One great idea that can really play is coming alive the Arthur Murray Way.

It's your kind of hip, your kind of thing . . . from swinging in a disco, waltzing in a ring. Moving to a cha cha, dipping to a tango . . . digging with a fox trot, getting with the go-go.

Call right now Why wait another day? It's the Age of Aquarius the Arthur Murray Way"

This $10 value is redeemable at any Arthur Murray dance studio for a half hour private lesson (for one or both of you). For new students only. Good till 12/31/71. See yellow pages. Call today!

1971 Arthur Murray Inc

$10 GIFT **Arthur Murray** $10 GIFT

FRANCHISED DANCE STUDIOS

"A great place to be some body"

225 Studios in U.S., Puerto Rico, Great Britain, Canada, Mexico Australia, South Africa

some onlookers who were seen nodding approvingly as they watched the press being herded into the paddy wagon

DEAD DEER

Vermonters were aware this spring that last winter had been a terribly hard one for deer. Bark had been stripped from countless trees by the starving animals, whose normal sources of food had been obliterated by the very heavy snows. Game-management officials made a detailed study of known deer areas and in a report issued this summer revealed the extent of the disaster. An estimated 40,000 deer had died, more than double the 18,789 killed legally during the hunting season.

Although most of the dead deer showed varying degrees of malnutrition, the immediate instrument of death for most was the domestic dog, running loose in the fields and woods and chasing the deer down in the deep snow (when the ground is clear a deer can almost always avoid or outrun a dog). More than two-thirds of the dead animals were fawns, and of the adults killed almost 90% were does.

Game wardens in Vermont give one warning to dog owners whose pets have been discovered chasing deer. The second time the warden is under orders to shoot to kill.

VIDAMINS

It should be as obvious as Vida Blue that the American League West is a good deal stronger this year, and now come figures to support the obvious. When interdivisional play was completed for the season at the end of August, the West had won 215 games to the East's 214, with three games rained out. This may not seem much of an edge, but in 1969, the first year the major leagues split into divisions, the East led 245–187 and last season the West improved its position only slightly, to 243–189. But this year—oh, you, Blue.

THE ALL-BLACKS

On Sept. 1 in Three Rivers Stadium in Pittsburgh the Pirates started an all-black team in a game against the Phillies. Dock Ellis pitched, Manny Sanguillen caught, Al Oliver was at first, Rennie Stennett at second, Jackie Hernandez at short and Dave Cash at third; Willie Stargell, Gene Clines and Roberto Clemente were in the outfield.

Clines thought the Pirates had started nine blacks once before, but Stargell corrected him. "We had eight brothers on the field in 1967 in Philadelphia, when Harry Walker was managing," Stargell said. "The only white was Denny Ribant, a pitcher." Cash said the reason there were nine blacks in the starting lineups was because "some of the whites were hurt—guys like Bob Robertson and Richie Hebner. But it doesn't make any difference on this team."

Black solidarity was broken when Ellis could not go all the way and Luke Walker, a white relief pitcher, got credit for the win. Walker did not feel it was especially significant. "All I saw on the field were eight men and myself," he said. "I think all the guys on this team feel the same way." Manager Danny Murtaugh said it had not occurred to him that all the players were black when he made out the lineup. "I'm color-blind," Murtaugh said, "and my athletes know it."

FORE

A 49-year-old man named Shirley Dye was driving through an underpass in Champaign, Ill. the other day when he saw a golf ball rolling along the road. With admirable ambition and no small respect for his own coordination, Dye slowed his car, opened the door, leaned over and tried to scoop up the ball on the gallop, so to speak. However, he lost his balance and fell out.

The car, riderless, veered to the right, hit the wall of the underpass, ricocheted back across the median barrier and banged into the far side, where it stopped. Dye, unhurt except for his feelings, got a $15 ticket for careless driving, a dent in his bumper and one beat-up golf ball he should mount and put on display.

SUMMER NIGHT

Easygoing Norm Van Brocklin, head coach of the Atlanta Falcons, invited sportswriters covering the club to join himself and his assistant coaches at a night spot in Greenville, S.C., where the Falcons train at Furman University. Among the writers was Frank Hyland of *The Atlanta Journal*, a new man on the beat. As the evening wore on, one thing led to another and eventually Van Brocklin called Hyland a "whore writer," a term Norm uses for writers whose prose displeases him. Hyland said he wasn't either and Van Brocklin reached

continued



Do we need more judges to enforce the law or fewer laws to enforce?

America's proud rule of law is running into trouble. And the trouble is it's slowing down to a walk.

The sheer volume of litigation has justice near dead stop.

In some states defendants commonly wait six months for trial. Appeals take 18 months, often more.

So the swift punishment necessary to deter future crimes is just a hope for the future.

Some people think they have the answer — more judges, more courtrooms, more money.

And more: like a court executive to serve as traffic manager. And a qualifications commission of lawyers and laymen to watchdog judges.

Others argue for a radical solution: fewer laws.

Many of the cases that crowd our courts are matters of morals and taste, they say. Not crimes.

If they ceased to be offenses, then lawyers and judges could concentrate on serious criminal matters.

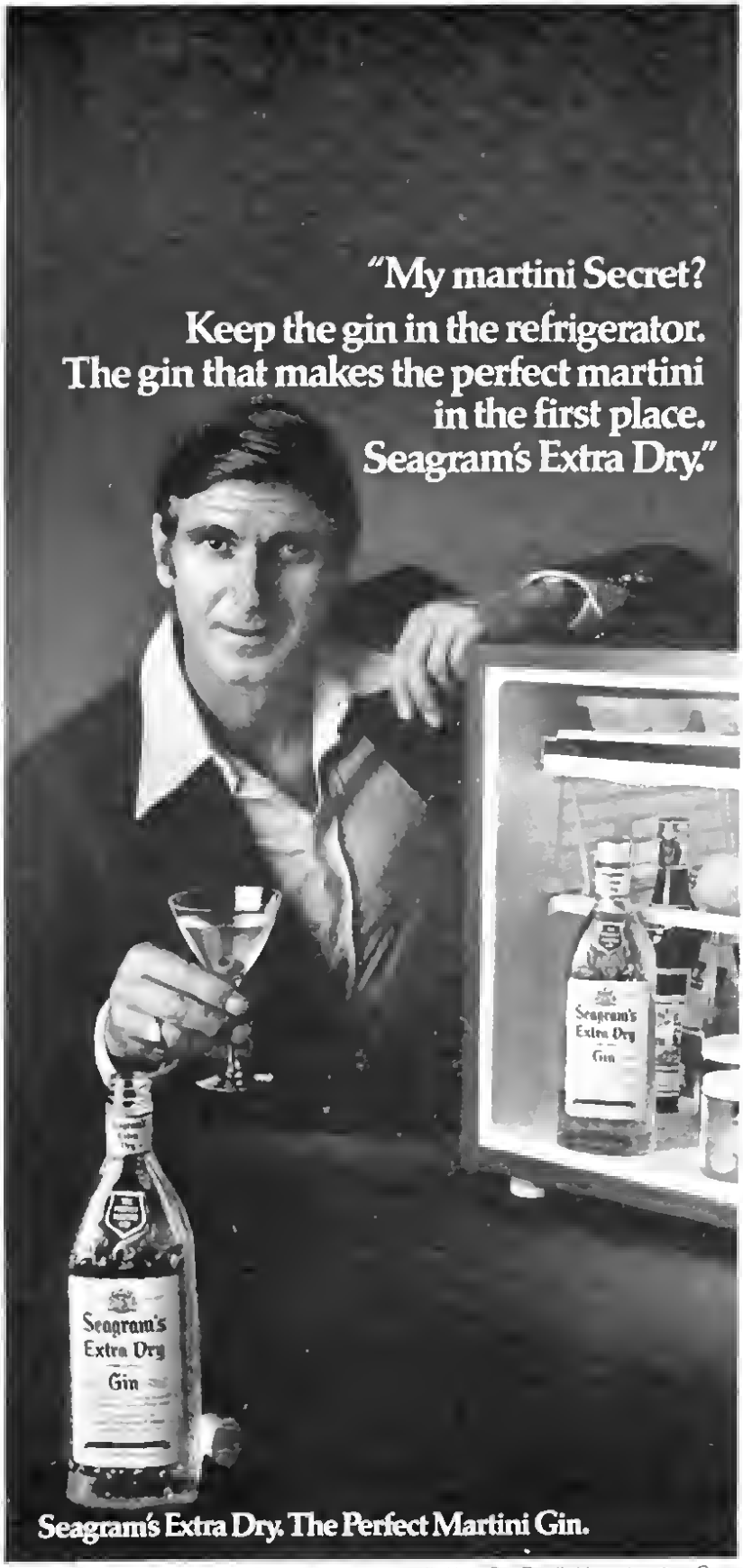
Wills, divorce and traffic cases could also be handled out of court.

Court reform isn't a political issue, unless you make it one. Take a stand now and make it known in writing to your public officials.

Whether or not you write on Hammermill Bond, the world's best-known letterhead paper, isn't important. The important thing is to write. A paper-thin voice is a powerful persuader. Hammermill Paper Company, East Lake Rd., Erie, Pa. 16512. Maker of 33 fine printing and business papers.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Hammermill urges you to write your public officials.



Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y. 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

across the table and grabbed him by the necktie. An assistant coach separated them. Hyland said, "When I write, I'm a winner. You are a loser." Van Brocklin said, "I am not." Hyland said, "Check your record." There was nothing else to do but repair to a hallway where Van Brocklin swung and missed and Hyland swung and missed. The only damage done was to Hyland's coat, which was torn in three places.

The next morning Van Brocklin apologized to everybody.

"We just got started smart-aleeking around," he said. "I initiated the physical part of it, I'm sorry to say. As far as I'm concerned, it's all over. I feel nothing but remorse."

Rankin Smith, owner of the Falcons, announced that he would take disciplinary measures against Van Brocklin. An amused observer speculated, "Rankin like as not won't send the Dutchman his Christmas ham this year."

THEY SAID IT

• Frank Lucchesi, Phillies manager, on the difference between the old Philadelphia ball park and the new one: "The old neighborhood was so tough they raffled off two cars with the cops still in them."

• Bud Grant, Minnesota Vikings head coach, who won't allow his players to wear gloves or use hand warmers during games in very cold weather, when asked what he thought of the domed stadium proposed for Minneapolis: "It would spoil our image."

• David Browning, Texas Tech tackle, upholding football's values: "I'm an offensive lineman. I don't get a lot of publicity and don't ask for any. All I get out of it is an immense satisfaction. Football is rules and discipline, and I happen to think that's what life is all about."

• Cathy Dalton, 11-year-old tennis buff, after a volleying session with New York Mayor John V. Lindsay, during which she sent him running all over the court: "I could beat him."

• Jerry Hill, Baltimore Colt fullback, announcing his retirement after 10 years in the NFL: "From now on I'm going to be a real estate man and my name is Gerald A. Hill."

• Jerry Rhome, Los Angeles Rams quarterback, asked what he admired most about New England Patriots' impressive rookie quarterback Jim Plunkett: "His contract." **END**



Our mid-engine car is a fair-weather friend that won't let you down in foul weather.

The Sun

On sunny days, the top snaps off in thirty-seven seconds, stores under the rear trunk lid and takes up virtually no space.

On rainy days the top locks back on almost as fast. And because it's fiberglass, it won't leak or rip. Unlike fabric.

But a friend is more than a fiberglass top.

First of all, it's a Porsche two-seater in the classic sports car tradition. And because two's company.

Right behind the two seats is an engine in our race car tradition.

With the engine in the middle, handling must be felt to be believed. The car simply goes where you point it.

Also with the engine in the middle, you get a trunk in the front and the back. A sort of his and hers. Together they give more trunk space than a Cadillac Coupe de Ville.

For a Porsche, even the price is sunny. $3,595.*

It includes rack-and-pinion steering, and a five-speed gearbox, 4-wheel disc brakes and a built-in roll bar.

So see your friendly dealer and let the sun shine in.

*Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. $3,595. West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Vinyl-covered roll bar, chrome bumpers, special wheels optional at extra cost. Prices subject to change without notice. For the nearest dealer that sells Porsches and Audis see the yellow pages.

Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 13, 1971

LATE SUMMER MADNESS

Whether you call them exhibitions or preseason games, pro football fans are going to them in record numbers

by ROBERT H. BOYLE



The Labor Day weekend is a great one for baseball, and so there were more than 600,000 people screaming their heads off watching pro football exhibitions. Every year pro football gets bigger and bigger, but what has happened this year ranks as a phenomenon—or aberration or mania. Everywhere but in Baltimore (and Memphis), Americans are going absolutely bonkers over meaningless National Football League exhibition games. As of last week these contests, in a manner of speaking, had drawn over three million fans, all of them paying top dollar for what Commissioner Pete Rozelle, master salesman and slick semanticist (his initials and approach are P.R.), has decreed to be "preseason games."

Just a few years ago the Eagles and the Lions played before 19,000 in a Philadelphia exhibition. Last month the Eagles met the Bills, and the traffic jam was so horrendous that even the mayor couldn't get to the game on time. When the Patriots, who used to have trouble filling Fenway Park (37,216 capacity), opened their new stadium in Foxboro, Mass. on Aug. 15, 60,000 fans stormed the gates, and cars were backed up to the Rhode Island state line. Yet this is small stuff. When the Lions played the Colts in Ann Arbor—the first pro game at the University of Michigan—almost 92,000 people showed up. Isn't anybody home watching *The Interns*?

And what's going on? The answer is that a number of elements—from fan hunger to owner avarice—have come together at the same time. According to a survey by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED correspondents, the boom in exhibition football is attributable to the following:

- Pro football, with its swiftness, violence and "great halftime shows," is immensely popular, and the public appetite, stimulated by TV and the press, shows no signs of satiety. Kim Hamman, a Denver secretary and Bronco fan, says, "I like the game so much that I would pay just as much to see exhibitions as regular-season games." Laddie Montague, a lawyer whose firm is representing one Angelo Coniglio of Buffalo in his antitrust action against the Bills, the NFL and Rozelle, exclaims, "It's a great game, a wonderful sport!"
- There are only 14 regular-season games per team in pro football, a short season compared with baseball's 162 and pro basketball's 82. Each game is an event, and seven exhibitions represent an increase of 50% in the opportunities fans have to see their teams in action. Most of the 26 NFL teams package their home exhibitions with their regular home schedule, and the vast majority of season ticket buyers are willing to go along with this scheme. Even ticket holders who do not care for exhibitions have a use for them. As Alfred Selix, owner of a San Francisco formalwear store, says, "We usually give our exhibition tickets to employees or customers."

continued



A crowd of 55,000 turned out in L.A. last week to watch Rams lose meaningless game.

• More than any other professional sport, football is able to exploit the publicity heaped upon its rookies by its most obliging farm system—the colleges and universities. When Jim Plunkett, Heisman Trophy winner and Rose Bowl hero, came in to quarterback the Patriots in the second half of their exhibition against the Giants, he received an ovation usually accorded only to Kennedys in New England. An unpublicized newcomer need make just one spectacular play to become a conversation piece. Two years ago Mike Battle of the Jets, who has done little since, became an instant hero with the hurdling punt return he made against the Giants in an exhibition. Lou Saban, the Bronco general manager and coach, puts it this way: "The fans are just as interested in finding out what kind of talent we have as the coaches are. They're inquisitive. Fans want to be coaches. They would like to see who they would cut or keep and compare their own notes with the coaches. There's a certain amount of mystery involved in it for them."

• The merging of the NFL and AFL has spurred attendance, particularly in AFL cities. This is best exemplified in Miami, where the Dolphins have perhaps the greatest exhibition attendance in all football, even though ticket prices have jumped four times since 1966. The Dolphins charge from $4 to $10 for a ticket to an exhibition, and a season ticket buyer is tied into 11 home games (four exhibition and seven regular). A fan who wants a pair of $7 season tickets has to pay $154 in advance, plus a 50¢ mailing charge. Despite the price, the Dolphins have 48,000 season ticket holders, and in four preseason home games they have averaged 61,500 fans.

By comparison, when they made their AFL debut in 1966, the Dolphins had to seek such exhibition hideouts as Jacksonville (11,000 vs. the Jets in 1966) and Akron (7,000 vs. the Broncos in 1967). But starting in 1967, when merged exhibitions first took place, the Dolphins had larger crowds for preseason games against NFL teams than for regular-season games against AFL opposition.

The rise of the preseason phenomenon is a study in both public acceptance and passiveness. Years ago the games were billed as practice scrimmages, and aside from a few fanatics no one showed up. Then they became exhibitions, and next preseason games. But the truth will out. After last weekend's Giant-Brown contest, an announcer on New York's WNEW said, "This preseason exhibition game was brought to you by. . . ."

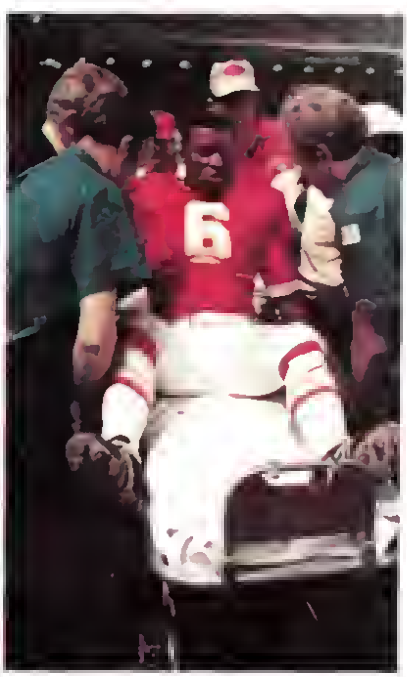
There is only one reason for a six- or seven-game exhibition schedule: money for the owners. "The costs of operations for a pro football franchise have skyrocketed the last few years," says Jack Steadman, executive vice-president and general manager of the Chiefs. "Player salaries, for example, have quadrupled since the early '60s. Without a strong preseason schedule, it would be virtually impossible to operate successfully from a financial standpoint." Says Art Modell, owner of the Browns and inventor of the annual exhibition doubleheader, "From an economic standpoint, the preseason games are an absolute must."

The owners, who of course will not open their books to substantiate these claims, are able to get an edge because players do not get paid until the start of the regular season. The most any player can get for an exhibition game, even if he is a star performing before 92,000 fans, is $330, and then he has to be a five-year veteran. One owner, who requested anonymity, said he expected $700,000 in net revenues from the current exhibition season, and he added that a few teams, most notably the Jets, would make more than $1 million.

While the owners have been making money, player after player has been racked up. Joe Namath of the Jets is out with another knee injury; Joe Moore, the Bears' No. 1 draft pick, is encased in plaster; Lance Alworth of Dallas has fractured ribs; Chip Meyer, Cincinnati's top receiver, broke both arms. The list is endless. Strangely enough, a good many coaches shrug off injuries. "There's no way you can play this game if you worry about injuries," says Hank Stram of the Chiefs, and Saban of the Broncos says that if exhibitions were not played, the players would have to scrimmage more, doubling the chances for injury within the squad—a dubious tenet. As Norm Van Brocklin of the Falcons says, "If you do too much scrimmaging in practice, you find people getting into the brother-in-law act—not hitting anyone." In accordance with the new line that the exhibition season is the time to start building a winner, most coaches drive the players hard. According to Ram Quarterback Roman Gabriel, George Allen, now coaching the Redskins, "had us play exhibitions like they were all Super Bowl tests."

Many coaches apparently agree with Allen, but there are prominent exceptions, such as Weeb Ewbank of the Jets (the only exhibition he cares about is the one against the Giants, which he clas-





Crippled Namath, out until November, cheers Jets on against Chiefs, who lose Warren McVea

sifies as a game for "the bragging rights to New York"), John Madden of the Raiders ("We want to experiment—we are not going to allow the scoreboard to affect our plans") and Tommy Prothro of the Rams. Their attitude does not sit well with some hard-liners. As Allen says, "Most teams put out and the fans get their money's worth. A team here and there will make a farce of it."

Almost all coaches and players questioned by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED agreed that the current exhibition schedule is not necessary to get a team into shape. But none of the coaches and players argued that exhibitions were not necessary. "The tempo of a game is greater than what you establish in practice," says Coach Bob Hollway of the Cardinals. "The pressure situations are different. In a game you make a mistake, and it's a game-winning error. It's like a doctor operating on a cat and then on a human. There's a big difference." The great majority of the players and some of the coaches feel that the exhibition schedule should be cut back to three or four games, at least one of them to be played by rookies alone, while two games should be added to the regular schedule.

"Personally, I'd like to see us play three and tee it up," says Van Brocklin. "And what I'd also like to see is the league set up the exhibition [tsk, tsk] schedule and play the games only in the league cities. That would get rid of some of these tank towns we play in." The Dutchman is talking about cities like Memphis, where the Falcons drew 22,474 against the Broncos.

Tackle Merlin Olsen of the Rams agrees: "We need a couple of tune-ups, but not any six or seven. If we're going to play, I think we should just increase the regular schedule so they count. It doesn't make much sense to get banged up in games that don't count."

"They say they need a chance to look at the new guys, and I won't dispute that," says Linebacker Dave Robinson of the Packers. "But they don't use the games that way. They work the old guys to death, they don't look at everybody. A lot of veterans come into the exhibition season unsigned, and they have to be very careful not to get hurt. If they'd arrange it, say, so that a starter wouldn't be in more than two or three series in the last exhibition, it'd be a lot better. Four games would be perfect, five would be O.K., but six is too many, at least the way they use them now."

"It's football, the same kind we play in December," says Quarterback Pete Liske of the Eagles, who tore a knee ligament in an exhibition. "But we don't get December pay. I get this [his injured knee], maybe ruin the season for me, and they get this [running his thumb across his fingers to signify money]."

This is not the kind of talk Rozelle likes to hear. A couple of years ago he silenced Joe Schmidt, the coach of the Lions, for saying three exhibitions were sufficient to get a team ready.

There have been isolated reactions against the exhibition bonanza. In Baltimore the Colts, who have sold 50,246 season tickets for each of the past six years, have drawn exhibition crowds of 13,000, 16,000 and 16,200, the last against their Super Bowl opponents, the Dallas Cowboys. Baltimore fans suspect that Owner Carroll Rosenbloom and his son Steve, the president of the club, are trying to bilk them at exhibition games, mostly because John Steadman, sports editor of the *News American*, has attacked the Rosenblooms in column after column. Steadman has a large following, and the curious thing is that he considers himself a fanatic Colt fan. He has never missed a regular-season game; indeed, he has even been known to blow a bugle charge from the press box.

Steadman's disgruntlement may be catching. William Gildea of the Washington *Post* recently praised Colt fans for their "good taste" in skipping home exhibitions, and then lambasted the Redskins and all other NFL teams for stocking training camps with players "who can't possibly make the club." These players, Gildea charged, are "fodder needed to stretch the training period nine or 10 weeks so that so many exhibitions can be played."

And up in Buffalo Angelo Coniglio has filed suit against the Bills, the NFL and Rozelle for forcing fans to buy tie-ins of exhibition and regular-season tickets. As Coniglio and his lawyers see it, teams that indulge in such practices are guilty under the Sherman Antitrust Act because fans are compelled to purchase an inferior product (exhibition game tickets) in order to get a superior one (regular-season tickets).

Meanwhile, consider the plight of the bookmakers. For years bookies have tried to avoid handling exhibition games. Uncertainty about rookies and new plays makes a bookie hesitant. Who knows what experiment Weeb Ewbank is going to try with his team in Portland, Ore., at one in the morning Jersey City time? Now, with more coaches aiming to win *flat* out, now that it is possible to get a good line on a team that has played a few games, now that television has made the barroom customers anxious, the bookies are starting to loosen up a little. In Las Vegas, where betting on sports is legal, the action is up. Yet, as Lem Banker, who ran three sports books before becoming oddsmaker-columnist for the Vegas *Review-Journal*, says, "All bookies have their idiosyncrasies and superstitions. I have a calico cat that I believe is a symbol of good luck. I was watching the exhibition game between Miami and Detroit the other night and had made a big play on Miami. My cat always sits in my lap when I watch the game in my den. Miami went ahead 14–0, and then my cat started crying. I had to take her outside. Then Detroit moved in front. I got my cat and put her on my lap. Miami won the game, and I won a big one."

Given the players' growing restiveness about the glut of exhibitions, Pete Rozelle may want to borrow that Las Vegas calico. **END**

Plunkett (16) gets plaudits from Pats fans.



MIDNIGHT SAILORS OF BUZZARDS BAY

They were a trio of Texans who outreveled the nation's Mallory Cup skippers and then outsailed them in the crucial race **by HUGH D. WHALL**

The Mallory Cup is a satiny old tureen that once contained Lord Nelson's soup, but for the last 20 years it has been awarded to the outstanding individual sailor in North America. It has been won by the legendary Shieldses, both father and son, by Buddy Melges, Ted Hood and George O'Day, and last year by Dr John Jennings of St. Petersburg, Fla. Establishment chaps all, men who sip, not gulp, their Scotch, and go to bed with the sea gulls on the eve of important races.

That's the way it used to be. Last week was something else for Skipper John Kolius and crewmen Bill Hunt and Scott Self of the Texas Corinthian Yacht Club. They blew into South Dartmouth, Mass., hard by the New Bedford home port of Captain Ahab, like a backlash from Tropical Storm Doria and did not blow out again until they had shown the folks how to win Texas style.

Kolius and seven other skippers arrived in South Dartmouth after surviving regional elimination trials, and they climbed into boats as nearly identical as it is possible to make them. This year Rhodes 19 sloops were selected as weapons. They varied only in hull and spinnaker hues, ranging from meridian blue to fern green, and as is the rule in this competition they were rotated among the contenders so that each crew had a different boat for each of the eight races. The thought behind the Mallory is to reward sailing skill alone.

After seven races, though, the most skillful sailors seemed to be Graham Hall, representing the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, and Runyon Colie Jr. of the North Jersey Yacht Racing Association. Hall led Colie by a mere quarter-point while Kolius, who had won two of the first three races before falling on hard times, lay third. In the Mallory scoring his deficit to Hall was a formidable 1¾ points.

Hall had won the cup two years before but had missed out in 1970 when his heavyweight crew bogged him down in the calms that prevailed during eliminations. This year he chose an ultralight crew and made it all the way to the finals. Lightest and sprightliest was Mary Jane Cox, a young woman who cocked her head Doris Day style, set the spinnaker snappily and hiked out her 105 pounds as if she were throwing them away. Although her husband is a champion Long Island Sound sailor in his own right, he was a mere spectator during the week. It seems Ed Cox is too heavy to suit Graham Hall's current specifications. On the other hand, a woman champion who might have been aboard Runyon Colie's boats, Mrs. Jan O'Malley, was off in Maine defending her North American women's title in the Adams Cup while her husband Ed crewed for Colie. At 55, Philadelphia's Colie was the oldest salt around, a man who had tried for the Mallory so often that he had lost count of the times.

As the series opened last Monday with three eight-mile races on Buzzards Bay, a haze lay on the water and the wind was moderate but with a promise of a smoky sou'wester to come as the sun arched higher. Kolius outsailed the fleet in the first race, salvaged a fourth place in the second and came back in the third to win again, the wind now gusting in at 15 to 20 knots. In the third race the week's big three finished in precisely the order they would complete the series, Hall breezing in second, Colie third.

Tuesday and Wednesday brought two races apiece, and now the Texans began to fade a bit, going 3-3-5-5 against the 1-4-4-1 of Hall and the 2-2-1-2 of Colie. It was Hall's kind of weather, without much heft in the wind, making his choice of Mary Jane look prophetic.

So now we come to the leaders on the night before the decisive eighth race. Hall hits the sack early, Colie swallows a highball or two and follows suit. Kolius & Co., however, gather up three comely

Flying spinnakers of lollipop hue, the Mallory fleet runs downwind under a gentle breeze.



dates and hit the shore. "They're no good," said a hostess at the New Bedford Yacht Club cheerfully. "They keep grabbing at you and saying things like 'Y'all dig this?' and 'Y'all dig that?' They think they're very, very loose!" Said another: "They wanted me to go karting with them the other night, but my father happened to see them drive their rented car down the street backwards and he said no way." Truth of the matter was that the Texans had behaved with reasonable decorum all week and now were in a mood to let off some steam.

"Marvelous young men," said a mother of five wistfully.

Ultimately Kolius & Co. get to their borrowed house and at midnight the party is still making as much noise as Nelson's guns at Trafalgar. Kolius, a lad of 20, lets out a rebel yell fit to rouse every Yankee in South Dartmouth.

Next morning—same morning, sorry—Crewman Scott Self met a visitor with head in hands. A man who knocks about a bit, Self had helped campaign the crack ocean racer *Improbable* during an eventful season and had not been home for four months. The last time he talked to his parents, he recalled, they said, "We thought, like, you ought to come home." Then he remembered what he was doing in South Dartmouth, Mass. and went to wake Kolius.



As his crew gets in the 'chute, Kolius (crouching) slides a Rhodes around leeward mark.



Kolius put on a brave show for a good five minutes. "What's the matter with you, Scott?" he demanded. "Whatcha holding your head like that for?" With that Kolius leaped lightly out of bed—and fell lightly to the floor. Eventually, they all made it to the yacht club, where Kolius refreshed himself by participating in a pickup game of baseball played with Ping-Pong paddles instead of bats. And on a crystalline day these Texans, loose as tapioca, set out to whip the well-slept but tightly wound opposition.

Whip them they did in a brilliant display of helmsmanship and teamwork. They made all the right moves at all the right times, and they took gleeful advantage of a monumental miscue by Hall and Colie, both of whom overstood the weather mark on the first leg of the Olympic course. Rounding the mark in the lead, the Texans set their spinnaker a fraction of a second faster than seemed possible, and after reaching down to the next mark they jibed around onto the new leg with sails perfectly trimmed in a single fluid sweep. Tacking upwind, they dug their toes in and hiked out nimbly to keep the boat on its lines in a brisk sou'wester, and even after building up a big lead they continued to press. In short, they sailed with a dedication that Ahab himself might have admired.

Hall and Colie spent so much energy covering one another that they lost all hope of finishing with the front-runners, and their chances of winning the cup blew away with the wind as they slogged in sixth and eighth. That put them second and third for the series.

As they painfully learned, swinging was only one element of the Kolius equation. He had teethed on Sunfishes and somewhat later had defeated seven of the nation's top junior skippers to take the Sears Cup in 1968. The following year he came close to roping the Mallory on his first try, ultimately winding up third. He will sail anything and everything and do so with a light, deceptively casual touch that is a joy to behold. Nor does he choke when the going is sticky. In the seventh race, for example, Kolius found himself trapped at the starting line while the rest of the fleet peeled him off on the committee boat. Dead in the water as he put on the brakes to let the procession go by, his sloop bobbed miserably and began drifting backward as Hall and the others raced away. Despite this handicap, Kolius managed to blow off half the fleet en route to the first mark, and even the Texans' severest critics dug that maneuver.

With the Mallory Cup safely put away and a date lined up for dinner, Kolius harpooned another beer and began training for the lively days ahead. Next comes a series of races at the posh Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club of Oyster Bay, N.Y., where they aren't going to dig the rebel yell all that much, and then perhaps a shot at the U.S. Olympic sailing team in the Soling Class.

If the selection committee is looking for brilliance with resilience, it need search no farther than down around Houston, the town John Kolius calls home, y'all. **END**

LOOK WHAT GARY FOUND IN THE CUP!

From deep in the rough on 18, Gary Cowan holed a nine-iron for an eagle and the U.S. Amateur title

by JOE JARES



Gary Cowan walked down the 18th fairway of the Wilmington Country Club last week like a condemned man. A few holes back the U.S. Amateur title had been his if he could finish on his feet, but now an attack of nervous putting had reduced his once comfortable lead to a single stroke. To compound his problem, Cowan had just hooked his tee shot into a sort of wildlife refuge, a cluster of trees and high grass. There seemed a good chance that his line to the green might be blocked, which would mean chip out, pitch on, two putts—*maybe* two putts—bogey 5 and a playoff the next day with 19-year-old Eddie Pearce, who was standing alongside the 18th green and already figuring out what color slacks he would wear.

When Cowan reached his ball he found that while it had landed in an opening between the trees, it was buried in the rough. He asked permission from USGA President Phil Struhing to check the scoreboard up by the green—Cowan did not know precisely what his situation was—but Strubing said no, get on with it. Two days earlier Cowan had been in much the same predicament, had used a wedge and had come out short, so this time he went with a nine-iron.

An instant after he swung you could tell that Eddie Pearce would not be playing golf the next day, at least not with Gary Cowan. The ball flew out of the trees and landed well on the green. Easy par. But the ball was still rolling and now it was stiff to the pin. Easy birdie. Up to the cup it came and, now looking no different from a routine putt, in it went. Easy eagle. Easy win.

All week the Amateur showed those little touches of tradition, kookiness and diversity that make it charmingly different from other tournaments. The 43 qualifying events around the country chopped the field down from 2,396 hopefuls (all with three handicaps or better) to the 150 who were admitted to Wilmington. There was a 40-year span in ages, ranging from several 17-year-old whiz kids on up to Charles Kocsis, 57, of Michigan, who first played in the Amateur in 1930, the year Bobby Jones won it to complete his Grand Slam.

Then there were William Hyndman *III*, 55, of Pennsylvania, and his two sons, Tom and Bill IV. Papa made the cut, but the boys failed. And Canadian Nick Weslock, who passed out pink tees on which he had imprinted "Nick the Wedge," then soon after put one of his wedge shots in the drink. And math teacher George Haines Jr. of Pennsylvania, who charted the course grass blade by grass blade on five pages of legal-sized paper. And pilots, hotel clerks, falconers, soldiers, orthodontists, even a journalist, Al Barkow, editor of *Golf* magazine.

There were also a bunch of incipient young pros, guys who five years from now are going to be winning a lot of Monsanto Opens. Or U.S. Opens. Jim Simons of Wake Forest almost won the U.S. Open *this* year, you'll remember, shooting that 65 at Merion on the third day to lead the tournament by two strokes going into the last round. Simons was in Wilmington. So were Ben Crenshaw, 19 years old, who won the NCAA championship as a University of Texas freshman and already has people talking about another Ben Hogan—with muscles—and Jim McLean of the University of Houston, the Pacific Coast amateur champion.

Gary Cowan fell into an altogether different category, that of the old pro amateur. Cowan is 32 and he had won the tournament once before, in 1966. He is a Canadian from Kitchener, Ontario, father of two, insurance man, tall, lean, wavy hair, Kirk Douglas dimple on his chin. And a little angry. He had been burning to win the Amateur again because people still referred to the 1966 tournament as the one Deane Beman lost. It was held at Merion that year and Beman had a nice lead on the last round until he bogeyed 17 and double-bogeyed 18 to fall into a tie. Cowan won the playoff the next day with a nine-foot putt on the last hole.

Last week, about 45 minutes away from Merion in the Wilmington suburb of Greenville, Cowan took the lead on the third day—with some difficulty. On the 8th green he had to twice wave his opponent's caddie out of his line of sight. Then, with his fragile concentration shattered, he three-putted. Approaching the 10th tee he was stung on the right arm by one of the bees that buzzed the course *all* week. Even so, he finished with a 69, three under for the tournament and one stroke ahead of Marty West of Washington, D.C.

The South Course at Wilmington, site of the Amateur, was designed by Robert Trent Jones so that the back nine is the more difficult. However, ABC television felt the final holes of the front nine were prettier and presented better birdie possibilities, so the U.S. Golf Association reversed the nines for the tournament. The toughest holes then came first, so that on the final day when Cowan finished the ninth still three under par, some spectators were ready to hand him the Havemeyer Trophy. Especially since everybody around him seemed to be collapsing.

West, the Atlantic Coast Conference champion, went into the woods on the 3rd hole, double-bogeyed and didn't contend again. Eddie Pearce, who has an Arnold Palmer-financed golf scholarship at Wake Forest, double-bogeyed the 6th and went to two over par. Vinny Giles, three times runner-up in the Amateur and one of the great fidgeters and wagglers in the sport (somebody counted 21 club waggles on one fairway shot), was hot but had a big gap to close.

However, instead of breezing over the supposedly easier back nine, Cowan stumbled. Giles birdied 14, Cowan bogeyed 12 and 13, McLean of Houston dropped below par again and all of a sudden it was a three-way tie and people were checking the leader boards and racing every which way trying to catch the decisive moments.

Cowan birdied 14 to retake the lead, and birdied 15 to make his margin two. At the 16th, a par-5, he was on in two and ready to wrap up the tournament, but three putts cost him his birdie and three more putts on 17 reduced his lead to a stroke. But Cowan never had to touch his putter again. Minutes later he was standing in the thicket, his arms raised in triumph. Without question, the 1971 Amateur would be remembered as the one Gary Cowan won. **END**

Still dazed with joy, Cowan holds the ball that traveled 130 yards and went kerplunk.

CHARGING FULL TILT INTO A BLOODY FRAY

That's what jousting, 1971 style, can be—a sport endangering life and limb—when England's movie stunt men play it straight

by CLIVE GAMMON





At first the rain came softly in gentle gray billows, but then the wind rose from the west, ripped down the English Channel and lashed against the bright pavilions, streaming out the flags of chivalry over Senlac field, hard by Hastings in Sussex, where on the most famous date in English history Harold, King of England, died with an arrow through his eye, and his Saxons broke and fled, leaving the country open to William the Bastard, later the Conqueror, and his Norman knights.

Nine centuries later, on this unkind, soaking day in late summer, another knight, Sir Michael of Forfar, is preparing himself for a second Battle of Hastings. Over his surcoat is blazoned the white cross on blue of St. Andrew of Scotland, and his chain mail gleams in the rain. Not to his full satisfaction, though, because he now delves into the trunk of his battered Renault and comes out with an aerosol can of silver paint, which he carefully applies to his nylon armor. The task finished, he walks over to give courteous, knightly assistance to the Queen of Light and Beauty, who is meeting some difficulty clambering aboard her white charger while still retaining possession of her stuffed falcon. "Thanks, luv," she says daintily.

A huge red-haired man in a track suit yells, "You've got five minutes!" Under a massive arm he carries a bundle of 12-foot lances, candy-striped in red and white, a heavy load, you'd think, even for him, until you learn they are made of bamboo cane. He stacks them against a truck and looks balefully up at the sky. "That bloody helicopter again," he complains to Sir Michael. "As if the wind wasn't enough. Those horses are going to be as jittery as monkeys." Seeing a stranger nearby, he apologizes. "It's just that we all get a bit nervy before a contest, and we've got to rely on the horses. All you've got is a long rein in one hand and, when you go down the tilt, you're closing with lances at 60 miles per hour. If a bit of paper blows across the horse's track at the wrong moment and he shies to the side, you've got no shield protection. Jackie Cooper took a lance in the throat last season and it nearly killed him. Nosher Powell's the name," he says suddenly, extending a great hairy hand. "I started all this up with Max Diamond." He looks appreciatively at the Queen of Light and Beauty, now firmly seated. "Looks nice, don't she? We put an ad in the London *Times*: 'Pretty girls urgently needed, not afraid of blood, flair for wearing medieval costumes.' We got 463 replies."

But there's no more time for small talk. From a circle of motley vehicles—campers, trucks, old station wagons—the new knighthood of England is emerging: Viscount Oval of London, resplendent in yellow and red; Sir John of Norwich, the national champion, in black and silver; Sir Frederick, Sir Royston, Sir Clair, Sir Leslie, Sir Rowland, Sir William, Sir Gregory, Sir Peter of Esher and Sir Peter of Wraysbury. That their real names are far more mundane matters not a bit. Pseudonyms, after all, were commonly adopted by their medieval predecessors when the sport they now practice was at its height. And when they ride in procession out onto the windy field, they are transfigured by the natural nobility that armed and armored men on horseback always have. "If you're quick," says Nosher Powell, breaking the mood, "you can nip round to the grandstand before the jousting starts." Far off, trumpeters are blowing a fanfare.

Until last year when Diamond and Powell formed a professional jousting team, the sport staged in full regalia had not been seen in England since the mid-1800s, when Lord Eglinton sponsored a tourney. As a fighting unit, the heavily armored knight was obsolete by

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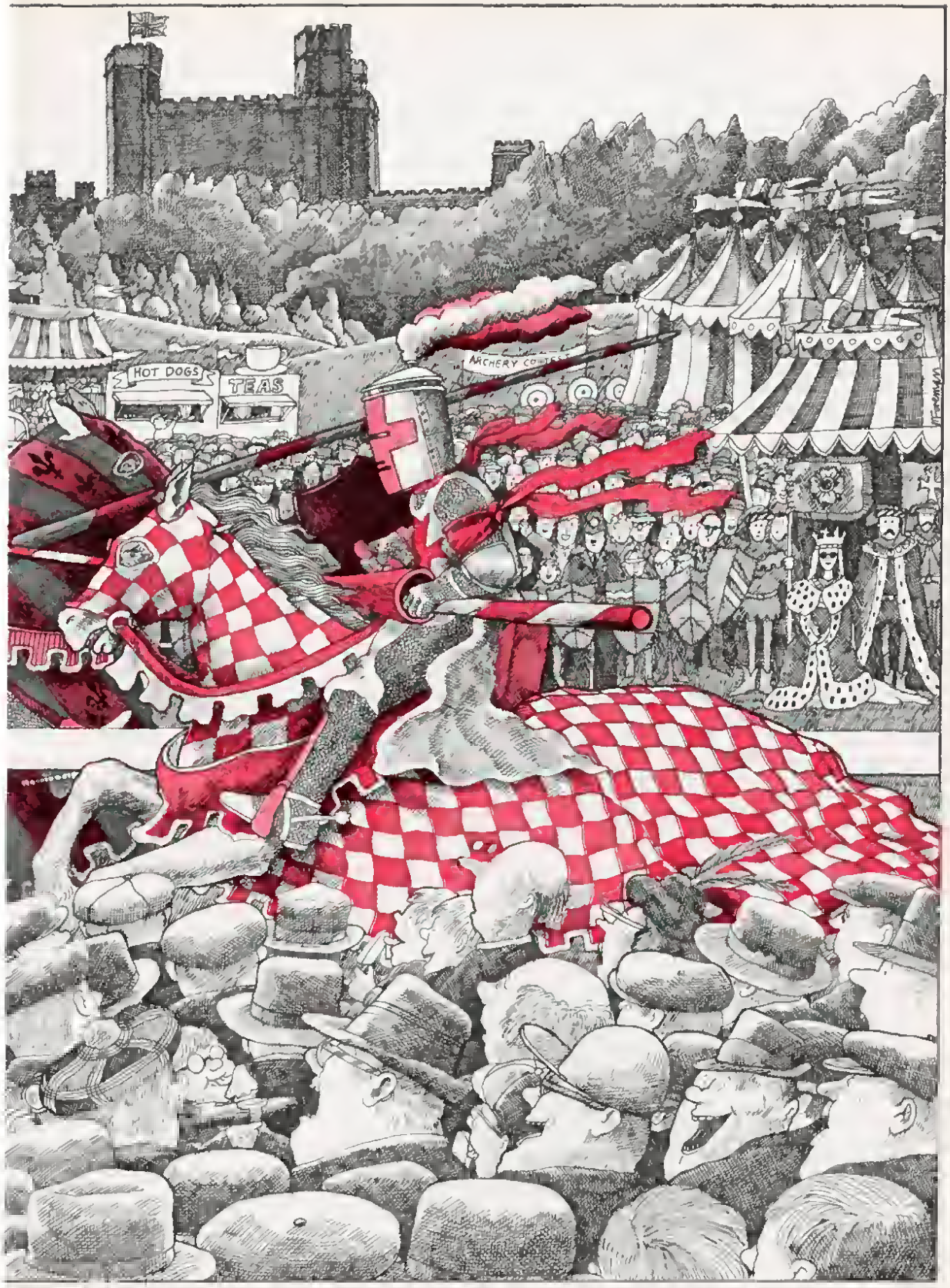


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FOREMAN

the 15th century, his effectiveness destroyed by the deadly accuracy of longbow men whose steel-tipped arrows could pierce armor at 800 feet, and well before that time knights' combat with its elaborate rules and formalities had died out. The rebirth of jousting in the 1970s is owed to a pair of seemingly irrelevant factors—a recession in the film industry and the availability of synthetics like nylon and stretchable polystyrene.

"We were in trouble, we could see that, when the U.S. film industry started cutting back on the big epics," Max Diamond explained. "No more *Guns of Navarone* meant no more work for us." Diamond, like every other "knight" of the British Jousting Association, is a film stunt man. "We did a few charity shows," Diamond continued. "Then we thought why not do it in a big way, just like it was done 800 years ago."

A successful stunt man, of necessity, has courage and many skills. He is usually a first-class horseman and trained to handle weapons. He is capable of taking very hard knocks. No other profession could have provided the raw talent for what is proving to be a brilliant commercial idea and sporting spectacle.

Even so, it was unlikely that the noble art of jousting could have been revived under the old terms. Clanking steel armor would have slowed it down to a 12th-century pace, far too mild for modern spectators. "Our hunters are three times as fast as the animals they used," Diamond said. "The old knights used to ride huge farm horses—they needed them to take the weight. We use layers of nylon wool instead of chain mail and it is almost as tough. There's a thin steel plate in our helmets and plastic cushioning. The lances are bamboo with rubber tubing over the points to prevent injuries to the horses, but the broadswords are the real thing—mild steel so that we can hammer them straight again. We don't travel with an armorer as the old knights did."

The basis of the tourney is the joust, an encounter with lances between two knights. A long double rail called the tilt, four feet high and hung with colored flags, runs down the center of the field. The knights start at opposite ends, one on each side of the tilt. When the knight marshal lowers his sword, they gallop hard at each other, lances high, then couched as they close. The rail prevents the riders from crashing together. The lance is the only means of contact, and it is aimed at the shield of the opponent. The rules of combat are simple. If a combatant strikes a man or his mount with the lance, he is disqualified. A clean hit on the shield scores two points. Unhorsing an opponent scores two points also, though the fight may be continued on foot with broadsword, mace, morning star (a fearsome spiked metal sphere swung on a chain) or ax. Grounding an opponent then scores two points.

As the rain pounds against the awnings of the grandstand on the ancient site of the Battle of Hastings, there is much formality. The knights, divided into two teams, salute the Queen of Light and Beauty. The knight marshal (it is Diamond himself, on crutches and unable to take part in the jousting today because of a smashed knee sustained in a recent tournament at Belfast, of all places) reads the rules of combat. The crowd at this, the ninth meeting of the season, is silent and curious. The knights retire to their pavilions at either end of the tilt. Then, suddenly spurring out, come the first pair of rivals, John of Norwich and Frederick of Aylwood, and as the brave horses break into a gallop the names seem no longer as pretentious as they did. They hurtle together. One waits, numbly, for a bone-splitting crash, forgetting the presence of the tilt fence, but there is only a sharp double click, and a red-and-white-striped lance spins high in the air and falls on the grass. In the restrained tones of a Wimbledon umpire a voice over the P.A. system declares, "A strike for John of Norwich. Two points."

There are two more encounters between them. One is indecisive, with no lance contact made. In the other Sir John gains two more points. The tourney proceeds as other pairs of knights ride in combat. The sport is almost too decorous and precise, until one learns how to watch the points of the lances, to appreciate the subtle control of the charging horse that at the last moment must swing into or away from an opponent. The crowd has caught the formalized mood also. There is tennis-style clapping for points won. When a blond youth, carried away by excitement and possibly by old-style mead (a drink made from fermented honey being sold at the tournament), yells, "Up the Blues!", he gets cold stares, and his friends pull him down into his seat.

But the tone changes with the first of the hand-to-hand combats, a clanking melee with broadswords. Suddenly the tournament becomes show biz. There is tripping, comic thwacking across armored buttocks with broadswords, stagily lost tempers, weapons thrown petulantly down. Sir Frederick of Aylwood, in black trappings, naturally emerges as the baddie. In a mock-severe voice, the knight marshal adjures him: "Watch thyself, Aylwood. Act courteous!" He responds by walking to the front of the grandstand and angrily challenging all comers. What the crowd is getting now is a contrived show, an entertainment, a spectacle, not sport, even though real swords and maces are crashing together.

The commentator falls into line. "Sir William of Launceston," he announces. "Six-foot-three and one of the finest swordsmen in the film industry," and gets his laugh. But Sir William goes too far and cuffs an opponent. The penalty meted out by the marshal is horrific. William is to be put in a sack, then dragged around the tilt tied to Sir John of Norwich's charger. The crowd thinks this is a joke, but the sentence is carried out in no half-hearted style, the sack with William inside bouncing and slamming to the ground again and again as John of Norwich spurs on his horse as hard as he can. But at the end William emerges unscathed, shaking his head. He is, one remembers, a stunt man. It is bewildering. The pure jousting had every attribute of a fine sport, involving courage and complex skills. Suddenly the tournament has degenerated into a staged brawl. But then, just as one is about to write the whole thing off, sadly, as a piece of theater, something happens to right the balance.

There is an outside challenge. Three men, amateur jousters, have come from Nottingham. They are fox hunters, hard riders with the Quorn Hunt. Their armor is not professional-looking, their caparisons and heraldic devices not so boldly inventive. But they are matched against three of the knights and ride up the tilt, a little self-consciously maybe, before each in turn thunders down at an opponent as if he were coming into a high thorn hedge in the hunting country. Among them, they succeed in winning only a single point. One is unhorsed and is helped limping back to the pavilion. But these men have restored the balance. When Knight Marshal Diamond praises their bravery, he is sincere.

continued

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"You go down the tilt for real," he says. "You go down for those points and there is a lot of danger, mainly with the horses. You get a wild day like this one, the caparisons flapping, the noise, the wind straining their nerves. Then, if your shield is not in the right spot and 12 feet of bamboo hits you in the body armor, it will go right through. It can kill you. You're meeting it at such speed. And you fall hard. I've got this fractured knee now. This season I've had four broken ribs, broken my nose twice and had two concussions. Everybody's been injured. Thank God we haven't had a fatality.

"Look, I know about the clowning. But the crowd wants it, and they pay to come. About 75% of what we do is authentic. If it was all authentic, a lot of the people would get bored after half an hour. The full tournament would last eight or nine hours. At this stage, we've got to entertain.

"But the rest is genuine. Think of what those men have to be able to do. They have to be first-class riders. They train their own horses. They have to be proficient in all the martial arts. And they have to have some sort of courage. So have the horses. It takes a long time to find a horse that's courageous enough. You're lucky if you find four good jousting horses out of 100 you look at.

"When we get this sport really going, maybe we can drop the clowning. We're spreading fast as it is. This winter, in Paris, we're forming the International Jousting Association. There are three amateur teams in Italy, one in France and a group in Germany that calls itself the Teutonic Knights. Next year we want to hold the first international tournament in history." Before that, though, possibly next May, Max Diamond, Nosher Powell and their knights plan to joust in the U.S., going across the country on an extended visit.

Diamond has an even higher ambition—to see jousting an Olympic sport. "It needs skill and courage, doesn't it? I know it may take 10 years or more, but I think it will be possible eventually."

Presumably, not with the aid of comic pratfalls and foolery with maces, nor, in the foreseeable future, with a professional team like his. But on the evidence of the Battle of Hastings, 1971 version, jousting at the tilt would be by no means an unworthy component of the world's great sports meeting. END



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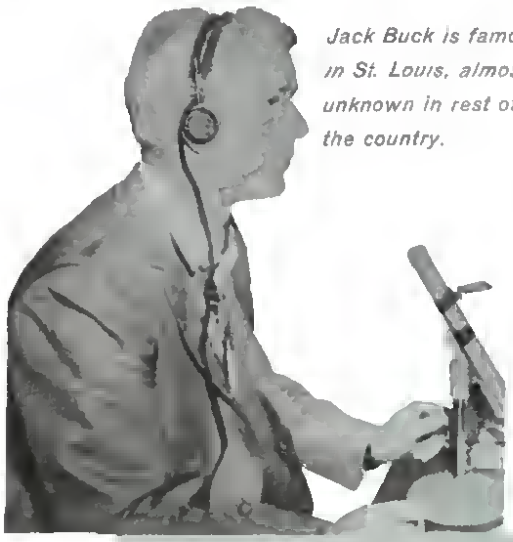
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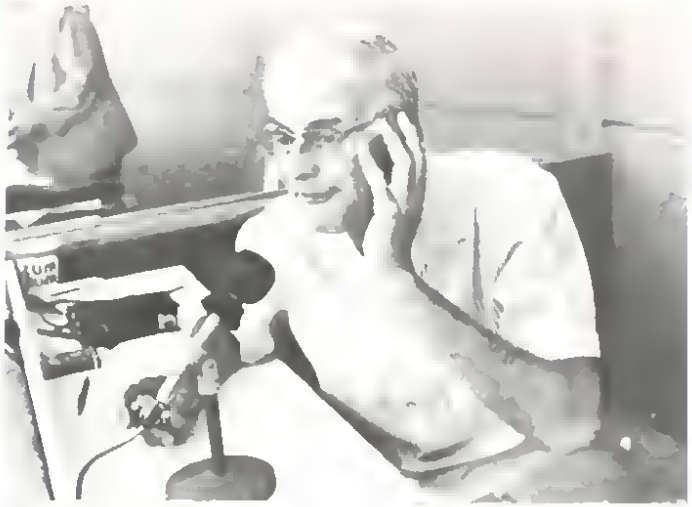
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Jack Buck is famous in St. Louis, almost unknown in rest of the country.



Bob Prince dropped out of Harvard Law and into a swimming pool.

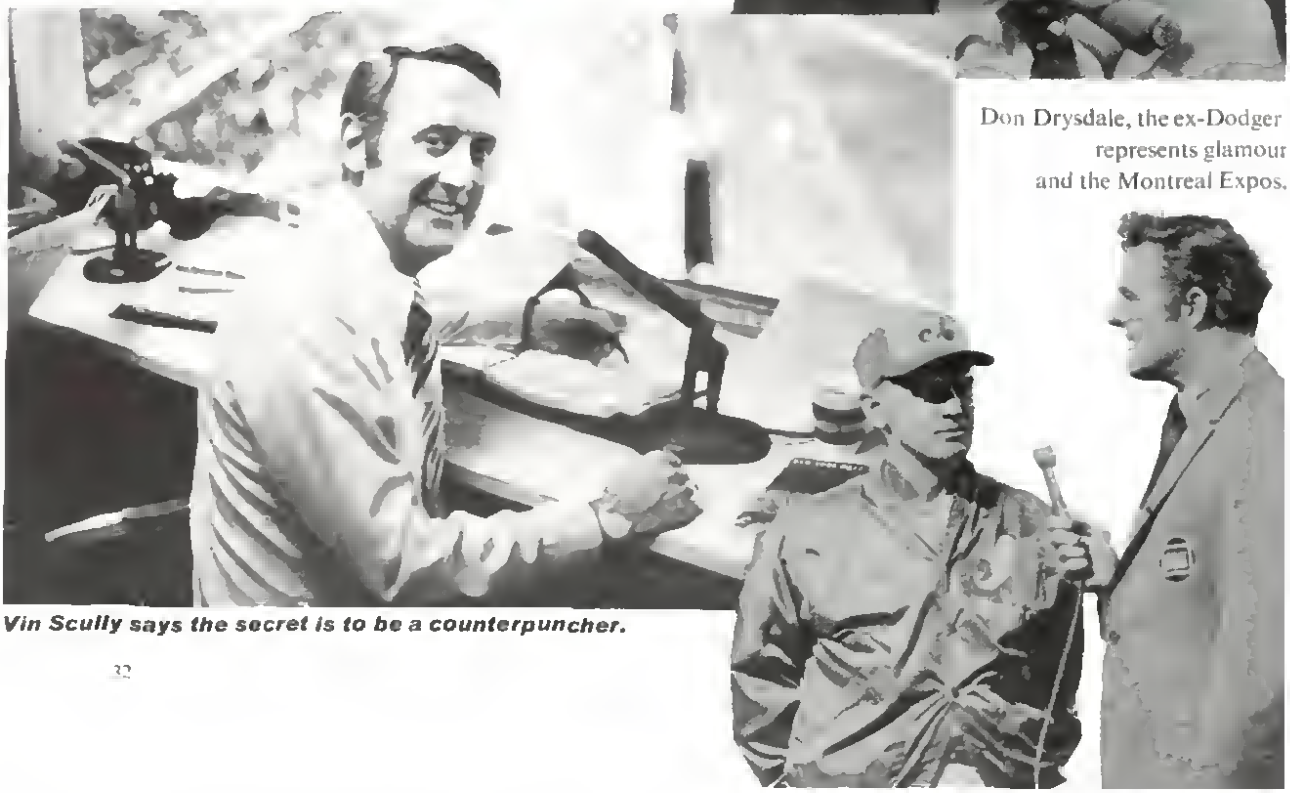


Halsey Hall's raspy voice is redolent of happy days at grandpa's house

Phil Rizzuto is one ex-player who occasionally offers gentle criticism.



Don Drysdale, the ex-Dodger represents glamour and the Montreal Expos.

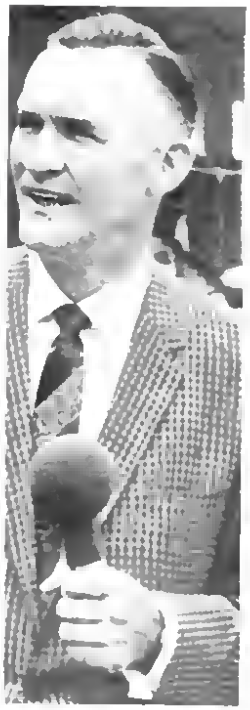


Vin Scully says the secret is to be a counterpuncher.

AND HERE, TO BRING YOU THE PLAY BY PLAY...



Jack Brickhouse still receives four-page critiques after 23 years



Jack Drees, with Brickhouse, will televise a staggering 277 games in 1971.

. . . by play by play are those baseball announcers who do more talking on the tube from early April to October than Johnny Carson and Dick Cavett combined

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Perseverance being a commodity not always in full supply these days, the men who announce baseball on TV have to be admired. They toil without complaint through the warm months, dueling with gnats for their composure and with reruns of *Mayberry R F D* for their audiences. They carry manfully on even though baseball is hopelessly ill-suited for television: an ordinary base hit ranges over a landscape too sweeping for the camera to capture in a single squint, while the game's dawdling pace offers opportunities to trip over their own tongues that even the most cautious of them sometimes find irresistible.

The long season makes them the drudges of sports telecasting, the more so because the moments they are not announcing the game on the tube they are apt to be off doing so on radio. To their labors they nevertheless bring the enthusiasm of a Loel Passe, one of the announcers for the Houston Astros, who exults, "When you love baseball the way I do and broadcast major league games from the great cities of the country man, that's living." If Passe has any complaint, it is that he finds himself on radio far more than he would prefer. Houston's 14 telecasts a year being the skimpiest TV fare of any big-league team. Of course, 14 games are a full season's work in pro football, but the number amounts to pale underexposure compared with baseball's TV binge in Chicago, where the Cubs' Jack Brickhouse and the White Sox' Jack Drees will announce a staggering 277 televised games between them in 1971.

That kind of saturation, together with the sport's easy atmosphere, gives baseball's men in the booths a communion with the fans unique among sportscasters. But intimacy can lead to annoyance, which explains why Brickhouse, who has telecast baseball in Chicago for 23 years, still receives niggling four-page critiques from viewers in the habit of keeping score on him rather than the game. Similar static disturbs the repose of the Baltimore Orioles' Chuck Thompson, whose wont it is to describe Oriole outfielders as "looking up for a fly ball," prompting more than one viewer to comment "Where else would an outfielder look for a fly ball?"

With the possible exception of such talk show hosts as Johnny Carson and Dick Cavett, who also occupy the screen with numbing regularity, few TV performers evoke as much extreme reaction. Pirate Announcer Bob Prince is surely a beloved character in Pittsburgh, yet he still has to contend with dissenters like the steelworker who approached him before a night game in Forbes Field a year or so ago. "I want to meet you," he said. "I can't stand you, but I can't turn you off either."

It is this last weakness, multiplied many times through the television audience, that endears the game to sponsors interested in insistent, season-long

continued

selling. Baseball especially attracts products like gasoline, soft drinks and beer that do a big part of their business in summer. It is all lucrative enough to bring baseball roughly $40 million for broadcasting rights, not far off the NFL's $46 million. But where pro football owners share their TV money in the interest of equal prosperity, baseball winds up with haves and have-nots. It pools only the $18 million it gets in its package deal with NBC for such attractions as *Game of the Week* and World Series. Each club is otherwise free to work out its own broadcasting deal, a liberty that includes picking its own announcers, too.

One effect of this decentralization is that most big-league telecasts tend to be parochial affairs, wedding the technology of TV with the resonances of the small-town game that baseball sometimes still fancies itself. Thus, the Orioles' Thompson, or St. Louis' Jack Buck, celebrities in their home towns, would go unrecognized should they suddenly turn up in, say, Minnesota. There the local favorite is 72-year-old Halsey Hall, an ex-newspaperman who at those moments when he is not starting a fire in the Twins' broadcasting booth with one of his ubiquitous cigars is generally reading get-well wishes to convalescents in a raspy voice redolent of happy days at grandpa's house.

The plain-folks flavor infects even the ex-athletes that baseball, like every sport, increasingly insists on passing off as sportscasters. Basketball has its flashy Hot Rod Hundleys and football its well-coiffed Frank Giffords, but baseball appears to have less taste for such glamour. For every Sandy Koufax or Don Drysdale, the former Dodger pitching stars now doing color commentary for NBC and the Montreal Expos respectively, you can find a Nellie King, who as a Pittsburgh pitcher 15 years ago compiled a lifetime record of 7-5 and who today helps Prince on Pirate telecasts. Even when a better-known player is elevated to the booth, it is likely to be somebody like Phillies Announcer Richie Ashburn, whose 15 years in the majors failed to erase a corn-belt twang that is in evidence when he muses in midbroadcast on such matters as summer heat waves back home in Tilden, Neb.

At its best, this relaxed atmosphere lends itself to thoughtful, gracefully presented commentary not always possible during the more frantic action of football, basketball or hockey. One thinks of the Washington Senators' Ray Scott, whose spare style, sharpened by a Lombardiesque discipline developed while announcing Green Bay Packer football games, seems even more ideally suited to the leisurely pace of baseball. Then there is Buddy Blattner, a world table-tennis champion in the 1930s and later a National League infielder, whose play-by-play work for the Kansas City Royals mixes expertise with a conversational manner that eludes most of his colleagues. A relative newcomer is 36-year-old Dick Enberg, who brings to his job as announcer for the California Angels a Ph.D. from Indiana University and a knack for using the TV camera as a teaching tool, most notably on a pregame show featuring brisk instructionals on catcher's signs or the art of making the double play.

By common consent the best of the baseball broadcasters is Enberg's Southern California neighbor, red-haired Vin Scully, 43, who has been announcing Dodger games in Brooklyn and Los Angeles for 18 years. Scully's natural element is radio, he is the reason that transistors abound at Dodger Stadium and that Angelenos by the thousands tune in to Dodger games on the freeways, all of which has made the club one of only a few—the Angels, Astros, Twins and Red Sox are others – for whom radio revenues exceed those from TV.

Scully also announces the 21 games, all of them on the road, that Walter O'Malley condescends to allow on TV. There are dangers, such as talking too much about the obvious, that make the switch from radio to television perilous, but Scully avoids them.

"In radio you're leading all the time, but in television you're a counterpuncher," says Scully, who put on an impressive show of the latter while telecasting a game earlier this season from San Francisco. Juan Marichal was pitching and Scully, astute student of the game that he is, told his viewers that the Giant star seemed off stride while making his distinctive leg-high windup.

In the second inning Marichal's windup began to improve, which Scully demonstrated by bringing into play stop-action camera and instant replay, visual aids still absent from many baseball

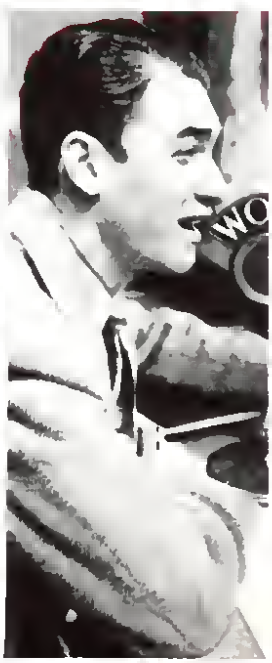
THE MELLOW VOICES OF OLD

Pittsburgh's Rosey Rowswell (*far left*) said, "Open the window, Aunt Minnie," and became famous. Arch McDonald, the voice of the Senators, parted his hair in the middle and offered to fight fans. Cleveland Indian









telecasts. Then the Giant pitcher broke *off a good curve*, a single pitch, but one that moved Scully to the casual eloquence characteristic of his style. "That's the kind of pitch Roy Campanella used to say gives you the old jelly leg," he said. "It's tough to hang in there on curveballs like those. Your leg starts to leave without you."

The qualities of a Scott or Scully, though, are all but lost in the sea of blandness and banalities that otherwise inundates the telecasting of baseball. The sins are easily cataloged: repetitive small talk about matters already deathlessly familiar; sugar-coated explanations for poor play; nice-Nellyisms about umpires who are never wrong and ballplayers who are, each and every last one, great guys in their own rights. There is an ebullience that is sometimes warranted by events, at other times not. "This is some kind of ball game," Oakland's Red Rush will say during some kind of mild drama or other. Then he will observe a moment later; "This Sal Bando is some kind of player." Or later still: "This Rick Monday can sure pick 'em up and lay 'em down." Or: "Hey, the crowd is on the edge of its seats. This is some kind of crowd."

What makes such sensationalizing of the routine all the more striking is the silence that so often greets genuine news, as when Clete Boyer was suspended this season by Atlanta. Braves Announcer Milo Hamilton scarcely referred to the incident. Babies have been born in the stands during baseball games and people shot, but the cameras have looked stonily away, only to return later for closeups of little boys holding aloft homemade banners.

Baseball announcers share with the White House press corps an inhibiting occupational hazard. As St. Louis' Buck puts it, "You can't always say what you're thinking because you want to continue your contacts." Of course, the newspapermen who cover baseball must live with their sources, too, but telecasters tend to be even more sympathetic with the ballplayers. For one thing, they are generally in the same financial league as the athletes, their salaries ranging from less than $20,000 for a rookie announcer to $100,000 or more for a superstar like Scully. With such riches comes the fact that players and announcers alike are called upon frequently to transfer loyalties. Baseball's peripatetic Bobo Newsom had little, for example, on Merle Harmon, who has announced in succession, and always with home-town fervor, the Kansas City A's, Milwaukee Braves, Minnesota Twins and, currently, the Milwaukee Brewers.

There are other parallels. The TV men travel along with the players, sign autographs for the fans and serve the same masters. Announcers are hired either by the club or with its approval, and one of them, the Cubs' Brickhouse, even serves on his team's board of directors.

That the telecasters and the teams they profess to be objectively covering maintain something less than an arm's-length relationship appears to offend surprisingly few fans—and fewer announcers. Lindsey Nelson, the play-by-play man on New York Met telecasts, says, "Cab drivers, policemen and the man in the street all identify the broadcasters with the ball club. If I walk down Fifth Avenue I'm stopped often by people asking, 'What are you going to do about the Mets?' "

What Nelson and other announcers will probably do is more of what they have always done, and this means hawking illustrated team yearbooks, plugging bat days and T shirt giveaways and reminding anybody who might be inclined to drag himself out to the airport of the team's imminent return from a road trip at 3 a.m. They are also expected to sell the sponsor's beer and the ball club's tickets. If you seldom hear TV announcers urge motorists to "come on out for the second game," which used to be a standing invitation for radio listeners, it is only because they know that not many people are watching TV while driving around in their cars. Patient pitchmen that they are, they want you in the tent, but tomorrow will be just fine.

Baseball owners look upon TV not only as a source of riches but also as a promotional tool simply because so many of them are suffering from a severe case of empty seats. The current wisdom in baseball's high councils is that a relatively liberal TV policy on away games produces broadcasting revenues even as it reminds the home folks during long road trips that the team still exists. Except in populous TV markets like New York and Chicago, home games generally are telecast sparingly if at all. A special case is the Montreal Expos,

continued

Jack Graney was the first ballplayer to turn announcer, to which the Yanks' Mel Allen would have said, "How about that?" Graham McNamee, here with John McGraw, was the first to broadcast baseball. The first to report Bobby Thomson's home run were Russ Hodges and Red Barber sitting in "the catbird seat."







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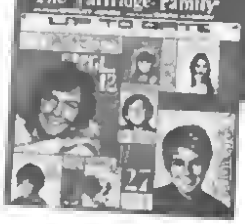
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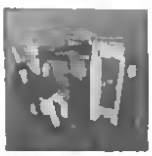


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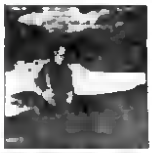
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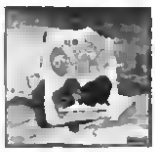
803 NEIL DIAMOND
Tap Root Manuscript
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105 JAMES GANG
Thirds
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS



260 DIONNE WARWICKE
Very Dionne
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



264 GUESS WHO
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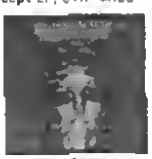
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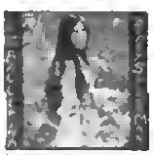
303 JOAN BAEZ
David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



52 WOODSTOCK TWO
(2 record set)
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103 STEPPENWOLF
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Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



263 B. J. THOMAS
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700 TCHAIKOVSRY
1812 Overture
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265 B. J. THOMAS
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304 JOAN BAEZ
One Day At A Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

267 DIONNE WARWICKE
I'll Never Fall In Love Again
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405 BOBBY GOLDSBORO
Watching Scotty Grow
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701 TREASURY OF GREGORIAN CHANT
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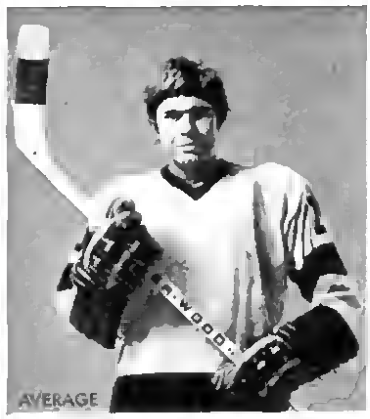
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Look for the Creative Switch





who by showing fans enjoying themselves in cozy Jarry Park—most of the club's 18 televised games are at home—have educated Canadians about baseball, made Rusty Staub a national hero and, not least, helped sell a remarkable 250,000 Expo caps.

The need to incessantly promote the club inevitably affects coverage of the game itself, this at a time of widespread debate over television's performance in reporting the news. Baseball announcers are likely to be slower to blame every fumbled ground ball on a bad hop if viewers at home can clearly see otherwise, but anything resembling impartiality is extremely rare.

The telecasters are notorious for crimes of omission, for avoiding saying anything that hints of criticism, and some of the worst offenders are ex-ballplayers. Ostensibly hired for their insights into the game, they are often the most protective of all, which leads to the inescapable conclusion that their real mission is to lend their more or less illustrious names to the struggle for higher ratings. Yankee Announcer Phil Rizzuto is one of the few who occasionally offer even gentle criticism, as when he takes note of Horace Clarke's erratic fielding, but the exercise obviously pains him. "I try not to overdo it," Rizzuto says. "I played baseball and I know that errors are part of the game."

At large in an ethical no-man's-land, the ball clubs differ widely in their avowed policies, with the Expos, for example, claiming to give their announcers a completely free hand ("Boosting the club is not expected of them—they just do it," says Broadcasting Director Jim Faszholz enigmatically), while the Cincinnati Reds expect their announcers to refrain from saying anything negative about the team. Another that makes no pretense of objectivity is the Phillies organization, which wants its telecasters, Vice-President Bill Giles says, "To make us look as good as possible."

Given the Phillies' less than glorious history, credit Telecaster Byrum Saam for a valiant effort. Saam, an exuberant fellow whose career reached a high point of sorts the day he came on the air and said, "Hello, Byrum Saam, this is everybody," has broadcast baseball in Philadelphia since 1938 for both the Phillies and, until they departed in 1955, the Athletics, which gives him an association with probably more losing teams than any sportscaster—or perhaps any human being—in history. Yet seldom is heard a discouraging word from Byrum Saam. "If the team is going bad, I talk about an opponent, a Clemente or Mays, who's going good," he says. He even managed to smile his way through the Phillies' record 23-game losing streak in 1961. "I wasn't depressed. I just stuck to the basic things and hoped this was the day we were going to win."

Not every announcer has been quite so willing to put a happy face on disaster. The most memorable act of rebellion occurred in the last days of the 1966 season when only 413 fans, the smallest number ever to watch baseball in 65,000-seat Yankee Stadium, showed up for a game against the White Sox. When Red Barber, the Yankee announcer, asked the cameras to show the empty seats, a club vice-president refused, even to the extent of forbidding cameras to follow foul balls into the stands. As Barber recalls in his recent book *The Broadcasters*, "I knew what the New York *Daily News* would do—they'd cover the whole back page of the paper with pictures of the yawning emptiness of Yankee Stadium."

His news judgment challenged, his sense of duty to his viewers aroused, Barber defied the ball club. He leaned into the microphone and said simply, "I don't know what the paid attendance is today—but whatever it is, it is the smallest crowd in the history of Yankee Stadium. This smallest crowd is the story, not the ball game." Barber and the Yankees were already heading for a parting of the ways, and four days later Barber was told that his contract would not be renewed.

The restraints imposed by the owners come on top of difficulties baseball broadcasters face that are inherent in the nature of the game, difficulties they are fond of dramatizing with an endless succession of queer little facts. They will tell you, for instance, that every hour of baseball contains only two minutes of honest action. Or they will tell you that 85% of the game occurs between the pitching mound and home plate. Or that only one of every four pitched balls is hit into fair territory. There is the additional problem of the awkward interview of the kind that Ralph Kiner, another of the Mets telecasters, once conducted with New York Catcher Choo Choo Coleman.

continued

Without your help, Fred Hansen couldn't have gotten off the ground.

Fred Hansen vaulted his way to a gold medal in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. He worked hard for his win. But it was your contributions that helped land Fred and his teammates in Japan. That really made it possible to chalk up all those firsts for the U.S.A

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We call it the Firestone Mini-Sport.

We make it from molds designed in Europe.

We make it so that it performs like an import tire, lightweight, cool running, with a tread that hangs in there on wet pavement, that gives you full traction as long as there's tread on the tire.

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Best of all, the new Mini-Sport is available, along with the guarantee that goes with it, at Firestone Dealers and Stores, wherever you are, or wherever you drive in the country. That's really the only part of the Mini-Sport we thought you'd want Americanized.

Along comes Mini-Sport from Firestone

"How did you get your nickname?" Kiner asked by way of openers.

The camera showed Choo Choo deep in thought. Kiner waited and so did the TV audience. Finally Coleman replied, "I don't know."

The only known antidote for so sure a show-killer is preparation—a ballplayer's nickname is easy enough to check out in advance—and the best announcers devote a surprising amount of effort to it. "There's an average interval of 15 seconds between pitches," says Kansas City's Blattner, offering another of those queer little facts, "You've got to fill some of that dead air. You can't keep saying over and over that 'the pitcher gets set on the mound, tugs at his cap, etc.' " Blattner has broadcast baseball for two decades, but he still puts in three hours of homework before every game, talking to players, poring over press releases, newspapers and magazines.

Assembling material makes sense if it is properly put to use, of course, and the acknowledged master at this, as at most aspects of his trade, is Scully. "Vin is patient with his good pieces of information," says Scully's friendly rival, Enberg. "He has the patience to hold off using a note in the first inning when it might better sustain the drama of the eighth." Beyond this, Scully realizes that a good game provides its own excitement and that his job is to tell, not just sell. Scully himself says: "Many a time I've said the Dodgers blew the game or it was a bad play on somebody's part. We're strictly reporters."

Why this refreshing candor is not only tolerated but encouraged by the Dodger organization owes as much to heritage as to the team's financial solidity. The Dodgers have a tradition of tough, knowledgeable radio coverage dating back to Red Barber in the late 1930s. Now it just seems to go with the territory. "We would probably lose half our followers if we didn't allow Scully to describe the game the way he sees it," said one Los Angeles official. "We feel Vin is promoting the sport, and that means he is promoting the Dodgers. It's what the public has come to expect."

The Dodgers properly credit Scully for playing a major role in their health as a franchise. They have the most valuable broadcasting rights anywhere. The club collects $400,000 as its share of baseball's television contract with NBC, and a hefty $1.8 million from local radio and TV; by comparison, the NFL's share-alike TV arrangement enriches each pro football team by a flat $1.75 million a year.

Even allowing for Scully's special talents, and remembering that he works in a uniquely lucrative market, it is difficult to understand what any club really gains from protective, all-holds-barred TV coverage. The ultimate answer may rest not with the clubs, or even the announcers, but with TV stations that foot the bills and presumably are in a position to call the shots. For the sake of TV riches, for instance, baseball has allowed the minor leagues to wither and has shuffled franchises with all the calm deliberation of a base runner trapped in a rundown.

It is possible to argue that baseball is packaged entertainment as much as it is pure news, although the vapidities and mindless euphoria that characterize so many baseball telecasts do not always make for rollicking show biz, either. For those hungry for theatrics, there is always Bob Prince, that Harvard Law dropout and riot of good humor who announces for the Pirates. Prince sometimes makes news himself, as when he won a bet with several of the Pirates by diving from a third-story window into the swimming pool of St. Louis' Chase-Park Plaza Hotel. He later outdid himself when he was pulled off an airliner for having used the word "bomb" too loosely, as in, or so he later explained to the law, "We're going to bomb that Giant pitching."

On the air Prince is just as unpredictable. He roots shamelessly for the Pirates, as witness his pet phrase, "We had 'em all the way," which he generally reserves for cliffhangers the Pirates miraculously manage to win. But he is also inclined to wander into subjects far afield from baseball, a tendency that prompts Pirate General Manager Joe Brown to closely monitor the broadcasts. Maybe the day Prince found a way to satisfy his instinct for reporting and Brown's for protection best summarizes the relationship between announcer and club. Richie Hebner, the Pirate infielder, had tossed his bat in anger into the stands in Houston. It was the kind of incident the club prefers to have Prince ignore, but the audible boos of the Astrodome crowd made this impossible. "Fans," Prince said, "something has happened here but I'm not going to be able to tell you about it." **END**

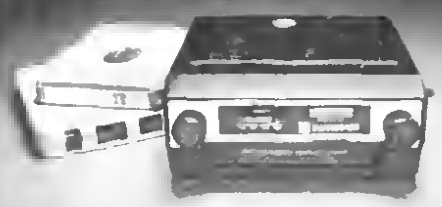
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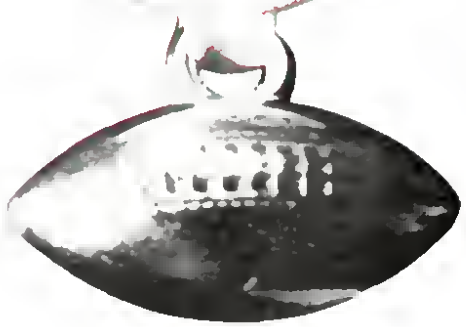
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COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1971



IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF KNUTE

by DAN JENKINS

College football is a sport that has nearly always belonged to the head coach, just as saloons have nearly always belonged to the bartender. The reason is simple. Players come and go, moving into the world of higher finance (the NFL), or into insurance companies, or into communes. The coach remains. At least most of them do. The coach stays behind to rebuild, to invent the quadruple option and the mushroom-T, to think up humorous excuses for all of last season's fumbles, and to argue that his seven dozen returning lettermen do not mean so much since they are 1) not hungry enough, 2) undecided about how good they want to be, 3) actually untested against the type of powerhouses they'll have to play and 4) having trouble arranging their labs so they can get in enough practice time.

Still, over the years the college coach has produced a game that delights the multitudes. Onward and upward soars the collegiate spectacle in attendance and interest—indeed, on all fronts—even though it is thoroughly dominated by the psychological intensity, the technical genius and the offhanded wit of an elite society within the profession. If this somehow seems more true than ever as the 1971 season begins, it is perhaps because the problems of the sport are more complex than ever and the coach, by necessity, has been forced to become a better broken-field runner verbally than any immortal on his team feetwise.

Not terribly long ago the college coach only had to worry about a few untidy problems. He needed to find a quarterback who could draw a play in the dirt with a stick and say "Hup." He needed to find a guard who could pull and not run over his quarterback. He needed to know a lenient English professor on the campus. He needed to know where

he could get two seats on the 50 for his wife's friends. He needed to know where he could find a cushion for his chair in the office. And he needed to know a contented alumnus who would sell him four new tires at cost.

Things have changed for him. Some of the coach's players today have so much hair on their heads that if they dyed it green they could be mistaken for mimosa trees. Some of his players are better acquainted with pro scouts than with their own teammates. And the coach has other concerns, such as rising costs, dope, revolts, injuries on artificial turf, jets, domes, trustees, fathers, Walter Byers and columnists.

It has worked out that today's head coach at a major university has become more than he ever bargained for. To be successful he must be a public-relations dynamo, a headshrinker, a federal narcotics agent, a data computer expert, a politician, a salesman, a fund raiser, a boardroom executive, an after-dinner comedian, a CPA, a social-welfare worker, a labor-management consultant, a TV personality and a philosopher. In his spare time, probably during lunch at Harvey's Burger Shake, he can worry about a defense for the Veer T.

In one sense the football coaching fraternity is a massive one. When you consider all the men who are devoted to it on levels extending from the peewees to the pros, counting assistants as well, there are literally thousands, perhaps a hundred thousand. However, in quite another sense, it is a fairly select club. Throughout the realm of college football the NCAA says that only 119 teams are currently rated as major. In other words, there are only 119 *major* head coaching jobs in the country. If major is supposed to mean that these teams are all relatively equal, then the NCAA is having its little joke. Which it does in its weekly statistics during the season when somebody like South San Geronimo Tech is up there challenging Notre Dame for the total offense lead.

But aside from this minor annoyance, the number of major teams is extravagant because well over a third of them simply couldn't compete with the others any day of the week, much less on Saturday. The number of teams that are relatively equal is closer to 70 or so, and even this is a stretch. The number of teams that have a realistic chance of winning a mythical national championship is more like 50, which means that at the most there are only 50 first-rate head coaching jobs. And to be painfully honest there *really* aren't that many. The fact is, there are no more than 20 or 30 schools today where a man can be a consistent winner.

"It helps to be at a state school," says Bear Bryant, "where you've got all those lawyers and doctors and judges going for *you* as recruiters."

While the coaches continually change the rules to streamline the game, to give everybody a better chance, they say, they have only aided the most ambitious and aggressive institutions. The coaches wanted free substitution and got it, "so more kids can play." They wanted a two-point conversion rule and got it, to create upsets and drama. They wanted more automatic time-outs, to run more plays and score more, which the good teams do. They wanted more assistants to pay attention to detail, a further refinement of football's "educational process," and the good teams have them. They wanted artificial turf for speed, and the rich schools have it.

But what has happened? Well, in the past 10 years that all of this has been coming on—streamlining the game for everybody—only eight schools out of the 119 "major" teams have managed to capture any sort of cup, scroll or plaque significant of a national championship. Which is what it's all about, as far as the fans are concerned. Most 6-year-olds can name the elegant eight: Texas, Notre Dame, Ohio State, USC, Alabama, Michigan State, Arkansas and Nebraska.

Thus it is not astonishing to realize that the men who have been coaching these schools are pretty much the top men in the profession; that their personalities virtually dominate the college game. And have. And perhaps will. They are the Knute Rocknes, the Amos Alonzo Staggs, the Fielding H. Yosts of today.

Coaching images are not quickly gained, even if that is what a man has in mind (and none admit they do). Something more than just winning is required, although victories must be heaped up first or the coach may find himself selling encyclopedias. The image builds with seasons of success, loitering in the Top 10, going to bowls, concocting colorful terminology, producing All-Americas. Slowly a mystique arises. The coach's ideas begin to sift across the land, and contemporaries within the profession begin to copy his techniques and his organizational methods: his Veer, his Monster, his Split-Six, his Wishbone. Gradually, the football fan begins to absorb the coach's wisdom. In reverent tones from others within the business and encircling it, the fan hears:

"Ara always finds a quarterback."

"Devaney gives you a lot of different offensive looks."

"McKay builds from defense."

"Darrell can throw if he has to."

"You'll never see Frank neglect the kicking game."

"When Woody has good tackles and a fullback . . ."

continued

"Bear can adjust."

"Shug's teams don't quit."

"Ara believes in offense."

"Just watch how Darrell's offensive line gets off, and . . ."

"McKay has a rapport with the blacks."

"Devaney has a way of keeping 'em all happy."

"Woody gets an effort."

"Darrell believes in defense."

"Ara gets an effort."

"Frank believes in balance."

"If Woody gets you at home . . ."

"When Shug has a passer . . ."

"Bear gets an effort."

"Darrell believes in offense."

"Ara knows the name of the game."

America has come to know these men of vast mystique only too well by now. The big winners. The men of inventiveness and impact. Of quote and unquote. There they are now, pockmarking our dailies—veritable giants in half-column zinc—and looking concerned on television. They are star personalities on campus, their victories achieved more by their own sheer intellect and guile than by anything their cluster of potential first-round draft choices and assorted All-Americas might have done. There's Texas' Darrell Royal, the slick country prophet. There's Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian, the impassioned faith healer. There's Alabama's Bear Bryant, the drawling executioner. There's Ohio State's Woody Hayes, the cantankerous general. There's USC's John McKay, the wisecracking professor. There's Arkansas' Frank Broyles, the shrewd evangelist. There's Auburn's Shug Jordan, the gentlemanly war hero. There's Nebraska's Bob Devaney, the droll sheriff.

Among the things they have in common, along with a few others who are near them in stature—Duffy Daugherty, Ben Schwartzwalder, Joe Paterno, Paul Dietzel, Charlie McClendon, Bo Schembechler, Frank Kush, Doug Dickey—is a deep and unrelenting belief that the college game is better than anything mankind ever thought up, including the pro game. They also possess a taste for realism, and an urge for work. Listening to one is often like listening to any of the others, disregarding accents and punch lines.

"A good coach is a man who can do four things," says USC's John McKay. "He gets good players, has team morale, keeps up with technical trends and has the ability to communicate with his players. That first item is the most important."

Solely for reasons of revenue, the college coach finds himself debating his own game against the pros, which of course he enjoys.

"If the pros are playing a new game," says McKay, "they're doing something I can't see on Sunday. A guy runs down the field and you throw a pass. Their timing is more intense and they have better personnel, that's all."

"We play a faster and more exciting game," Woody Hayes insists. "Even to the point of passing. And I don't think there's any question that our defenses are more varied."

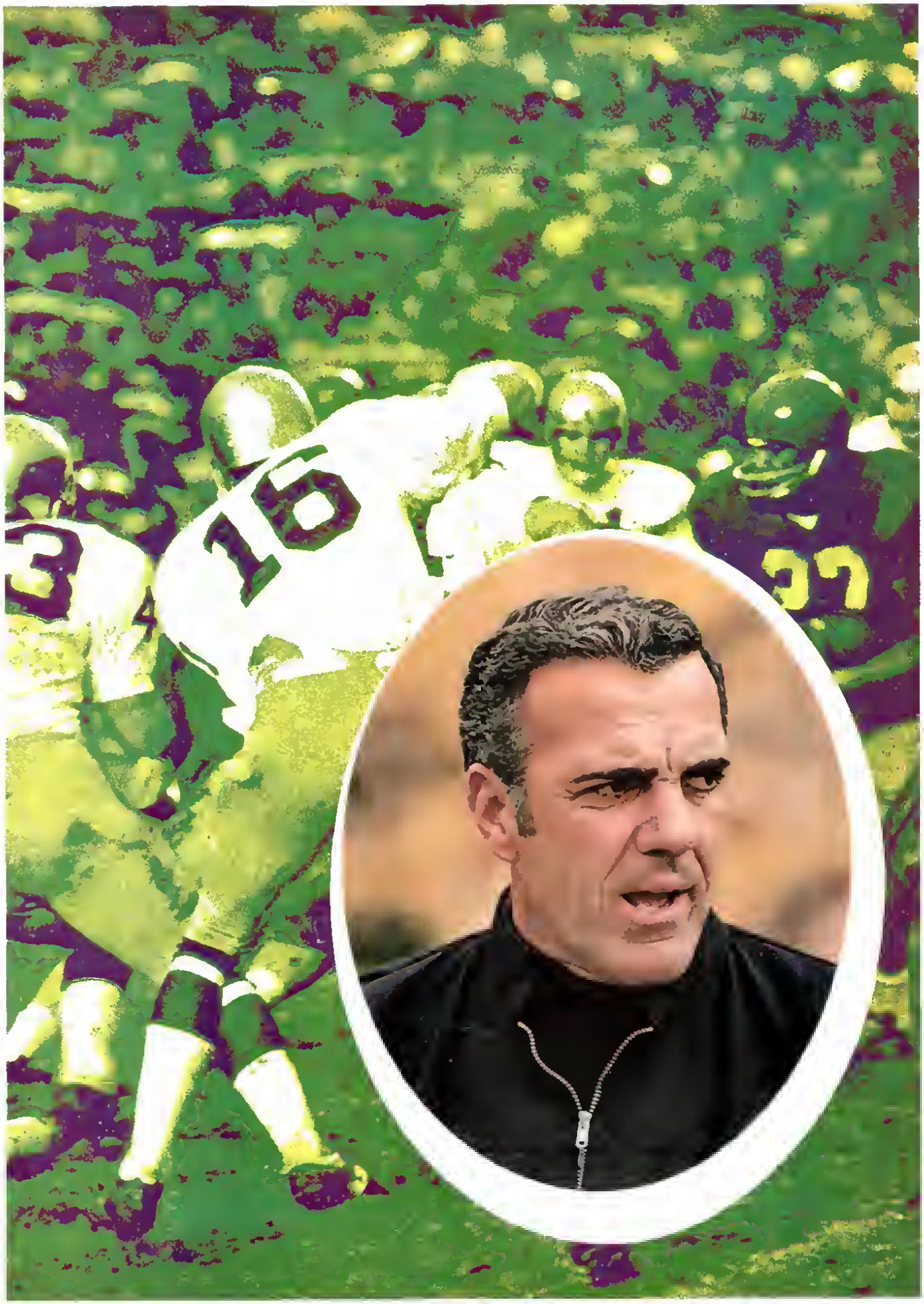
Darrell Royal has always wondered what would happen if a pro team ran a bunch of quarterback options and student body sweeps at all of the great pro cornerbacks. "All they have to play is the pass," he says. "You'd wear out your quarterback pretty quick, but then you could go buy a new one." Because the colleges are using both the dropback pass and option football, Royal sees more offense on the field on Saturday than he does on television on Sunday. And thus, as Woody says, more defenses, too. But in both games, college or pro, a man wins or moves on—and some do both: Missouri's Dan Devine to Green Bay and UCLA's Tommy Prothro to the Los Angeles Rams. "The way to look at it," says Royal, "is not that they went to something better, but that the pros had to come to us to find people they wanted."

It would appear that 1971, more than ever, will be the year of the coach. Not just because the elite all have fascinating problems: Ara needs a quarterback, Woody needs a new team, Devaney needs to fight complacency, Darrell needs a new winning streak, Bear needs a comeback, McKay and Broyles need some good luck. There have been wholesale changes to accent the season. A lot of Jim Pittmans, Frank Lauterburs, Bob Blackmans and Pepper Rodgerses have gone to a lot of TCUs, Iowas, Illinoises and UCLAs, hoping to become, in a new place and a new time, a lot of Darrells, Bears, Aras and Woodys. Whatever happens, for better or worse, the coach will be able to explain it perfectly, for college football belongs to him.

First-Class Section of Coaches

It seems as if they have been there along the sidelines on Saturday afternoons all their lives—Ara, Bear, Woody and the other members of college football's coaching aristocracy. The eight who are shown on the following pages have been at it a total of 147 years, have won 1,076 games and at least a share of every national title for the last 10 years. Now, as another season begins, they are back once again, pacing, cheering, agonizing, ready to collect more victories. And chances are, when it is over, one of them will have the game's biggest prize, the No. 1 team.

Ara Parseghian's seven-year record at Notre Dame is 58 wins, 10 losses—and improving all the time.







Darrell Royal had a third national title lassoed until his Texas Longhorns got hooked in the Cotton Bowl.

To the glittering football heritage at USC, John McKay has contributed two national championships



At age 58, could Woody Hayes be grasping at straws? No chance. Since 1968 Ohio State has been 27-2

In his legendary 26-year career, half of it spent at Alabama, Bear Bryant has won 199 games.

Sure, Frank Broyles looks smug. In his 14 seasons at Arkansas, no one has eaten high off the Hog.



Shug Jordan, 60, is all Auburn: class of '32, an assistant for 12 years and head coach since 1951.







AND THIS MAN IS AT THE TOP

Nebraska football was once flat as a wheatfield, but since Bob Devaney took over in 1962 he has built a mountain of winners, including last year's undefeated national champion

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

When Bob Devaney of Nebraska (*left*) tells the true story of Bob Devaney's climb to the top of the coaching profession, all the lightning strokes of genius are left out. The gaffes, however, glow like zircons in the chronology of his account. It is Devaney's style to remind you that in the first game he played for little Alma (Mich.) College in 1936 he had three teeth knocked out, cleanly, and that he never intended to become a coach at all. He was an economics major. Some economics majors learn more than others. He left Alma owing the school $350 and had had to wait tables, pump gas and sweep the gym floor to finish that close to even.

Picking up the thread from there, Devaney says that when he was the baseball coach at Saginaw (Mich.) High he had a pitcher named Bob Buhl who, Devaney concluded, could not pitch in that cool Michigan weather. In a spasm of inspiration, Devaney converted Buhl into a weak-hitting first baseman. Buhl eventually converted back and went on to become a big winner with the Milwaukee Braves during their glory days in the late '50s. "That," says Bob Devaney, "tells you the kind of baseball coach I was."

At Big Beaver High in Birmingham, Mich., his first stop after graduating from Alma, Devaney also coached football and basketball and taught six subjects a day—civics, history, biology, etc. On the basis of a 60 to 70 hour week, he once told *The Omaha World-Herald*, he made 50¢ an hour and deserved every penny. He said that the kids of Big Beaver "did not have much interest in athletics." The football team had not won a game in four years and the turnout was so sparse Devaney had to scrimmage with the players. His basketball team practiced in a gym, but the gym was in another town and Devaney's wife Phyllis took a teaching job to help pay for a car to take the team to practice. "We did not win any state championships in basketball," said Devaney. "I remember the car better than I do the basketball team."

Once paid for, the car was demolished when intersected by a streetcar in downtown Detroit. "We weren't sly enough to pretend we were injured and sue the streetcar company for $50,000," Devaney said. "All we got out of it was $25 for the car."

Devaney said he found out at Big Beaver how little he knew about football coaching. He discovered there was more to it than you block that man and you block this one. After that he moved around Michigan some, to Saginaw, to Keego Harbor, logging coaching years, and wound up at Alpena High, hard by Lake Huron where the cold mist settles on a fall night and where he won a remarkable 52 of 61 games with athletes who disappeared back into the mist and were never heard from again. Asked if any of those could have become successful college players, Devaney replied: "Dick So-and-So was a great athlete at Alpena and would have been outstanding in college except he wouldn't go to class."

Devaney had been a coach 14 years and seemed on his way to that special purgatory for highly respected, grossly underpaid career high school coaches when he was summoned to Michigan State, "where my real life began." He was a shot in the dark, he says. Duffy Daugherty called on a summer afternoon "when I just happened to be in from the lake. If he had not reached me, he'd have called somebody else. I have no illusions about that. But I had made up my mind. I was 37. If a break didn't come before I was 40 I was going to go back and get my Masters and take a boring administrative job somewhere."

Eventually, Devaney got another call (he was 41 then) to become head coach at the University of Wyoming where he continued the tradition of winning teams, by accident, of course, and was lauded and loved and given a "lifetime contract." He said the secret of his success at Wyoming was being able to bring in some renegade athletes to go with a few incumbent "orangatangs"—he used the word affectionately—who could play the game. He said the president was sympathetic to his needs. The president was from the South and used to talk about the good old days when college players got paid off behind the chicken coop. It was, however, no easy task to keep prospects in Laramie once they set foot there, so Devaney stationed coaches at the airport and bus and railroad depots in case anyone decided to keep going after taking a look around.

"I learned to love Wyoming, but I had some embarrassing moments," says Devaney. One of his harder-headed players, a New Yorker, refused to show his I.D. card to a policeman when approached while lounging in a hotel lobby one night before a game. A row started. Devaney and a few others interceded, and "we all got taken down to the station. I offered a sound defense argument and about had it all straightened out, too, when I pressed my luck. They said the player would have to stay in jail overnight. I said, 'If he stays, we all stay.' So they locked us up. It was headlines the next day."

continued

The road back to Laramie from recruiting trips and late-ending banquets was treacherous, Devaney said. One night he dozed and his university-owned automobile, left to its own devices, headed down the side of a cliff. "I thought I was driving hell out of it, too, and when we got to the bottom and I got out to look at the car I realized we had rolled over three or four times." Abashed, he explained to the administration that a deer had run across his path.

Devaney declared his life over at Wyoming in 1962 and accepted the challenge at Nebraska. By now he was 46 years old, but as Pepper Rodgers of UCLA says, "Devaney's young, no matter how old he is." Soon Devaney had a reputation for being a fantastic recruiter. He says it was nothing special, he was just loath to deprive a boy of the opportunity of playing football in Nebraska just because he happened to live on Long Island. He made Nebraska a national institution. A smart, exceptionally quick-witted man, he could talk crop rotation with farmers and profit and loss with financiers if their sons were football players. He says he found recruiting very educational. In a West Virginia tenement one night he sat in the living room listening to the mother of a hot prospect play *Bringing in the Sheaves* on the family piano.



"Is it true," Devaney was asked, "that you have gone so far as to sing hymns with a mother to get her boy to go to Nebraska?"

"Yes, I did that," Devaney replied. "The mother came to Nebraska and the boy enrolled at Missouri."

Turning back six years of intransigent failure at football at Nebraska, Devaney took his very first team of Cornhuskers to an 8-2 record and the Gotham Bowl, where Miami's George Mira passed them silly for 320 yards. Still, Nebraska won 36-34. "You have made me famous," Devaney told his team. "I've received a number of offers to lecture on defense."

For the first time in his long life as a coach, Devaney says, he began to get national recognition. A magazine writer from the East came out and took one look at Devaney's original wardrobe, his cavalier disregard for fit, his unique color blending, and compared him to Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*. Devaney announced that he was furious. "Tell that guy I'm going to sue him and his magazine for defamation," he said. Then he smiled. "Of course, he will be able to offer the perfect defense. The truth."

Devaney got a lot of mileage out of that episode at subsequent gatherings of press people where, invariably, he was chided about his now publicized lack of style. "I won't say the writer drank a lot while he was out here, although it was mostly my liquor," he says, "but a terrible thing happened. After he wrote the story he died. They cremated him and it took three days to put out the flame."

Now, in the fall of his 38th year of coaching, the Bob Devaney of Big Beaver, Alpena and Laramie, the same Bob Devaney who tells these un-Homeric stories that endear him to friends and luncheon audiences across the country, is the same Bob Devaney who keeps coaches like Vince Gibson awake nights. Gibson is the coach at Kansas State and he says he wakes up at 2:30 in the morning and tries to read a book and can't because all he can think about is "how are we going to beat Nebraska?" It's all Devaney's fault, Gibson says.

Looking back, through the mists and over the cliffs of his stumbling-ever-upward pursuit of the laureate, it is now clear that under Devaney Nebraska would inevitably win a national championship, which it did last New Year's night by defeating LSU in the Orange Bowl to climax an unbeaten season. Even then, Devaney was reluctant to leave well enough alone. Notre Dame had knocked off top-ranked Texas in the Cotton Bowl that afternoon. Though the Irish had lost a game and Nebraska had only one tie against its record, Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian lobbied for his team as No. 1 on the grounds of its having accepted "the greater challenge." "Not even the Pope could vote for Notre Dame," Devaney said. Parseghian leaped on the remark, calling it "poor taste." Devaney, alas, had succeeded in riling the Catholics.

"I was afraid Ara's comments might influence the vote, but the writers were too smart to take some coach's word," said Devaney, his Irish blue eyes smiling after the AP picked Nebraska No. 1 anyway. "Coaches don't know anything about rankings."

The fact slips up on you, but Bob Devaney—that unpretentious, unassuming man, that broad pleasant potato face, that dumpy baker's build—is now the winningest coach in college football. Which is to say that among those with at least 10 years' experience he has won with greater regularity than anyone, a .791 percentage on 114 victories, 28 losses and six ties. Actually, Devaney has been the winningest, the president of the lodge, for six years, and the members below him have neon names like Bryant and Hayes and McKay and Royal. And Parseghian.

To tell of the transformation of Nebraska football since he came is to tell of a man working a miracle, a resurrection from the dead. Out of the depths of 17 losing seasons in the previous 21 under his predecessors, the Cornhuskers have soared to nine straight winning seasons under Devaney. In those previous 21 years they went to one

bowl game; Devaney has taken them to seven. They have twice had undefeated regular seasons: before that, the last unbeaten Nebraska team was in 1915. They have won or shared six Big Eight championships, and Devaney has been conference Coach of the Year four times. Big Ten teams that used to come to Lincoln to give Nebraska lessons in the sport came and were themselves strongly rebuked. they have lost nine out of nine in games with Devaney's teams, and by such scores as 42–14 and 37–0.

Sepulchral old Memorial Stadium, built on the Lincoln campus in 1923, has seen three additions, a handsome new press box and a $250,000 counterpane of AstroTurf since Devaney, and every bolt and synthetic thread is being paid for out of athletic department funds. The team averages more than 67,000 fans a game (fourth high in the nation). All home games are sold out in January. Season tickets are precious jewels, impossible to beg or borrow. The story is told of friends of a deceased season ticket holder dropping by the house after the funeral to check on the disposition of his seats. It is an old story, but in the case of Nebraska probably true. Rather than miss a game, a millionaire fan named F. L. Cappart flies in from Vicksburg, Miss. in his private jet every week. Cappart has been known to drop everything to fly to Lincoln for a kickoff. Once when he dropped everything he was in Turkey.



Devaney was chosen Man of the Year, 1970, by *The Omaha World-Herald,* which defended the choice by pointing out that 1970 "was a year people needed something . . solid to rely on." Chancellor D. B. Varner said it was his job to make the university as good in education as Devaney had made it in football. Support clubs and "beef clubs" sprang up like cornstalks throughout the state, contributing thousands to the million-dollar football budget and tons of raw meat to the team training table. On "O" street in downtown Lincoln, a plain Jane town of 150,000 in the Nebraska breadbasket, a fan could buy a rug, a sticker, a pen, a paperweight, or a whiskey bottle in the form of a "1," or a Go, Big Red wristwatch for $14.95 at Sartor Hamann's jewelry store.

Perhaps because he knew struggle longer than most who have found great achievement, and perhaps because he does not yet realize how capable he really is, Devaney handles his popularity with a kind of droll gingerliness, as if it were forged in smoke by a skywriter and subject to the first alien breeze. He has said that Nebraska fans are "understanding in defeat, but I would not want to put them to a serious test."

His personal panoply has improved immeasurably over the years (Willy Loman is now a fashion plate in smart checks and matching colors), but otherwise he has resisted any form of pretension. His telephone numbers are in the book. With the exception of the Nebraska-red drapes, red carpeting, red desk, red sheepskin rug, etc., his office is unspectacular, homey rather than huge, and the door is open to a casual flow of traffic—secretaries, assistant coaches, players in for a chat. On the wall directly below the prized No. 1 plaque from President Nixon is a cartoon of *two derelicts sitting on a sidewalk, commiserating over* their fate. One bum is saying to the other, "Then we lost our sixth game to Keen State. . . ."

Devaney still lives in a smallish, modestly appointed home on an elm-lined middle-class street in Lincoln, not yielding to the pressures (and the entreaties of Phyllis Devaney) to build something grand. And of an evening when he takes up his glass of milk and bourbon, that peculiar combination of aged license and scrupulous youth that somehow typifies him, takes it there in his basement den where Phyllis has tastefully assembled his crowd of trophies, the chances are he would rather talk about the days when he made $35 every two weeks doing "nonscientific" piecework in a Chevrolet foundry. Or about his grandfather the tugboat captain. Or his Irish father (the name is De-*van*-ey, not De-*vane*-y) who worked the ore boats on the Great Lakes and wasn't home much. Or the time he tried boxing and "got whopped enough to realize it was not going to be my life's work." Or the time Phyllis wrote the term paper for him when they were at Alma, and she got a C in the course and he got a B.

And when he finally gets around to analyzing his progress he will say that "situations trigger success," that coaches are lucky to hit fields that are ripe for seed, how this happened to lucky Bob Devaney at Alpena and Laramie and Lincoln. "I've worked hard. I've had my share of the dry heaves on Saturday morning. But I have been at the right place at the right time," he says.

This is a tidy oversimplification, of course. Football is a coach's game. Many coaches get good material, most coaches work long hours. A few are iconoclasts who contribute to the science of the sport, but not even these are assured winning records. The thing that separates the Devaneys (and the Bryants, McKays, Royals, *et al.*) from the journeyman of the trade is a gift they cannot alter much if they have it, cannot seem to acquire if they don't, and usually can't define or explain even to themselves. But Pepper Rodgers describes Devaney as "a man I would like even

continued

if he weren't a coach," and this is how he explains the gift:

"To be a successful coach, what do you have to have? A good staff, with good morale, that's first. Most of Devaney's assistants have been with him since he was at Wyoming. He pays them good. He relies on them. [Rodgers did not say it, but when Devaney was offered the head coaching job at Miami he did a remarkable thing—he put it to a vote of his assistants. They voted to stay at Nebraska.] Head coaches don't coach much on the field anymore, so you've got to have guys who are loyal and won't watch the clock. Next, you have to have a good athletic director. *He's* the athletic director. He's a good one.

"And then, *then* you've got to have a rapport with players. That's the key to the whole thing. You can have the best players in the world and lose if they won't play for you. It's like the dogfood salesman. His boss says, 'We've got the best dogfood on the market, right?' 'Right.' 'And the best salesmen, right?' 'Right.' 'Well, how come we don't sell more dogfood?' The salesman says, 'Well, I guess it's because the damn dogs won't eat it.' At Nebraska, the good players play for Devaney."



Bob Devaney coaching players, and players responding, is the stuff cocktail hours are hung on in Lincoln. A favorite involves Bob Brown, the All-Pro tackle who was on Devaney's 1962 and 1963 teams. Brown had a reputation for malingering. He made crises out of minor bruises. He missed practices. Finally, in the spring, Devaney picked up his uniform, and Brown came to his office to find out why. Devaney, deadpan, told him the coaches had decided that Brown should give up contact sports. "We recommend golf, or maybe tennis, where you can use your strength without getting hurt." Brown was 6′ 4″, 269 pounds. He cried for reinstatement. That fall Brown made All-Big Eight and the next year All-America.

Devaney does not lay down hard rules of deportment for his athletes, rules that would back him into corners. Coaches who have done that lately, he says, "are coaches who wound up losing face or losing their job." He does not try to regulate dress or hair, but the athlete who persists in being shaggy is fair game for the well-honed, and highly effective, Devaney needle.

It was not publicized, but a group of his black athletes came to Devaney with a "suggestion" list a couple years ago. Devaney has a reputation for being color-blind—he stacks blacks at a position if they are best at that position, but he is just as liable to mix the batter. He alternated his two tailbacks last year, and both were stars and one was black (Joe Orduna) and one was white (Jeff Kinney). Orduna is married to a white girl. Devaney says they make a fine-looking couple. One of his coaches, Bill (Thunder) Thornton, is black. Thornton played for Devaney.

The black caucus found it had nothing to argue about. When it was suggested blacks be assigned roommates by position, Devaney said fine. After a while the blacks asked if they could choose their own roommates. Devaney does not let small bones catch in his throat. He said that was O.K., too. When it was suggested that he made Orduna carry the ball too much, wearing him out, Devaney said, "All right, I won't have Joe carry the ball so much anymore." Orduna came to him privately. "Coach, I *like* to carry the ball," he said. Problem solved.

Vince Gibson says there "isn't a phony bone in Bob Devaney's body," and that this communicates to his players. They become willing subjects for his coaching impulses. For three years now the quarterbacking at Nebraska has been a cooperative venture between Jerry Tagge and Van Brownson. No complaints. "You don't know how tough coaching is until you've tried something like that and gotten away with it," says Gibson.

Boiled down, Devaney's ability with players would seem to be a matter of caring. He cares that his athletes graduate, and 75% do, an impressive number. He has been known to put lesser lights on traveling rosters just because the game was being played in their home town. "You would absolutely die for Coach Devaney," says one former player, recalling a "moving experience" at a luncheon before the Sun Bowl game in El Paso when Devaney was introduced and received a three-minute standing ovation—from his own players.

No real romance is complete without spats, of course. Devaney has been known to suspend recalcitrants—kick them off the team, deprive them of bowl trips—but he has a revivalist's zeal for the redeeming power of football and he holds to the doctrine of the second chance. Ironically, this gets him in the soup when it appears his humanitarianism may be self-serving. He refused recently to yield to pressure from some quarters that he banish star Flankerback Johnny Rodgers, the team's leading pass catcher and kick returner who had been involved in a gas station holdup in May of 1970. In court, Rodgers received two years' probation. A student-faculty committee took no action. Devaney deliberated, then also put Rodgers on probation, leaving him free to play this year. Reaction was mixed; there were some snickers in Missouri. Privately, Devaney said it would have been much simpler if Rodgers had been a fourth-team

scrub. Then he would have given him his second chance and dismissed the case.

Because Devaney does *not* seem to take himself too seriously is not to say that he does not take himself seriously enough. He is a man of firm opinions, firmly held. He went before the Nebraska Unicameral last session at its request to speak for a new field house, and now Nebraska cigarette smokers are paying 5¢ a pack more in order for the school to get one. He does not back away from fights. He is at a standing simmer these days over a former Omaha sports editor who, after the 1969 season, polled Nebraska players on their choice for his successor. ("Who the hell says I'm retiring?" Devaney wanted to know.) In the Coaches All-America game at Lubbock this June he got into a shouting match with a younger, burlier game official who, Devaney felt, was blind to some unnecessary roughness. Bad words multiplied and for one appalling moment it appeared that a national television audience was going to see a fistfight between a respected college coach and a game official. Tempers cooled. The next day a friend said, "Hey, Bob, I didn't know you were that tough." "I'm not," said Devaney. "I was just bluffing."



Other coaches admire Devaney, says Rodgers, "because he stands up for the game. He says what everybody else wishes they had the guts to say." Devaney is an outspoken opponent of the NCAA's 1.6 rule (eligibility for incoming scholarship athletes based on a projected grade average of 1.6). He feels it is not a true barometer for a kid who may develop late, especially hurting the black athletes. He is even less enthusiastic about proposed legislation that would limit scholarships to "need." The worms in that one, he says, are too numerous to count.

"How will you prove financial need? You will have to get personal financial statements from parents who won't want to give them. You'll have to use a cost-of-living index for every part of the country. A man making $15,000 in Fayetteville, Ark. can afford a lot more in life than a man making $15,000 in downtown Manhattan. What if you give a dentist's son a scholarship? Maybe the dentist hasn't pulled many teeth lately. But coaches will holler. They'll be at each other's throats."

What criteria, then, would Devaney use for aid?

Big smile. "That the boy be a good football player." Pause. Then, "And that he be in the upper two-thirds of his graduating class, or can pass an entrance exam. That's all. Simple as that."

There is no such thing as a "typical Devaney team." Like most good coaches, he adjusts to the available talent. At Wyoming his teams were quick and exciting; his early Nebraska teams were characterized by thick necks and slow feet. Twice embarrassed by smaller, faster Alabama teams in bowl games, Devaney himself began to sacrifice size for speed, and suffered through two mediocre years (6-4 in both 1967 and '68). Lately he has had size *and* speed, and a high-percentage passing game the concept and execution of which amazes Gibson. Nebraska completed 61% of its passes in 1970. "Unbelievable," says Gibson. "No wonder I can't sleep."

Pepper Rodgers depicts Devaney as a "positive kind of coach," a man unafraid to take a chance. "Our third year at Kansas we had Nebraska by three points, two minutes to play, and Nebraska with fourth down and 13 on its own 20, or thereabouts. Most coaches would have punted and hoped for a break. Not Devaney. Tagge ran all around and finally threw an incomplete pass. Interference was called and we got an additional 15-yard penalty for protesting, and when it was over they had a first down on our 12. They scored. And we lost."

It is unlikely that Bob Devaney's Nebraska team for 1971 will be any more accommodating than it was as a national champion in 1970—a big, fast, well-balanced team with a strong will to defend ground won. Devaney does not mind talking about these possibilities in the privacy of his den, surrounded by all those replica "1's," but his interest will wane and then he is likely to lapse into a whimsical recollection of those bowl games with Alabama and how Bear Bryant, after winning the first one 39-28 in Miami, had called the next year and said, "Let's get together and have some more fun, Bob." And how Bob agreed, and they got together in New Orleans, and Alabama won 34-7. And how a couple years later Bryant called again, suggesting they get together once more.

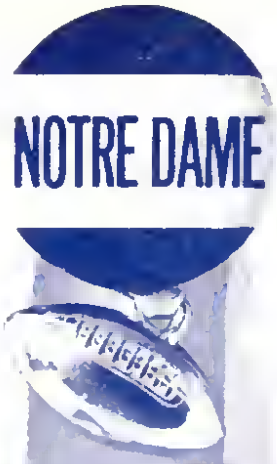
"I said, 'Which bowl did you have in mind, Bear?' and he said, 'Well, we were thinking about the Liberty Bowl.' I said, 'Gee, sounds great.' The next day we signed to go to the Sun Bowl."

But for pure Devaney, the gem was collected by John McKay of USC one year when McKay's team was playing in Lincoln. In the first half, USC was penalized four times for pass interference. Though ahead, McKay was livid. Muttering to himself as the teams broke for the dressing rooms, McKay suddenly found himself side by side with Devaney. He says Devaney grinned, rather sheepishly he felt, and said, "Well, John, how do you like my brother's officiating?"

CONTINUED

THE TOP 20

BUT THIS YEAR IT'S...



Notre Dame football rises up out of the featureless flat sand and scrub surrounding South Bend like a sort of Colossus of Rhodes. For sheer mass, power and overlordship of the landscape, the Fighting Irish somewhat resemble the panorama of refineries and steel mills which springs up suddenly from the dunes at one of the next turns in the Indiana Turnpike, a melodramatic 1930s mural that writes its own title—"The Sinews of a Nation," or something like that. But Notre Dame is more than the sinews of college football, it is the biceps, or maybe the gut. If the fate of the United States somehow depended on a single football game, the President or the Joint Chiefs of Staff or whoever was recruiting the team would arrive at South Bend, hats in hand, invoking the halluwed names of Rockne, Leahy, Dorais, the Four Horsemen and Touchdown Jesus. Congress would pass a special subsidy and the CIA would inquire about stunts, ties and fake injuries.

The Yankees and Packers fell and have had the modesty to stay fallen, but glory days are back with a vengeance at Notre Dame. Pro football men, whose fate does depend on winning games, were more numerous than ever at spring practice. Jim Trimble, personnel director of the New York Giants, walked away one afternoon shaking his head in disbelief.

"A nice team," he said drily.

"Yes, there are some who can play," his companion answered.

"Some," Trimble said. "I'll trade Ara even up."

Another NFL scout's comment was yet more impressive for its lack of hyperbole, its sincere specificity. "I'd trade my front four for theirs right now," he said.

Look at that long metallic line of gold helmets: 16 of 22 starters return from last season's Cotton Bowl winners, including Tom Gatewood, 210 pounds of the best wide receiver in the country, who caught 79 passes for 1,166 yards; Ed Gulyas, who ran for 558 yards last year; Walt Patulski, now 6′6″ and 260 pounds, left end on a defensive line that averages around 240 pounds, who 17 times nailed opponents for long losses; and Clarence Ellis, an All-America deep back last year who started out by feeling he did not belong on the Notre Dame first team. Ellis is now better than ever and a bit more confident.

"Other schools worry about winning their conference," says Dave Kempton, only in his second year as assistant sports publicity man and still learning how they think at Notre Dame. "Down here they talk about winning the national championship. Not cocky, but sort of casual, like you and I would talk about going out and having a beer."

Last year's beer was a bit bitter, alkalized by the memory of a 38-28 loss to Southern California which not only ruined a perfect season but cost the Irish a national championship. "That meant," Patulski says, "that we *almost* had success, that we had a *degree* of success." He is a tall, hawknosed, unusually amiable giant who smiles easily, but his tone left no doubt how the Irish feel about relative success. When he talked about a 10-1 season, a Cotton Bowl victory and a No. 2 national ranking, his voice was grim.

This year Notre Dame would like No. 1. The Irish are ordering it in the casual way you would order a cheeseburger to go with that beer. That means beating everybody, including the annual nemeses—Purdue, Michigan State and USC—and revenge-minded LSU in a season-ending night game at Baton Rouge. "The Cotton Bowl, that was a start," Patulski says. "People are saying things like: Joe Theismann, someway, managed to win all those games for us. This year we don't have him. But we'll do it without him."

The loss of Theismann lends a certain mystery to the team. Since Parseghian discovered John Huarte in 1964, there has been only one year when he has not had an All-America playing quarterback. Yet now, surrounded by perhaps his best talent ever, he must deal with four diverse, rather inexperienced candidates.

First there is Jim Bulger, tall, rawboned, almost Namathlike in visage, who has exactly two plays of varsity experience. He has an exceptional arm—"when he throws a curl pattern you need a surgeon to remove the ball from the receiver's chest"—but has had trouble learning the complicated and multifaceted offense favored by Parseghian. Another junior, Pat Steenberge, played a little over 40 minutes last year as Theismann's backup. His throwing is merely adequate, but the knowledge he assimilated while working with Theismann makes him the best-rounded of the four. Finally there are Cliff Brown, a sophomore who, in between kicking 50-yard field goals, spent the spring learning, and Bill Etter, a senior who is Notre Dame's heavyweight boxing champion.

"There is no need to choose until the Friday night before the first game," he says. "We always prepare two or 2½ quarterbacks every week anyhow. There's no problem having two quarterbacks work with the first unit."

"But how far can you go with an average quarterback?" someone asked.

"To the national championship," Parseghian replied.



2

Sorry, city folks, this year there won't be any of those meet-the-rubes anecdotes about the Nebraska Cornhuskers. Not so much because Nebraskans are getting fed up to the ears (no corn intended) with big-city barbs about their bucolic ways, but because there is barely room in which to pen their pigskin *surplus.*

Not one, not two, but *three* excellent quarterbacks are the most obvious excess. Jerry Tagge, a farm-boy type from Green Bay who completed a mere 61% of his passes, holds virtually all Nebraska passing records after only two years and is a strong runner, too. Van Brownson, a flamboyant type from Shenandoah, Iowa, has the one other significant record—a 65% completion rate—and is a better runner. But a Nebraska coach admits that sophomore David Humm, son of an accountant at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas, is probably already the best quarterback technically, both running and passing.

Last season's largest oversupply, Jeff Kinney and Joe Orduna alternating at I-back, has been halved, but Kinney, who gained 694 yards rushing and 206 more receiving, clearly looks capable as a full-timer. Leaping, tumbling, weaving, wriggling Slotback Johnny Rodgers (who moves to the wing when Nebraska substitutes a spread formation for the I) seems slipperier than ever. He was one of the flashiest sophomores in Big Eight history, and that means regular double-teaming.

Nebraska may have a weak spot: middle guard, where the Huskers lost All-Big Eight Eddie Periard. Bob Pabis and Joe Duffy missed spring practice because of injuries, yet the Huskers still had big Monte Johnson, Rich Glover and "a kid named [John] Peterson who came to practice on his own and is tearing them up." The Huskers' strongest single feature may be their defensive backfield, the best in the nation, where Safety Bill Kosch and Cornerbacks Joe Blahak and Jim Anderson all return. Monsterman Dave Morock left, but Dave Mason "could be as good a monster as we've ever had," and sophomore Glen Garson, switched from offensive halfback, gives the Huskers a good deep man.

Minnesota, Utah State, Hawaii and the rest will find out what last year's opponents discovered as Nebraska went undefeated and became No. 1 in the nation by beating LSU in the Orange Bowl while Texas and Ohio State lost. After Nebraska finished first in the rankings and the whole state broke out in a rash not only of bumper stickers and buttons but of such esoterica as wooden No. 1 statues, clocks with Big Eight symbols all around a "Nebraska No. 1" center and Nebraska helmets with the number 1 on them made into table lamps, Coach Bob Devaney felt obliged to declare an official Back-to-Earth Day. But overconfidence should not be a hazard. The Huskers reaffirmed their down-to-earthness this spring, chipping in to buy flowers for all the cafeteria helpers on Mother's Day. That is the team's only real weakness—sentimentality.



3

The only thing about the 1971 Michigan Wolverines that does not immediately impress you is their modesty. They are much too good for that. It's not so much that they are cocky as simply confident about the upcoming football season. Just ask them. Naturally, Coach Bo Schembechler says, "Aw, we might make *it* as high as 20th." But then you don't expect No. 1 talk from head coaches, particularly the good ones. It is the Michigan players who will tell it to you straight.

"There's no place like first place," says Tailback Billy Taylor. "Last year—second place? Nothin', man." Offensive Guard Reggie McKenzie is even more direct: "We feel we'll be undefeated."

The Wolverines *did* go undefeated last year—for nine games, that is—before losing to Ohio State 20-9 in a continuation of a rivalry that has become one of the most dramatic in college football. In the last two years this regular-season finale has not only decided the Big Ten championship but has eliminated a national champion. In 1969 Ohio State was undefeated and ranked first in both polls before being upset by Michigan 24-12. Last year Ohio State's victory cost the Wolverines the crown. (Michigan, 9-0 before the game with the Buckeyes, was ranked third behind Texas and Notre Dame and ahead of Nebraska. A final 10-0 record would certainly have done the job, what with Texas and Notre Dame both losing and Michigan ineligible for the Rose Bowl.)

Of course, the coming season won't be as easy as Taylor and McKenzie imply, but all that heady talk about No. 1 may not prove far wrong, despite the absence of a proven quarterback.

"No problem," says McKenzie to that particular point. "You know who the quarterback is? Bo, I tell you! He calls a great game."

Which is not to say that there aren't some pretty good arms and legs around to carry out Schembechler's will. Sophomore Kevin Casey, who fits the "good ball handler" stereotype, should edge Tom Slade for the quarterback job. The offense will again depend on the option. With a game-breaking runner like Taylor and regulars Fritz Seyferth and Glenn Doughty, Michigan should have no trouble moving on the ground. But Casey will have little time to grow into the job or become accustomed to the pressure. Because of an unusual season opener with dangerous conference rival Northwestern at Evanston, Casey must start playing for the Rose Bowl in his very first game.

Again Michigan will have a stingy defense. The 1970 unit surrendered only nine touchdowns and there are talented replacements for five all-conference graduates. Cornerback Tom Darden has switched to safety to head the secondary.

Don't be surprised if Michigan finishes on top of the Big Ten and ends up No. 1, Taylor and McKenzie warned you.

CONTINUED



4

John McKay's record in 11 years as head coach at USC is such that a season without a Heisman Trophy winner or a trip to the Rose Bowl or both is a disappointment. After four straight Pacific Eight championships, the Trojans' 6-4-1 record in 1970 had some alumni considering leaps off the top of the Coliseum scoreboard. What probably dissuaded them was the season-ending upset victory over Notre Dame. "They have not beaten us in four years," says McKay, himself a fighting Irishman. The mediocre season was blamed on a few premature daydreams by seniors about fat pro contracts, a defense that allowed the most points in USC history (233), injuries and a tough schedule. The Trojans of 1971 are stuck with that last headache again.

Apart from difficult conference games, notably Washington, Stanford and UCLA, the Trojans must play Oklahoma at Norman and three weeks later meet Notre Dame at South Bend, where they have won only twice since 1933. The '70 upset cost the Irish the national championship, so the 43rd renewal of the rivalry should be bloody.

As usual, McKay and his staff have gathered plenty of material to compete at this level. One of the dangerous weapons will be Sam (Bam) Cunningham, who has the most alliterate name of any Los Angeles athlete since Bill (The Hill) McGill was playing high school basketball. Cunningham is a junior fullback who averaged 6.4 yards a carry last season and blocked well. He did even better in the spring game—running, throwing and receiving for three touchdowns. McKay is not known for letting talented runners stand around idle.

"We've been thinking about Sam," he says. "He'll carry the ball twice as much as any of our fullbacks have since Ben Wilson left. He'll get the ball 20 or 25 times a game."

Senior Quarterback Jimmy Jones should pass Mike Garrett and O.J. Simpson to become Troy's alltime total offense leader (if he doesn't hand off to Cunningham *too* often, and if he can keep a promising backup quarterback, Mike Rae, on the bench). Jones, a Pennsylvania import who was blamed by some fans for the failures last year, already holds or shares 10 school passing records and in two seasons has led the team to a 16-4-2 record.

True to the traditions of a school that has had such football stars as Grenville Archer Lansdell Jr., Morley Drury, Garrett Arbelbide, Aramus Dandoy and Marger Apsit, there are some strange and fancy names on the Trojan squad. Soph Artimus Parker is a likely starter in the defensive backfield. New Split End Lynn Swann beat UCLA's fabled—and ineligible—Jim McAlister in the long jump at the state high school meet. Defensive Tackle Mike McGirr has the name, shape and disposition of a grizzly bear.

And speaking of interesting names, on the very strong freshman team this fall there is a wide receiver by the name of John McKay Jr. Wonder where he learned his football?



5

There are some people who think Tommy Casanova (*see cover*) was responsible for LSU's opening-game loss to Texas A&M last year. Casanova was hurt while playing on offense in the second quarter and was out of the game when the Aggies won in the last seconds with a pass-run into his defensive territory. There is one person who thinks Casanova was responsible for LSU's 3–0 loss to Notre Dame. "I blew it," says Casanova himself who, despite holding Tom Gatewood to four catches (22 yards), dropped a leaping pass interception just before the Irish kicked the winning field goal. But there are many more people who believe—with ample justification—that Tommy Casanova is the main reason LSU won its nine other games last year and that he deserves to be recognized as the best all-round college football player in the country.

As a sprinter on the LSU track team he has done several 9.7 hundreds, and last season he tied an NCAA record with punt-return touchdowns of 61 and 73 yards against Ole Miss. As a defender he intimidates opponents into playing away from his area and stops such great receivers as Gatewood and Auburn's Terry Beasley. Said one pro scout after watching Casanova during practice: "My wife could scout Tommy and put him down as a first-round draft choice."

Quiet, modest, tall, dark and handsome—Casanovian in all respects—Tommy is partially responsible for the Tigers having led the country in defense against rushing the last two years. Only partially, because he had considerable help from Ronnie Estay, a Cajun from Raceland, La., hard by Bayou Lafourche, who plays tackle as if it were a French invention.

It is well that Casanova and Estay are still around, for LSU, as always, will live and die on its defense. In 1970 the Tigers were 9-2 during the regular season largely because the team yielded only 8.7 points a game. Now, with the defense nearly depleted except for its two stars, Coach Charlie McClendon will be hard pressed against the likes of Colorado, Florida, Alabama and Notre Dame.

The offense, however, may be better. "I just hope we haven't hurt our running game by too much passing practice," says McClendon, referring to the work of Quarterbacks Bert Jones and Paul Lyons. Pressure by Notre Dame and later by Nebraska in the Orange Bowl loss showed Jones cannot run, but he has a Y.A. Tittle arm and the pleasure of throwing to Flanker Andy Hamilton, who has already broken Ken Kavanaugh's school pass-catching record. Lyons is more of the take-charge type. A whole flock of good running backs is available, led by Art Cantrelle, who was recently cleared of an assault charge after a barroom brawl near campus. It was Cantrelle's second brush with the law for assault, but in between punches he personally outgained nine of LSU's 11 regular-season opponents. If McClendon can keep Casanova out of the hospital and Cantrelle out of trouble, LSU will be sweet and tough once more.



6

The University of Texas empire fell apart on New Year's Day, 1971 A.D., when Notre Dame upset the Longhorns in the Cotton Bowl. That ended Texas' 30-game winning streak and also opened the way, at the last minute, for Nebraska to grab the national championship. In spring practice Coach Darrell Royal spent a lot of time poking through the ruins, and what he found was not exactly discouraging. With some solid old critters such as Quarterback Eddie Phillips and Halfback Jim Bertelsen, and some new beef headed by Linebacker Glenn Gaspard, the Horns may be hooking 'em this fall with as much gusto as ever.

The case of Gaspard gives some indication of what kind of talent Texas has. Last year he was so impressive as a freshman fullback that coaches and writers were billing him as the next Woo Woo Worster. In spring drills, however, Royal discovered that he had an adequate fullback—Bobby Callison—so Gaspard was shifted to linebacker. Soon he was making such jarring tackles that Royal was moved to observe, "He's got a lot of those Tommy Nobis traits." As for Gaspard, he gained plenty of respect for the way Phillips runs Royal's Wishbone-T. "Why, shoot," said Gaspard, "he's so smooth that it's a thrill when you get to tackle him."

Phillips, red-haired and freckle-faced, is more than smooth. He is an elusive runner, an underrated passer (as he proved in the Cotton Bowl) and a natural leader. "Eddie is a lot more confident," says Bertelsen. "You could see it in the spring when he just took command." Bertelsen is called "Tugboat" by some of his teammates, but don't be deceived. In speed and striking power he is more like a destroyer. Royal considers Bertelsen the best running back in the country, and the coach also is high on Tackle Jerry Sisemore, "the best athlete we've had on the line of scrimmage since John Elliott."

More Texans than ever will have a chance to see the Longhorns play. The west side of Memorial Stadium has been double-decked, which will add 15,000 seats and increase the stadium's capacity to 81,500—largest in the Southwest. The team these fans will cheer could be very good or just mediocre, depending on how it fares in the season's first half. Right off, almost before you can say LBJ Library, the Longhorns play UCLA, Texas Tech, Oregon, Oklahoma and Arkansas, which is a schedule and a half right there.

"I think it's unreasonable to think we can pick up where we left off," said Royal one day, propping his feet on the desk in his office. "We've had to rebuild an offensive line, and it's been a long time since we've had so many sophomores and new faces on defense. We lost a senior crop that had a lot of talent."

Even a chronic pessimist like Royal must admit, however, that if Texas escapes punishment in those first five games, Year One in the new empire might well be at hand.



7

Over the past two seasons Arkansas has won 18 games and lost only four. Ordinarily this would be quite satisfactory, even by the standards of those diehard "Sooey, pig" fans in the Ozarks. Yet around Little Rock and Fayetteville there is a strange sense of frustration, and for good reason: Arkansas can't win the big ones. Say that softly now, lest you find yourself under a ton of bacon, but the argument is irrefutable. In national TV games the past two seasons Arkansas is 0 for 4. In its two most recent Armageddons against Texas, when all sorts of conference and national titles were being decided, the Razorbacks lost a heartbreaker 15–14, and last year a bonebreaker 42–7.

To a man, Arkansas is aware of this reputation. Take Joe Ferguson. He was a sophomore last season, the best arm on the team—perhaps in the entire Southwest—but only the No. 2 quarterback behind Bill Montgomery. But now Montgomery is gone, as are Bill Burnett and All-America Chuck Dicus, and Ferguson is the man in charge. "Yeah, we know what they're saying about us," says Ferguson. "I cut out one of those articles and pasted it on my wall. I think everybody's conscious of it."

Arkansas fans think Ferguson might be the finest passer east of Sonny Sixkiller. He comes from Shreveport, La., where he broke most of Terry Bradshaw's high school records, and playing behind Montgomery, he passed for 741 yards. But Ferguson also became so disenchanted with life on the bench that there were rumors he might transfer. All that is over now, however, and so is the bad back that bothered Ferguson last season. The trouble, it seems, was that Ferguson's right leg is shorter than his left. So in the spring he began wearing one-eighth-inch foot pads in the heel of his right shoe and now, he says, "I haven't noticed any more problems."

Ferguson is not the only star. "We've got some big-play people with special skills," says Coach Frank Broyles with satisfaction, "so we will be throwing a bit more this season." Tailback Jon Richardson, a big-play person, is blessed with strength and speed, so he will be a threat both as a runner and receiver. Also on hand are Ferguson's top high school receivers—redshirt Mark Hollingsworth and wide receiver Jim Hodge. The defense will be a collection of new faces built around David Reavis, a 6′ 4″, 240-pound tackle. A 6′ 6″, 250-pound offensive tackle, Tom Mabry, is perhaps closest to Broyles' heart, however, partly because he is 6′ 6″ and 250, and partly because he is a golfer. "He has a two handicap," says Broyles, who is so much of a golf fan that he traveled all the way to the Masters to follow Jack Nicklaus. "He must hit it a mile."

The Razorbacks are young and cocky and their schedule includes a number of patsies, so they should fare well—9-2 at the worst. However, Texas comes to Little Rock on Oct. 16 and the game is on national television, so. . . .

CONTINUED

PENN STATE



8

The real world caught up with Joe Paterno last season. In five years as head coach at Penn State, he had built a gaudy record of 42-10-1, including a streak of 31 games without a loss, and most of it was due to the toughest defense in the country. Last year most of that defense had graduated, and boom! In the second game, and on national TV, Colorado racked up 41 points. A week later Wisconsin scored 29, then Syracuse 24 to give the Lions three losses by midseason. But the real problem, Paterno felt, was the offense. Not one to wait till next year, Paterno switched from an open attack to the wing-T and put John Hufnagel, a sophomore, at quarterback. Penn State won its last five games, averaging 36 points.

For this reason there is optimism at University Park again this fall. The Lions will present a solid, not-very-fancy offense led by Hufnagel, an adequate passer and better than average runner. However, the players who put a gleam in Paterno's eyes are Running Backs Lydell Mitchell and Franco Harris. Mitchell is the slinky type while Harris specializes in head-on collisions with tacklers. Both have the speed and moves to go all the way. The offensive line, headed by Tackle Dave Joyner, is capable of giving them the daylight they need.

While Penn State will do most of its attacking on the ground, Hufnagel can throw the ball well enough to make opposing cornerbacks wary and he has an abundance of targets, including Split End Scott Skarzynski and Bob Parsons, a 6′ 4½″ former backup quarterback who was switched to tight end in the spring and was impressive as a receiver.

If all else fails, Penn State has still another weapon—JC transfer Alberto Vitiello, a left-footed soccer-style kicker. What makes him unusual, aside from his ability to kick long field goals, is that he was born in Naples, Italy. Since Alberto's arrival, Paterno has revived one of his old lines. "I didn't recruit Alberto because he's Italian," Joe jokes, "I got him because *I'm* Italian."

The defense, at least up front, could be a throwback to better times. Bruce Bannon at one end and Frank Ahrenhold and Jim Heller, the tackles, are not very big but they are quick and hard-hitting. They also can afford to take chances because they are backed up by a quartet of linebackers who, collectively, will form an impressive roadblock. Gary Gray and John Skorupan are back from last year and the other two spots in the 4-4-3 defense will be held down by Charlie Zapiec, who missed most of last season because of an appendectomy, and Doug Allen, a converted defensive tackle. The real worry is in the secondary, where all three starters will be newcomers. They could be vulnerable, especially early in the season.

Paterno thinks his team will be better than last year's and so do the 50,000 fans who months ago grabbed up all tickets to the five home games. Waiting at the end of the schedule is Tennessee, a monster. How well the Lions do in that game will be the truest measure of their bite.

TENNESSEE



9

When Bill Battle took over as head coach at Tennessee last fall some people around Knoxville wondered if he was the right man for the job. He was, after all, only 28, barely older than his players. Also, he seemed so mild-mannered, so, well, Boy Scout-ish. Was he ready to handle a major college team?

Indeed he was. After an early-season loss to Auburn, the Volunteers—picked for mediocrity last fall—won nine straight and then slugged Air Force in the Sugar Bowl 34–13. Most Knoxville fans felt that Battle was shortchanged in Coach-of-the-Year balloting. Small matter, really. He is young and has a lot of time left to accumulate honors normally associated with such SEC elders as Bear Bryant and Shug Jordan. Last season Battle beat Alabama (and his former coach Bryant) 24–0, and Florida (and his predecessor at Tennessee, Doug Dickey) 38–7. Those performances tended to demonstrate how much he had learned on the field from his old teachers, and Battle recently showed excellent retentive powers of some off-field habits of The Bear. Poor-mouthing, for instance. "We can be a good football team if a few things fall into place," says Battle of his 1971 Vols. In truth, it would take many things falling out of place for Tennessee to be bad this season.

To begin with, some opponents' minds may be psychologically blown during the pregame coin flip when Tennessee sends out the first black captain in SEC history, Linebacker (and Knoxville's own) Jackie Walker. With Ray Nettles and Jamie Rotella, Walker gives the Vols what may be the best linebacking corps in college. Surely it is the best at recovering from injury; all three are survivors of major knee surgery. Though Tennessee is on the small, sleek side up front defensively, this trio plus Bobby Majors promises to make the Vols as exciting when they do not have the ball as when they have it. Majors, a daring and spectacular free safety who also punts, led the nation with 10 pass interceptions last season and though he, too, is a knee man (he missed spring practice because of surgery) he is expected to be 100% when the season begins. Tennessee, it seems, has had more Majors than *Catch-22*. Bobby is the youngest and biggest of four brothers who have played major college football, three at Tennessee.

Offensively, the Vols' attack will be mostly on the ground, what with passer Bobby Scott having graduated and Dennis Chadwick, who runs well, moving in. Curt Watson, a keg-calved fullback, is set for his finest season after two years as an All-SEC selection while sophomore Haskel Stanback is an open-field threat who, according to one observer, "broke every stick of furniture in the house" in the Tennessee spring game. Like Walker, Stanback is black. "My election shows blacks can become involved," says the captain. "It shows we can become a part of leadership, and it also shows the kind of boys we have on this squad." No doubt Bill Battle will continue to show what kind of boy is coaching the squad, too.



10

Joe Spagnola, the Naples-born quarterback who won 25 of the 28 games he started for Arizona State, is off flinging passes for the minor league Phoenix Blazers and conducting his own Spaghetti Joe radio show, but the Sun Devils of 1971 will still have more than their quota of talented characters from faraway places. Foremost among them is Defensive End Junior Ah You, born in American Samoa, reared in Laie, Hawaii, named first-team All-WAC two straight seasons and the 1971 cover boy of the NCAA Football Guide. A jarring tackle known in Tempe as "the Hawaiian Punch" is Ah You's specialty. Offensive Center Mike Tomco grew up in Anchorage, Alaska, but he moved in with relatives in Washington so he could play better high school football. He is also a two-time all-league pick, playing tackle and center. Then there is Kicker Don Ekstrand from Calgary, Alberta, who was fourth in the nation in scoring by toe last season.

Under Coach Frank Kush, Arizona State usually has at least one running back who inhales yardage, and this year's deep breather is Monroe Eley, who actually comes from *the continental U.S.—Nashville, N.C., which is still* a long way from the nearest saguaro cactus or refried bean. It must have given Eley a big thrill to outgain the University of North Carolina's Don McCauley in the Peach Bowl last season. The Sun Devils, who have been ignored by bowl committees over the years, won that game 48–26 to finish with an 11-0 record and become the sixth-ranked team in the country. Eley is a junior now and Kush, instead of comparing him with Charley Taylor or Travis Williams, prefers to say that Eley of 1971 is the Devils' best since Eley of '70.

ASU recruiters don't always have to range as far as Hawaii and Carolina to find possible material. California is just over the horizon and 25 squad members are from there. A mere 16 out of 63 claim Arizona as their home state.

There are problems, of course, one of them being finding a replacement for Spagnola. Two-year veteran Grady Hurst, Notre Dame transfer Jim Brady and sophomore Dan White will battle it out. But no problem seems capable of preventing Kush and his team from having another successful season. And a high-scoring one. State has averaged 38 points a game for the last two years and should do as well this time. It has won 17 consecutive games, its record over the last four years is 35-6 and ex-botany major Kush is the second winningest coach (based on 10 years or more) in football with a .767 average. His record for 13 years: 100-30-1.

This year the team will have some extra incentive. There will be a new postseason game, the Fiesta Bowl, Dec. 27 in Sun Devil Stadium, featuring the WAC champion versus a top team from elsewhere in the country. Wherever that team comes from—Pearl Harbor to the Statue of Liberty—there is sure to be some ASU hotshot who grew up nearby.



11

The most obvious reason for Auburn's renaissance during the past two seasons is the spectacular passing partnership of Quarterback Pat Sullivan and Split End Terry Beasley. When the pair arrived on the varsity in 1969, Auburn had just gone through a dismal patch of five years during which the team lost 23 games and had been forced to choke down five straight defeats at the hands of Alabama. Oh, where were those glorious autumns of the late 1950s when the Tigers had ripped through 24 straight opponents without losing a game?

Auburn fans think those days have returned. Sullivan and Beasley have led Auburn to two 8-2 seasons, two straight over 'Bama and a Gator Bowl victory over Ole Miss. In 1970 Sullivan led the nation in total offense while Beasley caught 52 passes and led in yards gained per catch. Now they are ready for their last fling.

Unfortunately, Auburn's recent success has not been based entirely on Sullivan to Beasley. There will be some problems this fall. Gone from a rushing attack that gained 196 yards per game last year are two key backs. Gone *from the passing attack are four receivers who between* them caught 96 passes.

Not only are these pluses missing, some minuses remain, primarily on defense. Last year Auburn football was often a hectic scramble to see if the offense could score points faster than the defense would give them up. The pass rush, weak in 1970, still exists only in the prayers of Line Coach Joe Connally. Linebacking, also fragile last year, is further depleted by the graduation of All-SEC selection Bobby Strickland, the only consistent stopper. In addition, the deep defense has lost All-America Cornerback Larry Willingham.

So the offense is even more the key to Auburn success. In Dick Schmalz, a senior with sure hands and elusive moves, and Sandy Cannon, a speedy junior-college transfer, Auburn may have two exciting wide receivers to help take the heat off Beasley. A senior tight end, 6′ 3″ Robby Robinett, may prove to be the best Auburn has had at that position in many years. And the coaches expect the running backs to be the biggest surprise of all: "They'll be better than most people think," says Head Coach Shug Jordan. The most effective of these could be James Owens, the first black ever to play football for Auburn, a 6′ 2″, 198-pound junior tailback who showed flashes of brilliance last year as a part-time punt-return specialist.

"Spring practice was the best we've had in my 21 years at Auburn," says Jordan. Whether this spring momentum can be sustained all the way through the fall depends to a great extent on what happens two weeks from now at Knoxville in the game against Tennessee. If they get by the rugged Vols, the Plainsmen should be 8-0 going into their last two games, with Georgia and Alabama, and on the verge of a return to their glory days.

CONTINUED



12

This will be a typical Houston team, and everyone ought to know what that means. Lots of "Big O," as in offense. For the past five years Coach Bill Yeoman's Cougars have led the nation in scoring and total offense, and win or lose they always provide more fireworks than the Astrodome scoreboard. So this fall defensive coaches around the Southwest shuddered collectively when Yeoman looked over his notorious Veer-T offense and announced, casually, "We think our offense may be as good, or even a little more effective, than last year." Get out the adding machine, folks, 'cause here comes Houston again—and again.

Last season the Cougars started so slowly that they were ignored by the bowls, which turned out to be quite an oversight. They won their last four for a final 8-3-0 record and they wound up in the Top 20 for the fifth straight year—a record not even the Texas Longhorns can claim. Gone from that team are Wide Receiver Elmo Wright and his many moves, but the entire starting backfield—including versatile Quarterback Gary (Moon) Mullins—is back.

Mullins was hampered all last season by a bum knee, but in spring practice he seemed to be fully recovered, running the option as well as ever. His top receivers this season will be Pat Orchin and Riley Odoms, neither of them another Elmo but adequate nonetheless. But Houston will use its passing game mainly to keep the defense from keying on its running attack, which is devastating. Robert Newhouse and Tommy Mozisek combined for more than 1,000 yards each of the last two seasons. Newhouse was involved in a serious car accident the week before the Cougars' opening game, but he came back to average 6.4 yards rushing and gain more than 100 yards each of the last five games.

About all that is known for sure about Houston's defense is that it will be close-knit—if only in one way. The Peacock brothers, Ronny and Randy, will be the cornerbacks, following their older brother Johnny, now a safety with the New England Patriots. Linebackers Frank Ditta and Bob Kyle aren't brothers, but they might as well be. They grew up in the same Houston neighborhood, played for the same high school (Waltrip) and married girls who are good friends. Oh, yes, one other note for family fanciers. Defensive Left End Butch Brezina is the sixth brother to play for the Cougars.

Although Houston finally was admitted to the Southwest Conference last spring, the Cougars won't be eligible to compete for the league title until 1976, so Houston's schedule this year consists of only one SWC opponent—Rice in the season opener this week—and 10 outsiders. The Cougars' second game, at Arizona State, should turn out to be one of the fun face-offs of the year. The one team that likes to light up the scoreboard as much as Houston is Arizona State. Get those adding machines ready.



13

The possibility that he might become the first head football coach ever to be fired by Georgia Tech was not a pleasant one to contemplate. Yet after the 1969 season Bud Carson had to face facts: he had coached the once-proud Yellow Jackets to three straight 4-6 seasons and around Atlanta the philistines were yelling for his head. But Carson still is Tech's head coach and now nobody is complaining. Last fall his team compiled a 9-3 record, the school's best since 1966 when Bobby Dodd's last team went 9-1 and then whipped Texas Tech 17–9 in the Sun Bowl.

This fall those close to Tech notice certain differences in Carson. Never a wisecracking Pepper Rodgers or a smooth Paul Dietzel in his relations with the press, Carson nevertheless seemed looser and happier, and he spends more time talking with reporters. "He smiles a lot more now than he did four years ago," said a member of the Tech P.R. staff. "It seems that he's finally gotten over the pressure of succeeding Dodd, of being only the fourth head coach we've ever had here."

It is not just the 1970 results that make the coach smile; his '71 prospects are as sweet as sorghum molasses. "I think we have turned the corner," says Carson, who still tends to fall back and punt when pressed on vital issues. "Our offense should be improved, and we feel we've still got our big-play defense." The key to the latter is a defensive end with the beautiful name of Smylie Gebhart. He has played every game for the last two years and he led last season's team in such things as dumping the passer. The defense could be very stingy, indeed, if Defensive Tackle Brad Bourne can escape injury. He came to Tech billed as a superstar, but has played only nine games in two years because of knee injuries.

The Yellow Jackets set a school record for total offense last season and now may have even more sting. Quarterback Eddie McAshan, the school's first black scholarship player, should be able to cut down last season's astronomical 21 interceptions. Even at that, he still passed for more yards—1,138—than any sophomore in the school's history. The team's other scholarship black, homegrown soph Greg Horne, will provide power and speed at right halfback, and little Brent Cunningham (5′ 7″, 170), called the "best running back in Tech history" by no less an authority than Dodd, is back for his senior year. Although he started two games at flanker and missed three others due to injury, Cunningham still gained a team-leading 741 yards last year. He reminds longtime Tech fans of Leon Hardeman, the "Mighty Mite" of the early 1950s.

The schedule is sprinkled throughout with toughies—South Carolina, Tennessee, Auburn and Georgia—but Tech plays eight of its 11 games on its new AstroTurf at Grant Field. With interest back at the pitch it was during the halcyon Dodd years—34,000 season tickets sold—it's no wonder that Carson's smile is growing wider all the time.



14

As ever, Woody Hayes remains the consummate maestro, blustering away in his shirtsleeves among all those scarlet and gray uniforms, gesturing, tearing up hats, smashing watches, stopping to explain the madness with a quote from a favorite general, then going back to work putting together another Ohio State football team. Rex Kern, John Brockington, Jack Tatum, Jim Stillwagon and the rest are scattered over the U.S. and Canada, fond memories. Lou McCullough, for eight years Woody's defensive coordinator, is lounging on the deep-cushioned couch of the athletic director's office at Iowa State. But *McCullough departs with a warning to those who might* be tempted to consider this Ohio State team a patsy after the passing of the *Wunderkinder*. "They'll be all right," McCullough says in his soft drawl. "You don't have any bad actors on that football team. There aren't any bums. Woody just wouldn't tolerate it." Which is why you should make a note of some unfamiliar names, ones like Galbos and Bledsoe, Lamka and DeLeone and Gradishar. They are part of Woody's new army and, in Woody's own terminology, he's lost a few battles but never a war.

Two familiar names are back, those of Halfback Tom Campana and Linebacker Stan White, veterans of Woody's battles and two of the only seven returning starters. "They were superathletes, there's no doubt about that," Campana says, thinking back to the Kern team. "I feel honored to have been able to play with them. But, even more, I'd like to win without them."

"It just puts more pressure on all of us," says White, who led the team in tackles last year while remaining at least somewhat anonymous. "Like for me, especially. Last year I had so many good guys around me, if I made a mistake I knew they'd cover up. They had to put two men on Stillwagon, which left a halfback on me. That's why I led the team in tackles. I think I'll see a few guards this year. And I'll like it. The more pressure I have the better it is."

Which should make Woody smile—briefly—for there will certainly be pressure enough for everyone. Much of it will fall on the biggest new name, Don Lamka, the roughhewn senior quarterback Hayes has hand-picked to succeed Kern. "You can't wait around and be indecisive," Woody explains. "You find some kid who goes out there and grabs the team and does the job, well, he's your quarterback." That is just what Lamka did last spring when he switched back to his high school position after spending the last two years behind Tatum at linebacker. "It's just like the Turks in Korea," says Woody, referring, one gathers, to the problem of replacing departed quarterbacks. "They'd always have one spy in the Korean camp, and when the Koreans found him out and killed him, somehow another one'd pop up. There was always one."

For Woody, at least, they certainly seem to keep popping up and no one doubts they'll be popping up again.



15

Now opponents know what to expect of the Washington Huskies. A year ago they were caught unawares by a change in coaching philosophy as radical as any in modern times. As a disciple of the old Oklahoma coach, Bud Wilkinson, Washington's Jim Owens had always subscribed to the theory that when a forward pass is thrown, three things can happen and two of them are bad. So his teams had passed about as often as Fielding Yost's, and promising young quarterbacks and wide receivers had scrupulously avoided the Seattle campus for fear of being converted into watch-charm guards or blocking backs.

*But that was before Sonny Sixkiller, grandson of a Cher*okee chief and already the most celebrated Indian in the Pacific Northwest since Sacajawea found a safe pass for Lewis and Clark (the explorers, not the college). Sixkiller came to Washington quite conscious of the ban on bombs but confident he could turn the obdurate coach's head with his artistry. Although an outstanding passer in high school at Ashland, Ore., he had been ignored by most recruiters because of his relatively slight stature—he has grown an inch, to six feet, and gained 14 pounds, to 184, since enrolling at Washington two years ago. Indeed, Owens might have overlooked him, too, had it not been for a series of unhappy events.

Owens' 1969 team floundered to a 1-9 won-lost record and was torn by racial dissension, much of it attributed to Owens and his coaching staff. The coach found it necessary to open his mind in more ways than one. His problems with black athletes did not measurably improve in 1970—eight quit the squad—but he prospered on the field with a red one, Sixkiller, and his team employed an offense that made such traditionally pass-oriented schools as Stanford look positively stodgy by comparison. In 10 games, six of which they won, the Huskies threw 415 passes and completed 213 for 2,721 yards and 22 touchdowns. Sixkiller, only a sophomore, completed 186 of 362 for 2,303 yards and 15 scores. He set 10 school records and led the nation with an average of 18.6 completions per game. And talk about excitement! In 1969 the team averaged 11 points a game. When Sixkiller took over last year the average zoomed to 33 a game, with 61 points against UCLA the highwater mark.

Now he is back, even more poised and with a corps of increasingly swift receivers, the best of whom are the tiny Jim Krieg, 5′ 8½″, and Tom Scott, who looms over him at 5′9″. The offensive line is mobile, although inexperienced. Twelve lettermen return to the defensive unit, however, including the fine linebacker, Rick Huget. Owens has added a black, former Husky Fullback Ray Jackson, to his coaching staff, and he is optimistic that racial harmony will be achieved.

Without dissension, with improved defense, with Sixkiller and with luck, the Huskies could be a factor in the Pacific Eight race. No matter what, they won't be dull.

CONTINUED



16

For a league that once featured some of the wildest gang fights in college football, the Southwest Conference has recently produced about as much drama as a daytime TV soap opera. The only game that counted, really, was Texas-Arkansas. Everything else, all those SMUs vs. TCUs, was just so much cold chili. But then last fall along came Jim Carlen, a Bible-thumping, quick-smiling, smooth-talking disciple of Bobby Dodd by way of West Virginia, and suddenly the old SWC was at least a three-team league. He popped up in Lubbock, of all places, and wasted no time in changing Texas Tech's Red Raiders from a 5-5 team into an 8-4 one—their best showing since Donny Anderson was breaking rushing records in 1965.

Two of those losses were to Texas and Arkansas, but the day may be coming when even those monopolists receive their comeuppance. Shortly after arriving at Tech in January of 1970, Carlen signed the state's two best high school quarterbacks, Jimmy Carmichael and Joe Barnes, now sophomores. And this past spring Carlen recruited 48 prospects of such quality that many experts agreed he had outhooked the Texas Longhorns.

The Carlen success formula embodies a lot of plain old-fashioned hard work, plus a strict code of behavior. Not only must his players refrain from drinking, smoking, class-cutting and unkempt hair, they are "encouraged" to attend the church of their choice every Sunday morning. Everybody who has ever been in the Army—or on one of Carlen's teams—knows what "encouraged" means. At most colleges today this sort of dogma would lead to rebellion, but at Texas Tech it has been accepted by players and fans alike; so far Carlen has encountered only one minor disciplinary problem. Meanwhile, Tech rooters overflowed 41,500-seat Jones Stadium last fall at a record 44,476 average, and more than 32,000 season tickets already have been sold for this fall's games.

Although Tech is generally thought to be a year or so away, Carlen's 1971 team will be no slouch. Back are 27 lettermen, including Quarterback Charles Napper, an artist on the option; Fullback Doug McCutchen, whose 1,068 yards rushing earned him the conference title over Woo Woo Worster and made him only the fifth player in SWC history to gain over 1,000; and Linebacker Larry Molinare (6′ 2″, 215), termed Tech's best at that position since E. J. Holub. Even the loss of Tailback Danny Hardaway due to poor grades should not inconvenience the Raiders too much. Hardaway's backup, senior Miles Langehennig, was one of the team's most impressive performers in the spring.

Although Carlen is not yet ready to say he has reached parity with Texas and Arkansas, his intentions are unmistakable. It was hardly just coincidence that the only scout on hand to observe the Texas spring game was one of Carlen's assistants. The Raiders meet the Longhorns early—in two weeks at Austin—and they will be eager.



17

Shortly after Oklahoma's third game last season, Coach Chuck Fairbanks pondered his team's 2-1 record, squirmed nervously when he thought about his sputtering offense, became downright uncomfortable when he looked ahead to all those Texases, Colorados and Nebraskas on the horizon—and decided to shoot craps. Until then he had tried to parlay an inexperienced offensive line, a group of quick receivers and runners, and the cool of Quarterback Jack Mildren into a pass-oriented offense. "But when we got into the season," Fairbanks recalls, "we found ourselves too dependent on the passing game. We had to get run-oriented and the best way to do it was with the Wishbone."

So right there, after a spring and fall of personal attention to all those raw rookie linemen, Chuck Fairbanks started all over again. There was a meeting, some grumbling, even more explaining, then a kiss of the dice, a look to heaven and a quick roll. "The worst thing was its birthdate," says Fairbanks. That was against Texas, the master of the Wishbone, and the result was a 41–9 embarrassment. But after that, Oklahoma lost only in the last minute to Kansas State and by a touchdown to national champion Nebraska. "That's what makes this year so exciting," muses junior Halfback Joe Wylie. "By the end of last year we had become something more than just a good football team. And this year, well, it should be better yet."

On offense, Oklahoma returns nine of 11 starters, including the multitalented Mildren and a fine runner in Wylie. On defense, seven are back, including a superb end, Raymond Hamilton, and one of the country's best linebackers, Steve Aycock.

The burden of guiding the offense again will fall on Mildren, unjustly blamed last year for much of Oklahoma's passing failure. He is the key, as any quarterback is, to the success or failure of this year's Wishbone. A proud, confident leader, Mildren has mistakenly—and too often—taken last year's change personally. Fairbanks, for one, dispels such notions. "When we made the change in our attack and things started falling in place, the team began to have success. And when the team started having success, so did Jack. He just wants to win worse than the rest of us."

This year Mildren will have a better chance to exploit his many talents. He gained 572 yards last year as a runner and completed nearly 50% of his passes. "Yeah, sure," he says. "But I saw how the team went. And it didn't go as well as I wanted. Personally, I don't feel I have anything to prove to anyone. I only have to prove to myself we can win it all. And you know we're ready."

"Oh, I feel good about our team," Fairbanks adds, but goes on to temper such enthusiasm. "I feel good until I look at our schedule." Then he stares heavenward with the gleam of a man ready if need be to shoot craps once more.



18

In 1970 Syracuse played two seasons. In the first, the team was troubled by racial conflicts (not to mention its opponents) and it lost three straight games by the cumulative score of 100–29. Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, that tough old paratrooper of a coach, seemed on his way to his first losing year in 21 on Piety Hill. Coaches, players and protestors were busy attending meetings instead of practices. A victory over Maryland encouraged only optimists, since Maryland hadn't beaten anybody either. But in the days that followed, the black boycott and the picketing subsided, Schwartzwalder rallied his players and the Orangemen upset Penn State. After that the team lost only one more game, finishing the second part of the season with a 6-1 record to be 6-4 overall. Now, with racial tensions apparently under control, Syracuse seems headed for big things.

"I feel more optimistic than I have in the last two years," says Assistant Coach Joe Szombathy. "The team made a big recovery last year and many of those spirited boys are back. We now also have the speed to fully utilize the option with pitchouts and I'd say our team is the biggest and strongest, with the best potential, we've had in a long time."

Some 34 lettermen return, including nine of 11 offensive starters and eight of 11 defensive starters. The offensive line misses Split End Tony Gabriel, the best pass catcher in school history, but Gary Sweat, the top freshman receiver last year, should be an adequate replacement. Four seniors, led by 6′ 5″, 265-pound Tackle Dan Yochum, head the line. Marty (Jan The Man) Januszkiewicz and Roger (what else but The Dodger?) Praetorius, who as a twosome rushed for more than 1,200 yards last year, lead an excellent group of running backs lacking only breakaway speed. Greg Allen, who has that speed, is lost for the season because of hepatitis but if either Bob Barlette or Ron Page develop at tailback, Praetorius is likely to be shifted to wingback. As a soph two years ago against Penn State, Allen returned three punts for 170 yards. Quarterback is the offensive uncertainty. Bob Woodruff, who threw only 26 passes last year, is the lone experienced candidate. Senior Frank Ruggiero and sophomore Dave King will contest Woodruff for the position.

Schwartzwalder ought to register his defense as a lethal weapon. Lineman Joe Ehrmann, an All-America tackle, and Middle Guard Ted Lachowicz could take on Godzilla. There appears to be no chink in the linebacking wall of Len Masci, Dave King (Syracuse has two of them), Chuck Bonitt and Howie Goodman. Safety Tom Myers can practically cover the secondary himself.

Syracuse opponents have .500 potential at best. If Syracuse gets by its openers with Wisconsin and Northwestern, the Penn State game (at home) could be the only barrier to its first undefeated season since that superyear, 1959. School officials admit one of the team's biggest problems is overconfidence. What a pleasant problem that is after last year.



19

A graph of Colorado's 1970 season looks like the profile of the Front Range or a chart of Boulder's weather, which one minute is sunshiny and the next—oh, hail. One week a lot of nice powder snow and the next—ah, sleet. One week after jangling Penn State 41–13 to end the Easterners' 31-game undefeated streak, with 97-yard kickoff returns and a glossy goal-line stand for good measure, the Buffaloes lost to Kansas State 21–20. The Herd took revenge by thundering over Iowa State 61–10. Slotback Cliff Branch, a 9.2 sprinter on the track team, ran back kicks 72 and 62 yards. Colorado went up 21–0 before Iowa State got a first down. A football virus Buff fans call "gold fever" began to rage. Then Colorado coolly lost consecutive Big Eight games to Oklahoma, Missouri and Nebraska. Gold fever plummeted. But what casual spectators did not realize was that two big young tailbacks, John Keyworth and John Tarver, were gaining experience as Coach Eddie Crowder switched from a passing-dependent offense to a triple option. The Herd then made mashed potatoes out of its last three opponents, gaining 429 and 390 yards on the ground against Kansas and Oklahoma State and a crashing 675 total yards against Sugar Bowl-bound Air Force, the highest single game total offense figure in the nation for 1970.

Tarver, who has been switched to fullback, Branch and Keyworth will suit up again this season, the latter seems likely to become one of the country's best. Returning Slotback Larry Brunson (a member of CU's track team) and Tight End Bob Masten are good receivers. Bill Kralicek makes right guard a wide hole to go through. On defense, Herb Orvis is as good as they come at left tackle. Linebacker Billie Drake, End John Stavely and Defensive Backs Cullen Bryant and Brian Foster are reliable. And at safety—ah, yes, at safety we again have John (Bad Dude) Stearns. Last year Bad Dude admitted right out loud that he wanted to be "the most insane hitter in Big Eight history." Bad Dude fan clubs sprang up coast to coast. This spring the Wilmington, Del. chapter requested 51 autographed photos for its members, all girls. How many victims get through to Dude depends on End Rick Kay, Guards Carl Talbt and Mark Cooney and Linebacker Charles Battle. Defensive Coach Jerry Claiborne, a new import, ranks Cooney an excellent sophomore.

Offense is more peaks and valleys. First, one of three sophomore quarterbacks—sharp-but-short-passing Ken Johnson, 5′ 7″ Joe Duenas and USC transfer Greg Briner—must look better. Split-side Tackle Jake Zumbach and Guard Bill Bain do inspire considerable confidence, and at tailback, where the Buffs need little help, soph Charlie Davis looks like the All-Texas high school MVP he was.

A large poster at spring practice showed two hideous hungry vultures perched on a limb. One said to the other, "I'm gonna kill something." So will Colorado, but with *five* 1970 bowl teams on the schedule, it won't be easy.

CONTINUED



20

Nostalgia, oh so boffo on Broadway right now, comes to the University of North Carolina this fall. Or, as *Variety* might put it, "Heel Hopes High For Kid Grid Bid." Not since Charlie (Choo Choo) Justice led the team to three bowl appearances in the late 1940s has a Tar Heel season been so anticipated. Last year's surprising Peach Bowl entry was 8-4, only the fourth winner since old No. 22 went skidoo in 1949. That's also the last year Carolina followed one big winning season with another, a drought that should end this fall. "This is the best football talent we've ever had," says Jack Williams, the director of sports information.

The Tar Heels have loads of experience everywhere except in the offensive line, but even here the talent may be superior to the group that helped forge one of the best rushing games in the country the last two years. Defensively, 10 veterans return, including a pair of linebackers, John Bunting and Jim Webster, whom Coach Bill Dooley ranks with the best anywhere. Bunting typifies the new enthusiasm that has settled over a school lately accustomed to athletic success only after the leaves have fallen. "I was kind of galled by the basketball team at first because they have always done well," says Bunting. "But now we've learned to be winners, too. Until Coach Dooley got here four years ago I'm told no one seemed to really care." Dooley, reared in the SEC tradition as an all-conference guard at Mississippi State and later as an assistant to brother Vince at Georgia, cares vehemently. The kind of success he sought in his fifth year came even sooner.

Despite the graduation of Don McCauley, the NCAA's alltime single-season ground gainer, the offense could again be the kind that averages more than 30 points per game. Three of four backfield starters return, highlighted by southpaw Quarterback Paul Miller, who is a magician when his back isn't aching. With McCauley gone, Miller can be expected to pass more often and give forgotten Backs Geof Hamlin and Lewis Jolley a bigger piece of the rushing action. But not as large a chunk as speedy Ike Oglesby will have. As McCauley's understudy last year, a role which even included the presentation of a speech when Don couldn't make it, Oglesby gained 562 yards, more than any previous Carolina sophomore. He's the team's best outside threat since Justice himself, and although he's too young to remember Choo Choo's gala days, he did compete against his son in high school track. Oglesby is an unfettered spirit and something of an iconoclast on a team that includes Defensive Tackle Bud Grissom, who once punched his way through a picket line that was trying to block the entrance to a school dining hall, and Halfback Bill Sigler, son of an Army colonel, who raises and salutes the flag each day outside his apartment. "It's whoop-and-holler time," Sigler likes to yell when encouraging his teammates in a game. And that's just what the Tar Heels will be doing a lot of before the first basketball bounces.



West Virginia had its chance for fame in 1970 and finished a disappointing 8-3. This year, however, 8-3 is an objective. "But I don't think it's realistic," says Coach Bobby Bowden. Outside of Offensive Guard B. C. Williams, both 1970 lines are pretty much missing, which means that Running Back Pete Wood will be hard pressed to match his 5.4-yard rushing average. The Mountaineers do have one of their fastest teams, but they can't run away from inexperience. The competition drops off after Syracuse and Penn State, though, and a winning season is possible.

Elsewhere in the East, Pitt, which fielded a .500 team in 1970 after six losing seasons, won't have enough depth to break even again. Strength at quarterback (veterans Dave Havern and John Hogan, 6′ 3″ sophomores Bob Medwid and Rod Huth) should help. At Boston College, Running Back Fred Willis and Quarterback Frank Harris, who rewrote the school's record book last season, are gone, but the defense, led by Linebacker Kevin Clemente, returns 10 starters. Villanova, the major-college team with the minor-league schedule, could match its 9-2 record with 30 lettermen and an All-America candidate in Split End Mike Siani. Quarterback Daryl Woodring, who led the East in total offense, will throw to Siani after Linebacker John Babinecz gets them the ball. Boston University, known as the Terriers, will look more like greyhounds this year with a speedy, streamlined attack. Quarterbacks Bill Poole and Sam Hollo have a fine kennel of receivers. Tight End Alan Durkovic and Split End Mark Chesebro are rabbit-catchers. Fullback Mike Fields and Halfback Pat Diamond also have breakaway speed. The defensive secondary features Mel Priester, who intercepted three passes in one game. The Terriers, however, may be the dogged victims of their schedule, which begins with three games on the road. Rutgers has excellent sophomores but only 13 veterans from last year's 5-5 squad. John Pesce can kick field goals from 40 yards and more—if his teammates work the ball in that close. Colgate had its first undefeated freshman team since 1936, and will need the youngsters to boost the varsity.

continued



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TERRENCE McNALLY

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Playwright

HOBBIES: Rock Concerts. Opera. Tennis.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Kingdom and the Power"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: In spite of the enormous critical success of his play "Next," he feels a more personal accomplishment was sticking to writing through early failures.

QUOTE: "Today's audiences are into people to people things—relating to them, understanding them. When they realize that dramatically you can't get closer to people than an audience does with the actors and ideas during a play—then they'll start switching from movies to the legitimate theater. I'd like to help that happen."

PROFILE: As impatient as most with the problems that create today's social issues. But flexible, persistent, and keenly aware of the potential those same problems offer for dramatic use.

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Holy Cross went from an 0-0 season in 1969 (hepatitis attack) to an 0-10-1 in 1970 and new Coach Eddie Doherty can continue to look ahead.

Today's wars may be won in the air, but today's Air Force is building trenches for its football team. Last year's dazzling aerial show, sparked by Flanker Ernie Jennings, has taken off, so the offense will pivot around something called The Muscle. The Muscle is a 5′ 9″, 191-pound hunk of beef with the no-nonsense name of Brian Bream. Nor is he all bark, having scored 20 times last season, or as often as anyone in the country. The defense is tough. Army should improve on its 1-9-1 record since Nebraska, Notre Dame and Tennessee are off the schedule. The return of seven defensive starters will help, too. Captain John Roth and Steve Bogosian, both 6′ 2″, 215, are "possibly the best pair of defensive ends in the East," according to Coach Tom Cahill. Navy's eight defensive starters include Linebacker Chuck Voith and Tackle Glen Nardi. The Middies, however, have only three games at home—with Penn State, Duke and Syracuse. The easiest game for both Army and Navy may be Navy and Army.

Despite the existence of four major conferences in the South, there are more top independents below the Mason-Dixon line than anywhere else. Tulane, which emerged from neighboring LSU's shadow last year, has gone funky. Signs like "Year of the Green—Plus One" proliferate, and not without reason: 33 lettermen return and the local folk think one of them, Defensive Back Joe Bullard, is comparable to LSU's Tommy Casanova. The secondary is called Bullard's Bandits. Tulane's new coach, Bennie Ellender, who steered Arkansas State to the small-college title, has gone big-time in more ways than one. He has a schedule including Notre Dame, LSU, North Carolina, Georgia Tech and Texas Tech.

Miami of Florida also has a new coach (Fran Curci) and stalwarts on defense (Tackle Dickie Trower, End Mike Barnes), but sophomores and junior-college transfers will not help improve a 3-8 record. Florida State looks stronger. State jelled late last season, winning five of its last six to finish at 7-4. Larry Jones, another new coach, has 37 lettermen. Receivers such as Rhett Dawson, Kent Gaydos and Barry Smith will let Jones steer toward the pro-type offense he likes.

South Carolina was the first state to leave the Union and now the state's football team has become the first to leave the Atlantic Coast Conference. School athletic officials felt the restrictive ACC eligibility rules might just restrict them out of a top football team. South Carolina will still play six games with ACC foes, five at Carolina Stadium. Georgia Tech and Georgia will also play there. There are 28 lettermen back and the loss of alltime school offense leader Tommy Suggs won't be crippling. The most experienced replacement, Jackie Young, beat North Carolina and tied N C. State. Defensive Back Dick Harris was the only player in the country to score on three runs of more than 95 yards last year.

Southern Mississippi made headlines in 1970 by upsetting Ole Miss 30-14. Now the Deep South's other Bear—Coach Bear Underwood—will try to do it again with 31 lettermen. Three players—Punter Ray Guy, Quarterback Rick Donegan and Defensive End Hugh Eggersman— will have a lot to say about whether he succeeds. The other major Southern independent, Virginia Tech (VPI), also has its sights set on grandeur. Already ex-Arkansas aide Charlie Coffey, the rookie coach, aspires to have the best team in Virginia, for what that's worth. Coffey has also changed the uniform color emphasis to orange, suspiciously like that of Tennessee, his alma mater. VPI fans at least will be able to see their quarterback—Bob German and Don Strock are 6′ 4″ and 6′ 5″ respectively—even if he is getting buried by enemy linemen.

The Midwest is full of Big Tens and Big Eights and Missouri Valleys, but Notre Dame is not the only rugged individualist out there. Another, Cincinnati, has such a burgeoning program that it has scheduled Houston for 1971 and Colorado and Arizona State for future games. For the present the Bearcats have a shot at bettering their 7-4 mark of last year. Cincinnati was weak at linebacker, so Ed Bolis, who intercepted six passes as a defensive end, was moved over. A flanker-slotback was needed, so Steve Cowan, who gained 1,197 yards as a tailback, started running patterns. Cowan shouldn't be missed too badly in the backfield. Quarterback Albert Johnson gained 895 yards rushing, more than any quarterback in the country. Sophomore Reggie Harrison, a junior-college transfer who at 6′, 230 has speed and power, will do more running and less blocking than the usual Ray Callahan fullback.

Midwestern strength drops off after Cincinnati. Dayton has next to no depth but will be worth watching for Halfback Gary Kosins if nothing else. He led the nation in four offensive categories before injuries slowed him down midway through last season, and he still finished fourth in rushing (1,172 yards), second in scoring (108 points) and tied for first in scoring average (12 points a game). He set a season record with 51 carries against Louisville and tied Don McCauley of North Carolina with five touchdowns against Xavier. When Kosins was born the family name was Kosinski and his father wanted to call him Blaze. His mother overruled the first name and his father shortened the last. "His parents really blew it," said Dayton Coach John McVay. "With a name like Blaze Kosinski and what he can do on a football field he'd have been a sure All-America. Now it will be a struggle to get recognition." By the end of the season, however, Blaze may be more an ember. As the workhorse of the backfield, Kosins started the season at 213 pounds and finished at a whispy 185. Xavier's defense allowed 30 points a game and is again young and questionable, but almost every offensive starter has returned and Guard Gil Hyland (6′ 3″, 238) is considered a pro prospect.

Two Western teams—New Mexico State and Utah State—though both far from the coast, could make some waves. New Mexico State has Ron (Po) James, whose 3,113 yards rushing in three seasons leaves him just 754 shy of Steve Owens' major-college mark. But the team also has its toughest schedule and only nine other starters back. Po' State. Utah State has an All-America type in Split End Bob Wicks, but otherwise it is full of holes. Versatile John Strycula does wonders filling them. Tailback, quarterback, safety? Pick one, as his beleaguered coaches are trying to. "It may be years before we find another football player as valuable," says Coach Chuck Mills.

CONTINUED



SOUTHWEST

With Texas favored to win an unprecedented fourth straight title and Arkansas and Texas Tech expected to finish second and third again, the five stragglers in the Southwest Conference could be excused if they asked for mercy killings and let it go at that. But there's life in them bones yet. In addition to some good quarterbacks, defenses and tight ends, there are two new coaches. They, at least, don't know how to lose to the Big Three.

One of them, Jim Pittman of TCU, was an assistant to Texas Coach Darrell Royal for 12 seasons. He will need more than accrued knowledge of his old boss to beat Texas, even though Quarterback Steve Judy is within roping distance of Sammy Baugh's school passing records. The offensive line is weak and Linebacker James Helwig quit school to become a pro boxer (and promptly bloodied Joe Frazier's nose). The other new head man, Bill Peterson of Rice, is known as a "thriller-type" coach, but he is most pleased with something more tangible: 32 lettermen, including Gary Butler, a classical (6' 4", 234) tight end.

Baylor's defense surprised Texas, and 14 defensive lettermen, led by Linebacker Roger Goree, will have to try a little harder to do it again. Matthew Williams scored all the team's running touchdowns. SMU's Gary Hammond was the league's leading receiver as a sophomore end and fourth-leading rusher (and leading receiver again) as a junior tailback. Now he's at quarterback and the word is they're trying to find a position he can't play. A&M Quarterback Lex James is back after missing spring practice with hepatitis, and there are returning starters at 19 other positions. "Of course," says one observer, "no one knows if they can play football."

BIG TEN

With the exception of Ohio State, Michigan and Northwestern, no Big Ten school broke even in 1970 and the shock was greatest at Purdue, where a 4-6 finish under former Assistant Coach Bob DeMoss hardly matched four previous 8-2 seasons. So severe was the plunge to obscurity that AP and UPI overlooked sophomore Otis Armstrong (1,009 yards rushing) on their all-conference teams. DeMoss' problems began when he picked the wrong quarterback and his offense never recovered. This fall he will go with junior Gary Danielson. In contrast, winning football returned to Northwestern for the first time since 1963, when Ara left. Quarterback Maurie Daigneau and the Big Ten's premier defense should keep the wins coming.

Wisconsin's spring brochure called the 1970 season "the best since 1863." Misprints notwithstanding, the Badgers have won only 15 games in seven years. Backs Rufus (Roadrunner) Ferguson and Alan (A-Train) Thompson should foster continued improvement. Another poor season reportedly would cost Duffy Daugherty his job at Michigan State, but his squad seems prepared to rescue him. Safety Brad VanPelt, who made 80 tackles and intercepted six passes, highlights a more Spartanlike team.

Coach Bob Blackman, ex-Dartmouth, may miss the Ivy League. His initiation at Illinois includes five of the nation's Top 20. Next door at Iowa is former Toledo Coach Frank Lauterbur, whose personal 23-game win streak won't grow much longer. Minnesota has passer Craig Curry and high hopes, while Indiana is convalescing nicely.

SOUTHEASTERN

Georgia's Stone Mountain has just one carving on its surface, the Confederate Memorial Monument, and that includes a likeness of Robert E. Lee. But there is plenty of room for other Southern heroes. Quarterback John Reaves of Florida, for instance, Heisman Trophy in hand. Bear Bryant certainly has a case for Johnny Musso, already Alabama's alltime rushing leader. In nearby Athens, Georgia's Vince Dooley might interest sculptors in the left foot of Kim Braswell, kicker of a school-record 13 field goals.

In any event, Florida, Alabama and Georgia are most likely to push LSU, Tennessee and Auburn for postseason spoils. Reaves, the nation's career total offense and passing yardage leader, completed exactly half of 376 passes for 13 touchdowns. He was intercepted 19 times, but an improved line and runners Tommy Durrance and Mike Rich could give him the split-second more he needs. Carlos Alvarez, who had calcium deposits removed from his right knee in December, appears ready to return to his sophomore form. Musso and receiver David Bailey are solid for Alabama, but Bryant must find a passer capable of reaching Bailey or the defenses will hound Musso. Georgia's defense, with Chip Wisdom at linebacker and Chuck Heard and Dennis Watson up front, is the kind General Lee needed. Royce Smith, an offensive guard, could make All-America. Kentucky has some thoroughbred sophs who may need a year to mature. The passing attacks at both Mississippi State and Ole Miss require mending, although Mississippi State can take solace in the fact that its entire defensive unit returns. Without Archie Manning, Ole Miss will be somewhat humbler behind Shug Chumbler. Vanderbilt must have Quarterback Watson Brown healthy again to score all the points it will need to stay above water.

BIG EIGHT

Kansas presents new Coach Don Fambrough with a four-game losing streak and the role of conference darkhorse. The Jayhawks will field 15 of last year's 22 starters, but beyond that there is nothing at Lawrence but acres of wheatfields. "We can't get anyone hurt," says Fambrough. "That's a law." Here are some questions: David Jaynes, the most highly regarded of three quarterbacks, missed most of spring practice with a shoulder separation. Is it healed? Gery Palmer goes from defensive end to tackle. Can he adjust? Linebacker Ken Page, hampered by a leg injury last year, has been operated on. Will he be the tiger he was as a sophomore? If enough of the answers are yes, Kansas, with the help of a reasonably amiable out-of-conference

schedule, could turn in a winning season.

Kansas State must make do without Lynn Dickey, the talented quarterback who led the team to a 6-5 record, not eye-popping but better than anything else at Manhattan in 16 years. Dennis Morrison, a lefthander, takes over as State shifts to a running offensive led by Bill Butler. To emphasize this point, Coach Vince Gibson is reinstating the position of tight end, something the Wildcats did away with when Dickey was around.

Al Onofrio replaces Dan Devine at Missouri and inherits only a fragment of a team that wasn't all that good anyway. Two experienced quarterbacks, Mike Farmer and Chuck Roper, may ease the pain. Iowa State needs a running attack, Oklahoma State needs a defensive line and all of the above teams need something of a miracle if they are to have a prayer of catching Nebraska, Oklahoma and Colorado.

PACIFIC EIGHT

When Stanford was preparing for the Rose Bowl last December, Don Bunce, a redshirt working on the taxi squad, did such a good impersonation of Ohio State Quarterback Rex Kern that when the bowl game was over the victorious Indians voted Bunce better than the real thing. This fall Bunce will get to do an imitation of Jim Plunkett. If he fails, sophomore Mike Boryla, who like Bunce can run the option, will get his turn. Should John Winesberry and Bill Scott work out well as replacements for receivers Randy Vataha and Bob Moore, Stanford could win again.

Oregon's prospects for improving on its 6-4-1 record would be brighter if the Ducks didn't have to play three of the last four national champions (Nebraska, Texas and USC) early in the season. Coach Jerry Frei has a lot of talent and experience in Tailback Bobby Moore and Middle Linebacker Tom Graham, but as he says, "We must have a good team even to survive our schedule."

California has more good running backs than it needs but no quarterback. Reed Chastang played only four minutes last year, sophomore George Fraser was ineligible for either frosh ball or spring practice, and the other two candidates are JC transfers. Oregon State, with 40 lettermen returning, 17 of them starters last fall, is the team most likely to improve, especially with an easy schedule, but again, quarterback is the question. Steve Endicott broke his wrist in the third game of 1970 and it still hasn't healed entirely. But even if he is well, he may have trouble beating out Jim Kilmartin, who is No. 1 for now. UCLA has an army of good young players, but with Jim McAllister ruled ineligible for the season, the Bruins are a year away. Washington State's inexperience led to a 1-10 record last season. This year, with 24 seniors, things can only get better.

MID-AMERICAN

Once again, the MAC will be wholly Toledo. The Rockets enter the season with a 23-game winning streak, longest in the United States and Texas. Frank Lauterbur, their Wernher von Braun, has moved to Iowa, but Jack Murphy inherits Quarterback Chuck Ealey, who will be in quest of the conference Back of the Year award for the third straight time. Split End Don Fair returns, too, and Tackle Mel Long anchors a sturdy defense. Defense also will make Western Michigan a contender since Coach Bill Doolittle has most of a unit that allowed just 13 touchdowns. Offensively, Quarterback Ted Grignon adds to his school-record yardage mark and sophomore runner Larry Cates seeks to duplicate his impressive freshman statistics of 6.2 yards per carry and 29.6 yards per punt return.

Injuries have prevented Miami from finding out which of its quarterbacks is the most effective. Without an established passer, the Redskins, who gave Toledo a 14-13 scare last year, may have trouble gaining their 29th straight non-losing season. Ohio University was also looking for a quarterback until coach Bill Hess discovered that Dave Juenger, who last year caught enough passes to rank 16th in the nation, could also throw the ball—and well. Sophomore Paul Miles of Bowling Green looked so promising that Julius Livas, the team's leading rusher, was shifted to defense. Don James, the new coach at Kent State, begins rebuilding a team that has lost 21 of its last 30.

WESTERN

Last year the battle in the WAC was for the No. 2 spot; who would be Avis to Arizona State's Hertz? This year it's probably going to be a fight to see who will be No. 3—something Madison Avenue hasn't coped with yet. Arizona State, the defending champion, seems a shoo-in for the conference title. New Mexico, with 37 lettermen from last season's surprising second-place team, seems likely to do it again without surprise. For the first time in years Coach Rudy Feldman has the depth to back up his starters. He is sure to rely on his rushing game, which was ranked second in the nation in 1970, and two-time MVP Quarterback Rocky Long. Which takes care of No. 1 and No. 2. Utah will have problems on offense. The Redskins have to replace a total of 15 lettermen, no less than nine from the offensive unit. But they still have Punter Marv Bateman, who last year established an NCAA record average of 45.6 yards, and Coach Bill Meek appreciates the kind of field position that can provide.

Arizona has switched to a Veer alignment and will be relying on junior Quarterback Bill Demory to make it go. Elsewhere, Colorado State is rebuilding its offensive line, planning to clear the way for Laurence (The Clutch) McCutcheon, who gained 1,008 yards last year. UTEP is hoping a strong offensive line will counteract a tough schedule and BYU is counting on half a dozen transfers and a bunch of sophomores. That's about it except for Wyoming, which is welcoming Fritz Shurmur, its new coach. Welcome, Fritz.

IVY LEAGUE

Dartmouth has often brutalized the Ivy League, but never so much as in 1970 when it finished 9-0 and ranked 14th in the nation. Everything is different now. Dartmouth is barely favored over Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Cornell. Strong offenses, weak defenses and perhaps the best running back in the country could further confuse the picture with a mélange of high-scoring games.

The back is Cornell's Ed Marinaro, who has led the nation in rushing average for the last two years. If he and the quarterback (either junior Barrett Rosser or sophomore Mark Allen) click, the Big Red could be Big Trouble. Unfortunately, the line and defense, habitually weak, are vulnerable. New coaches have their problems, too. Jake Crouthamel, Dartmouth's replacement for Bob Blackman, has lost his best backs, but runners like Brendan O'Neill, Chuck Thomas and Alex Turner should help cool his baptism of fire. Yale's Carmen Cozza told new Harvard Coach Joe Restic to expect one problem. "You have

continued

to decide which of the best quarterbacks in the Ivy League [Rod Foster and Eric Crone] to start." Harvard's real problem is in its defensive secondary. Harry Gamble of Penn will have to do without Pancho Mieir, the Ivy League's total-offense leader.

Yale has good offensive linemen and ends and an excellent tailback in Dick Jauron. Princeton's Doug Blake and Hank Bjorklund, first 1,000-yard rusher in school history, will supply more offense. Columbia has its usual pass-catch combo (Don Jackson to Jesse Parks). Brown faces another season of despair.

ATLANTIC COAST

You can't tell the players in the Atlantic Coast Conference without a scorecard, but then you can't tell the coaches, either. There are three new ones this year and a fourth, Paul Dietzel of South Carolina, packed his bags and took his whole team with him. New faces at Duke (Mike McGee), North Carolina State (Al Michaels) and Virginia (Don Lawrence) leave the entire coaching fraternity with only nine years of ACC experience.

All would do well to match the early success of Cal Stoll, who in two seasons at Wake Forest improved from 3-7 his first season to 6-5 and the conference title the next. Fourteen starters return, including eight on offense, but even more encouraging is a schedule that has replaced Nebraska, Tennessee and Houston with Davidson, Tulsa and William & Mary. With all-league Quarterback Larry Russell handing off to Fullback Larry Hopkins, who gained 984 yards last season, the Deacons look like winners.

Hopkins is just one of several fine running backs in the conference. Steve Jones set a school record at Duke last year with 854 yards despite missing two games. Maryland's Art Seymore topped that with 945 yards and Gary Helman gained 743 at Virginia. The chief offensive threat at Clemson, now that Tailback Ray Yauger has left, is Quarterback Tommy Kendrick, who holds most of the Tigers' passing marks.

MISSOURI VALLEY

The conference headquarters have been changed from Kansas City to Dallas but an even more notable move was Louisville's shift from the bottom to the top of the MVC rankings. The surprising Cardinals recorded an 8-3-1 season and the first conference title in the school's history. No one, though, is more aware of changes than Amos Martin, this year's captain. Last year Martin was an honorable mention All-MVC linebacker, but he will be an offensive guard this season. Says Coach Lee Corso, "I'm sure it's going to be harder for us to repeat as champions. Everybody will be gunning for us. We won't be able to sneak up on anybody."

It will be especially hard to sneak up on Tulsa. Hoot Gibson took a team that had been 1-9 the previous year and welded them into a 6-4 squad. The defense will be impressive but the offense is vulnerable. After a four-year record of 30-8-1 the (not-so) Mean Green of North Texas State plunged to a 3-8 season. "We will have someone to run up the field," says Coach Rod Rust. "They may be guards or tackles right now, but we'll have someone."

West Texas State, entering the conference for the first time, is also looking for backs. Before spring practice there were only five in the entire school, which should give Kicker Matias Garza, who scored 62 points last season, plenty of work. Memphis State, last year's favorite, was a disappointment at 6-4 and this year lacks a proven quarterback, while Drake, returning to the conference, rates as a dark horse. Wichita State, victim of a tragic plane crash, is starting the long road back.

SOUTHERN

Look out for an Indian uprising. Although William & Mary won the conference title last year, it had an overall 5-7 record, including a loss in the Tangerine Bowl. The team should be stronger, with 27 returning lettermen and good sophomores. Phil Mosser, the conference's outstanding player, who set single game and season rushing records, is the top returnee. His running mate, Todd Bushnell, with whom he totaled over 2,000 yards, is also back. The defense, especially the linebacking, is suspect, but the Tribe offense, with diminutive QB Steve Regan, should compensate.

Furman returns 32 lettermen and the 1970 defensive line is virtually intact. Among the experienced starters will be Running Back Steve Crislip, alltime school rushing leader with 871 yards. For the Richmond Spiders it will be a year of reweaving. East Carolina has three good running backs and three quarterbacks available but no depth in other positions. New Coach (and old pro) Sonny Randle will have to push his Pirates.

Defense of The Citadel is the big problem for Coach Red Parker. His interior linemen are almost totally inexperienced. Davidson, a team that prefers the forward pass, may move more on the ground in its second year under Coach Dave Fagg. Bob Thalman in his first year as head coach of VMI inherits a team that had a 1-10 record and four times gave up 55 or more points in a game. No relief is in sight.

PCAA

After finishing 11-0 in 1969, San Diego State labeled the new Pacific Coast Athletic Association a hindrance and demanded the right to replace Washington State in the Pacific Eight. The Aztecs were anxious to get at USC and UCLA, a unilateral longing that fell on deaf ears. Then last November Cal State at Long Beach spoiled the protest by winning the PCAA championship and stopping San Diego's undefeated streak at 31 games. Now, with a title apiece, each team will be trying to justify its own superiority complex, a situation that might benefit a third party, the University of Pacific.

The fact that San Diego lost 18 starters is of only medium consequence considering the number of redshirts and JC transfers available, and Coach Don Coryell's 88-13-2 record. Besides, wide receiver Tom Reynolds is healthy after a year's absence and in 1969 he caught an NCAA season-record 18 touchdowns. Long Beach will miss Jim Kirby until at least midseason because of a knee injury. He had eight touchdown runs of 30 yards or more last year.

Pacific Coach Homer Smith beat eventual champ Long Beach and only missed San Diego by a point. He appears to have superior personnel, including Mitchell True, the team's best runner, and two new whippets, Clint McKinney and Toby Whipple. Fresno State must improve enough to overcome a 106-28 deficit at the hands of SDS and Long Beach. San Jose State, winner of four games in two years, is being called a contender by Coach Dewey King. Anything you say, Dewey. Santa Barbara has passer Randy Palomino, while Cal State L.A., 1-9 in 1970, figures to be "vastly improved."

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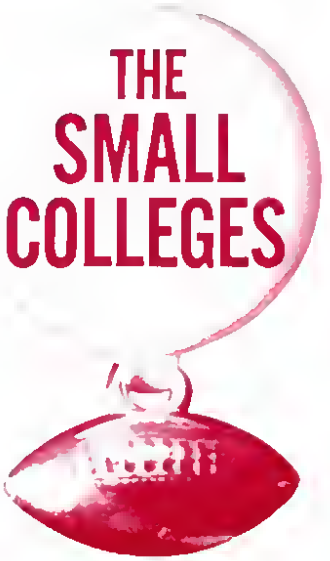
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THE SMALL COLLEGES



ARKANSAS STATE

When Bennie Ellender departed Arkansas State for Tulane he left his successor with a nod of the head, a shake of the hand and the key to the family jewels. Bill Davidson, Class of '56 and for the last eight years Ellender's offensive coordinator, inherits 17 starters from the unbeaten (11-0) national champions of 1970. As an indication of their individual worth, four of them were either first team, second or honorable-mention All-Americas.

Quarterback James Hamilton is the most valuable, if only because he has guided the team to three consecutive Southland Conference titles. He passed for 1,800 yards and 11 touchdowns last year and was the outstanding offensive player in the 38–21 Pecan Bowl win over Central Missouri.

His leading receiver, Chet Douthit, has graduated, but succeeding him is Kearney Blalack, who averaged 30 yards on kickoff returns as a freshman. Hamilton can also call on a ground game that features Calvin Harrell, who gained 1,266 yards and scored 13 touchdowns last season. Johnnie Carr was so effective as a substitute (with 596 yards rushing and six touchdowns plus 178 yards passing in three of four attempts for two touchdowns) that he has earned a starting role in the same backfield. Harrell will provide the brawn, Carr the speed.

The defense has only two vacancies. One of them is entrusted to Bill Phillips, an All-America at offensive guard, who moves to linebacker. The secondary is keyed by Dennis Meyer, who intercepted 13 passes in 1970.

Arkansas State is unbeaten in its last 19 games and hasn't suffered a conference loss since 1967. Not only does Coach Davidson have tradition and talent but by 1973 he'll be playing in a new 25,000-seat stadium. The situation is reminiscent of the teen-age son who finally gets to drive the family car. He knows it runs fast and smooth and will get lots of admiring glances at the drive-in. And he knows, too, that if he dents a fender he'll be walking again.

EASTERN MICHIGAN

When Dr. Harold E. Sponberg became president of Eastern Michigan University in 1965 the football followers around Ypsilanti rejoiced. "If we think winning is part of excellence in the academic program," said the former Gustavus Adolphus guard, "then I'm all for winning. I don't want a weak athletic program any more than I want our choir to sing off key."

Prospects for this year's choir are uncertain, but the football team should make just the kind of music Dr. Sponberg likes to hear. "This could be my best team of all time," says Coach Dan Boisture, who came to Eastern Michigan in 1967 after eight years as a Duffy Daugherty assistant at Michigan State.

The Hurons were 7-2-1 last season and the tie was with that power of powers, North Dakota State. The key performer in ground-oriented Slot-I attack should again be Tailback Larry Ratcliff, who gained 1,011 yards last fall and had runs of 83, 73, 53 and 44 yards among his 10 touchdowns. Ratcliff has a very good friend in Quarterback Bobby Hill, who calls on him 25 times every Saturday. Hill plays just the kind of quarterback expected from an ex-marine: demanding and hardnosed. He became a starter after midseason last year and under his direction the Hurons won their last four games, outscoring the opposition 129–8. Ratcliff and Hill can count on an offensive line that Boisture rates as the team's top asset.

The defense recorded five shutouts last year and, although graduation losses have changed the four-four front to a wide-tackle six, it should again be strong. The widest and best of the tackles is Dave Puricfory, a 245-pounder who runs the 40 in 4.6. End Will Foster and Back Darrell Mossburg are other capable defenders for the Hurons.

There is talent and depth at every position and a schedule that brings six of nine opponents to Ypsilanti. When the choir is also in town, there should be some big weekends for Dr. Sponberg.

EASTERN KENTUCKY

The winner of the Ohio Valley Conference should be in line for national recognition this year and a good choice for that honor is Eastern Kentucky. The Colonels came very close last season but were upset in the final game 16–13 by Morehead State to finish 8-2 and fall short by mere percentage points. There were only four seniors on that team, all of them offensive linemen. Coach Roy Kidd has gone to his stockpile of defensive talent, highlighted by Tackle Wally Chambers and Linebacker James Croudep, and made changes which should once again give Tailback Jimmy Brooks plenty of romping room. Brooks gained 1,013 yards as a freshman, 1,102 as a sophomore and 970 as a junior, and how many backs do you know who rush for 4,000 in a career?

Brooks is one of the few Eastern players who came to Richmond on a full scholarship. Of the 12 starters on last year's offensive team (two fullbacks alternated) only one other had any kind of financial aid until he proved himself on the field.

"A player can go into spring practice without a cent and come out of it with a full grant by working his way up to the first unit," says Kidd, who must treat his 50-scholarship limit like a fussbudget housewife. "Our spring practices are really something because these kids know it can mean bread in their mouths."

Kidd's formula has worked so well in his seven years as coach that the college-division football team at Eastern has succeeded the university-division basketball team as the big sport on campus. And in Kentucky that's no small accomplishment.

JACKSONVILLE STATE

Jacksonville State University is not the same school where those seven-footers play basketball. This one is in Alabama and until recently the school was consistent only in its ability to play losing football, which went right along with its reputation as the "Friendliest Campus in the South." Last fall it stopped

continued

being friendly. In a frenzied rush from mediocrity, Jacksonville State won all nine regular-season games and defeated Florida A&M 21–7 in the Orange Blossom Classic. With 18 starters returning, all of them coached by a Bear Bryant protegé of the early 1960s, mind you, the Gamecocks should again win more games than friends. Coach Charley Pell has so much material that he must talk about "overconfidence and complacency" when looking for something to complain about.

The offense last season averaged 32.5 points and 392.8 yards per game behind the passing of Quarterback Doc Lett and rushing of Tailback Boyce Callahan. The 158-pound Callahan was an exceptional freshman, gaining 1,293 yards and scoring 11 touchdowns. The defense returns everyone, including Linebacker Gary Godfrey, the Mid-South Conference MVP. It allowed only 10.4 points per game and forced a turnover once every five plays. Against Western Carolina the secondary came up with 10 interceptions, an NAIA record. With all this comes Placekicker Danny Kemp, who made nine of 15 field goal tries and scored 63 points.

When Pell took over in 1969, Jacksonville was fourth in a four-team league. "The first thing I did was look up the band director and ask for his support," says Pell, who favors the total performance approach to winning. That first team was 3-6, the second 10-0, and as for this year Pell says, "My ambition is not to beat Alabama, but to have the best small-college team in America." Rest easy, Alabama.

NORTH DAKOTA STATE

It is simpler to measure the consumption of beer during a postgame bacchanalia at Chub's Pub in Fargo, N. Dak. than to count the various streaks, skeins, runs and strings associated with the local college football team. The consecutive successes of North Dakota State now include 36 regular-season games without a loss, 33 at home, 24 in the conference, seven North Central Intercollegiate championships, six berths in the Top Ten and four bowl appearances. Coach Ron Erhardt's five-year record is 46-3-1 and he has won two national titles.

The top-poppers at Chub's Pub barely care that half of the 1970 team that finished 9-0-1 is gone. Erhardt replaced 10 offensive starters last year and still went unbeaten at a time when he could have been coaching Wisconsin of the Big Ten.

Erhardt is a consummate winner who has been associated with nine unbeaten teams in 14 years of coaching. This staggering success is due in part to a pragmatic approach that allows him to adjust and make do, plus a hunch player's knack for correctly anticipating the opposition. As one former player puts it, "Sometimes it appears he's coaching the other team."

North Dakota State's prospects are buoyed by the return of Quarterback Mike Bentson, a home-town boy who set the school total offense record last season with 1,728 yards—1,248 passing and 480 rushing. Wayne Stevenson rejoins him at fullback and top receiver Pete Lana will again line up wide. Sophomore Bruce Reimer replaces leading ground gainer Dennis Preposki but Guard Lyle Anderson returns to lead the blocking charge in those relentless Veer option sweeps.

Defensive losses include the entire linebacking unit and the right side of the four-man front. The defensive secondary, with three of four players returning, appears set. But even if it wasn't, it probably wouldn't matter a bit.

TENNESSEE STATE

Somewhere under that cloud of El Producto smoke, hidden behind dark glasses and with a natty derby balanced atop his head, is burly, flamboyant John Merritt, coach of Tennessee State. The Tigers won their third mythical black championship last year under Merritt, who came to Nashville in 1963. State's record was 11-0 and the strengths of that team return, Quarterback Joe (Jefferson Street) Gilliam and a pair of imposing offensive and defensive lines. "They won't face any tougher opposition this season than they faced out there today," said Merritt at the close of spring practice.

The worth of that line talent is reflected in Larry Woods, a second-string tackle behind returnee Ed Jones. Woods was a fourth-round draft choice of the Detroit Lions. "We either don't know our talent or we have lots of depth," says Merritt slyly.

Quarterback Gilliam—his nickname comes from the street that bisects the campus—is a drop-back passer who threw 20 times a game last season. "A pass is just a long hand-off," Merritt says, but Gilliam's seem to be longer than most since he averaged 17 yards per completion. His more conventional hand-offs go to Alfred Reese, leading rusher and scorer who also does the placekicking.

It is talent like this that has prevented a Merritt team from finishing worse than 6-3. "A Negro boy has got to be motivated to win," says Merritt. "He hasn't had much opportunity. We teach him he can't afford to muff it."

Merritt and his chief recruiter, Shannon Little, are advocates of the hard sell, although Gilliam, the son of Defensive Coach Joe Gilliam Sr., was an easy catch.

"The reason I drive a Cadillac is not because I can afford it or because I like it," Merritt says. "I drive it because it is important to present a good appearance. Boys who live on a dirt floor are bound to be impressed by a man who drives a big car and dresses well."

Chances are they'll be impressed by that 11-0 record, too, Coach.

THE REST

Montana has won all 20 of its regular-season games the past two years only to be soundly defeated by North Dakota State in the Camelia Bowl. Graduation decimated the defensive line and linebacking corps but the offense is well stocked with veterans in the backfield and interior. Delaware will be seeking its fourth straight Lambert Cup but without 15 of the starters who finished 9-2 in 1970. Coach Tubby Raymond anticipates another formidable ground attack and rushing defense. If Western Kentucky shores up its defense it could repeat as Ohio Valley Conference champion. Quarterback Leo Peckenpaugh and sophomore runners Clarence Jackson and John Embree make the offense go. Grambling Coach Eddie Robinson should notch his 200th career victory with at least seven more wins this fall. A smart set of offensive guards named Solomon (Freelon and Cannon) return from a 9-2 team. Thirteen veteran starters heighten Abilene Christian's chances but missing is Jim Lindsey, the college division's most offensive player ever. Ron Lauterbach takes his place at quarterback with a keener eye on the ground game. Don Harr set a school record with 1,106 yards rushing last year, so the Wildcats might again approach the 9-2 success level. END



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BASEBALL / *Ron Fimrite*

A fat record made to thin applause

In any serious consideration of the Detroit Tigers' beer-bellied Mickey Lolich, the American League's "other left-hander," several popular misconceptions must be discarded.

1) Lolich is not a beer drinker and 2) he is not left-handed.

Now for the facts. Lolich is overweight because that for him is being in good shape. He pitches left-handed because when he was a small boy a motorcycle fell on him and broke his left clavicle, forcing him thereafter to exercise the injured arm, which he still does. That is also why he rides motorcycles. That and because his mother told him he should stay away from them. By the same token, opposite side, he does not drink beer—except when he is very, very thirsty—because when he was young his father told him he could have one any time he felt like it. So he grew up not feeling like it.

Lest Lolich appear overly contrary, it should be explained that he has carefully nurtured a reputation for eccentricity that he once hoped would earn him the publicity an athlete of his stature merited. Alas, he has received comparatively little publicity, mainly because he has had the rotten luck to be upstaged by two more spectacular attention-getters. First there was Denny McLain, his former teammate on the Detroit Tigers, who had the bad taste to win 31 games the same year Lolich became a World Series hero. Now there is Oakland's Vida Blue, who also pitches left-handed and is virtually the only American League pitcher anybody hears about these days.

This understandably nettles Lolich, who has started more games than Blue and finished only one fewer, has nearly as many strikeouts, has pitched more innings and—most important of all—after Blue's 2–1 loss Friday could conceivably end the season with more victories, since he now trails by only one. And all this with a team that will probably win 15 fewer games than Blue's.

Lolich's sensational 1971 performance is in marked contrast to last year, when he led the American League in losses with 19. He should break the Detroit record for number of games started, which is 44 and was set by George Mullin in 1904. And he most likely will pitch more innings this year than anyone has since Bob Feller went 371 in 1946. With six more starts remaining—Lolich pitches every fourth day—he may even surpass Feller.

But the Cy Young Award for best pitcher in the league almost certainly will go to Blue.

"The publicity does it for you," Lolich says with resignation. "Nobody knows I'm around half the time. What if they should give the award to me? People would just look around and say, 'Who's he?' "

Lolich has learned to live with the knowledge that this is a Blue year. Blue is young and new; Lolich is almost 31 and has been around since 1963. Blue's team is miles out in front in the West Division; Lolich's is trying to maintain second place in the East. And anyway, playing second banana is not a new experience for Lolich. In 1968, when he won 17 games in the regular season and then proceeded to save the Series for the Tigers with three fine victories, McLain, the first 30-game winner in 34 years, was at the very top of his form on and off the field. Lolich's more modest achievements—on and off the field—were largely unrecognized.

Rumors of a feud between the two, given substance by Lolich's assertion that McLain was not exactly selfless, at least gave Lolich some reflected celebrity. Lolich now denies that any rift existed. They have always been good friends, he says. And when Lolich became a 20-game winner this year, for the first time, McLain wired congratulations. Still, as long as McLain remained in Detroit, Lolich played in the shadows. He is not, he insists, embittered by his life out of the sun. If anything, he now accepts anonymity with equanimity.

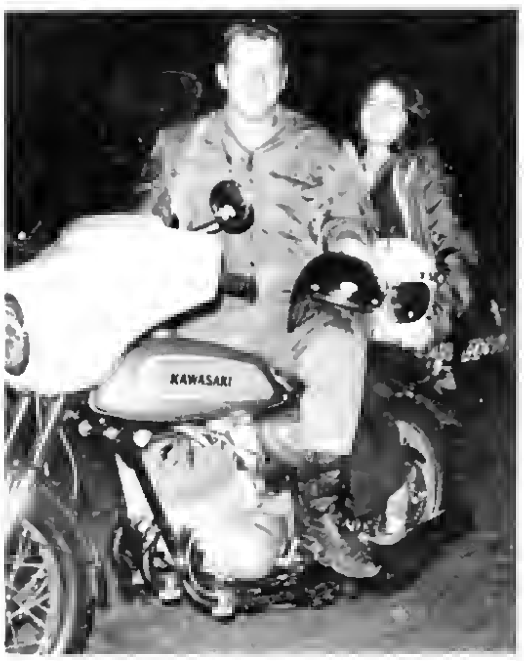
"This happens to me so much, I'm used to it," he said the day before he shut out the Indians last week for his 22nd win. "Every ballplayer wants recognition. That's the little extra you get out of the game. But I've reached the point where if I get anything at all, I'm surprised when I see it."

If the outside world remains mostly ignorant of Lolich's virtues, his employers at least are acutely conscious of them. Tiger Pitching Coach Art Fowler considers Lolich simply "the best pitcher in baseball." And Manager Billy Martin winces at the thought of where his team might be without him.

"Our motto for the first two months of the season was 'Lolich and whoever and two days of rain,' " says Martin, who is not much of a paraphraser but knows a good pitcher when he sees one. Lolich and Relief Pitcher Fred Scherman were about all the pitching staff Martin had until young Joe Coleman hit his stride. Even now, after Lolich and Coleman, Detroit's starters are named "Undecided" and "To Be Announced."

Martin visited Lolich before spring training in an effort to bolster his confidence after the dreary 1970 season, advising him that because of the paucity of available pitching talent he would be a busy man in 1971. And with the extra work, Martin told him, he should be a 20-game winner.

Lolich prepared for the task by adding seven pounds to his already well-upholstered physique. With his pants slung low and his paunch protruding, his 212



MICKEY AND JOYCE TEAM UP ON BIKE

pounds look even heavier, but Lolich is convinced the extra weight is all pitching muscle. Well, most of it, on a warm night he sweats off six or seven pounds.

"I'm in the best shape I've ever been in," he says, examining his formidable middle. "Big bellies run in my family. All the male Lolichs have them. I guess you could say I'm the redemption of the fat man. A guy'll be watching me on TV and see that I don't look in any better shape than he's in. 'Hey, Maude,' he'll holler, 'Get a load of this guy. And he's a 20-game winner.' "

Lolich also prepared for this busiest season by adding three new breaking pitches—a "cut fastball," a slider and a "hard sinker"—to a repertoire previously confined to a hard fastball and a nickel curve.

"Hitters would come up to me and say, 'Man, that was a funny-looking slider you threw at me.' And I'd say, 'That was no slider, that was my curve.' I never was able to throw a slider until this year."

Lolich began experimenting with the new pitches out of desperation. "I was willing to try anything to get out of the mess I was in," he says. He perfected the pitches in spring training and throws them now with confidence, although the fastball remains his staple. The so-called cut fastball is, in fact, only a variation of the conventional high hard one. Lolich throws it with an almost imperceptible turn of the wrist that causes the ball to swerve laterally at the last instant. He dislikes the term "sailing fastball," implying as it does a certain indecisiveness, but that's what Martin and others call the new pitch.

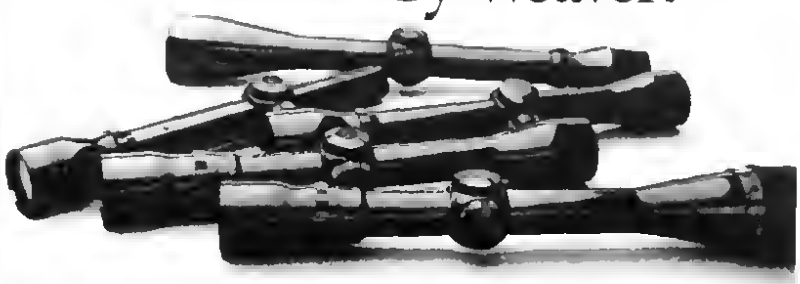
With or without the extra twist, Lolich's fastball usually moves in some direction. In his shutout of Cleveland it was moving up and the Indians were swinging under it. Seventeen fly balls were caught by the Tigers that night, eight of them in center field. With all the pop-ups, Lolich threw only 105 pitches, about 35 or 40 below his average. His control is seldom faulty, but he usually works hitters to a big count before striking them out.

The number of pitches he throws and the number of innings he pitches are testimony to his extraordinary durability. Lolich has never experienced any serious arm trouble. One possible explanation for the continued good health of his left arm is that about the only thing

continued

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he ever does with it is throw baseballs.

"I'm really right-handed," he says. "I can't do a thing left-handed except throw. Or maybe bowl. I write right-handed, I eat right-handed and I even bat right-handed."

The accident that made Lolich a lefty happened when he was about two years old and living in Portland, Ore. Little Mickey imprudently rammed a parked motorcycle with his tricycle. The big bike toppled onto him, breaking his collarbone. The therapy afterward got him accustomed to using the arm for throwing things. The accident also left him with a strange attachment to motorcycles, one not shared by his mother, who was terrified of them. Because of her refusal to allow one near the house, Lolich didn't buy his first bike until he turned 21. He now has five, including one for his wife Joyce.

Like his mom, the Tigers were not especially delighted when their star lefthander first thundered into the stadium parking lot aboard one of his machines. But Lolich has proselyted well; at least six of his teammates are now ardent cyclists. "Mickey Stanley and I once took a jump together and touched handlebars in midair," Lolich recalls with relish. "Now, that's what's known as flying in close formation."

Unbeery Mickey Lolich has been flying high all season, but the only one close to him anymore is Vida Blue. It's always somebody.

THE WEEK

by DON DELLIQUANTI

NL WEST Breathing somewhat easier, SAN FRANCISCO is moving toward what could be its first division title on the arms of Gaylord Perry, famous for that razor blade commercial with his brother Jim, and John Cumberland, famous for nothing until he started beating the Braves. A Yankee cast-off, Cumberland now is 8-3 and has compiled three of his victories against Atlanta. His latest victory, a four-hit shutout in which just one Brave, Marty Perez, reached second, followed a seven-hit shutout by Perry. Rookie Dave Kingman had three hits and two RBIs in that one but the next day was rushed to the hospital for an appendectomy. Slumping LOS ANGELES came out fighting in Houston, or at least Willie Crawford did. In a brawl that some say was better than the Ali-Ellis fight under the same dome, Crawford took umbrage at some close pitching and popped Astro Catcher Jack Hiatt, a would-be peacemaker, in the nose. The Dodgers went on to outpoint the Astros 3-2 and decisioned Houston in the next two games behind the pitching of Doyle Alexander and Don Sutton. But HOUSTON got its revenge in the series finale. With the Dodgers leading 3-2 in the fifth and the bases loaded, Cesar Cedeno of the Astros blooped a hit to right. "It was an all-time salami," said teammate Bob Watson. "We don't give him a grand salami because the ball didn't leave the park." But Cedeno touched all the bases as Second Baseman Jim Lefebvre and Rightfielder Bill Buckner avoided a collision, and the ball wound up in the right-field corner. Final score: 9-3. Steve Arlin lowered the SAN DIEGO team earned run average to 3.29, which ranks a surprising fourth in the league, as he posted a 3-2 victory over ATLANTA. Back-to-back losses to the Giants all but ended any chance the Braves had of catching the leaders of the second-place Dodgers. Said Manager Luman Harris, "We should have forfeited." Adding to Harris' woes was an injury to 21-year-old Mike McQueen, called by Henry Aaron "more like Warren Spahn than any young Braves pitcher I have seen." X rays of McQueen's elbow show a small crack that will require surgery. With trouble like that the Braves better not look back. CINCINNATI's Sparky Anderson has a new one-year contract for 1972 and would like nothing better than catching Atlanta.

SF 82-56 LA 74-65 ATL 71-70
CIN 68-73 HOUS 65-74 SD 53-88

NL EAST If PITTSBURGH had only to play the Phillies all year, there would not be much of a pennant race. The Pirates racked up 35 hits in a three-game sweep, making their two-season record against the Phillies 25-9 and extending to 25 the number of games in which Philadelphia Manager Frank Lucchesi had to call his bullpen. Lucchesi even had a comment. "I picked the Pirates to win this division real early, back in spring training. The only thing they have to worry about is what hotel to book for the celebration." ST. LOUIS has not given up the idea of enjoying the same sort of headache. Still only six games back, the Cards obtained righthander Stan Williams, a veteran of 14 seasons, from Minnesota for two farmhands. Williams will relieve when Bob Gibson and Steve Carlton are not pitching their usual complete games or Reggie Cleveland is not beating CHICAGO, as he did 6-1. Earlier, Ferguson Jenkins did what a lot of run-deprived pitchers are having to do these days. He hit two home runs and pitched his 26th complete game in a 5-2 win against Mon-

treal. This was the first game of a doubleheader, and when the Cubs lost the second 11–2, Shortstop Don Kessinger said, "The trouble with doubleheaders is that you can't enjoy the first victory too long." Glenn Beckert, batting .342, can no longer enjoy the season. He underwent surgery on his right thumb and is out for the year. MONTREAL seemed to enjoy making the leaders miserable. The latest to feel the Expos' sting were the Pirates. A four-game string, Pittsburgh's longest since July, was ended when Montreal scored three in the ninth for a 6–4 victory. Pitchers Tom Seaver and Gary Gentry kept the NEW YORK earned run average low, but nobody was particularly high on the Mets' chances of catching the leaders. The hottest pitcher around—he has not lost since Aug. 1—Seaver beat Gibson head-to-head (7–1) for the third time this season, but it was New York's only win of three against the Cards.

PITT 83-57 ST. L 78-62 CHI 73-65
NY 71-68 MONT 68-77 PHIL 67-71

AL WEST

This is the year of *No, No, Nanette* and *Follies* and now of Harvey Kuenn, the American League batting champion of 1959 who retired five years ago. Serving as a batting coach for the MILWAUKEE Brewers, the 40-year-old Kuenn needed a few more weeks to qualify as a 15-year major league veteran, so General Manager Frank Lane added him to the expanded 40-man roster. Lane claims he had an ulterior motive. "It's more than charity. I'm sure that if Harvey were to bat with a runner on second, he'd find some way to move him along." Lane might have added that he would admire anybody who could move the Brewers along. They slipped 200,000 behind their 1970 attendance. The White Sox, trying to keep MINNESOTA's Harmon Killebrew from breaking a 3-all deadlock, came up with a shift in the bottom of the 10th inning. Rightfielder Rich Morales became a second shortstop and Second Baseman Rich McKinney the fourth infielder on the left side. Only Mike Andrews, at first, was on the right side. "We had to go for the double play," said CHICAGO Manager Chuck Tanner. "We also felt that by giving Killebrew the chance to hit to right we would be taking away from his swing." No luck. Killebrew went to left anyway, and his long sacrifice fly brought home Danny Thompson with the winning run. The Twins won another cliff-hanger, this one against OAKLAND's Vida Blue. Blue had two outs and two strikes on Catcher George Mitterwald in the ninth but lost 2–1 on Mitterwald's 380-foot drive to left. It was his third one-run loss in four one-run decisions. Mike Hedlund of KANSAS CITY allowed just a third-inning single to Milwaukee's Ron Theobald, but the Brewers won anyway on a hit batsman, a walk and two infield outs—none by Kuenn—for the game's only run. CALIFORNIA Manager Lefty Phillips says his future is up to Owners Bob Reynolds and Gene Autry, which sounds like his future is up.

OAK 88-48 KC 73-64 CHI 64-73
CAL 64-74 MINN 62-73 MIL 58-78

AL EAST

"I'm amazed they don't put him in the lineup every game they face us," said BALTIMORE's Earl Weaver. "I can't believe anyone has put on a show like he has this year, unless it was Babe Ruth. Harmon Killebrew and Frank Howard don't hit us as hard on their good days." And so Sonny Siebert of BOSTON finally won his 15th game—on his eighth attempt—by blasting two home runs against the playoff-bound Orioles and by shutting them out with three hits. The performance brought Siebert's batting totals in four games against the best pitching staff in baseball to four homers, a double, a single and 11 RBIs. Weaver, in a needling mood, threw a verbal duster at Carl Yastrzemski. "Sure, I'd like to have him, but I wouldn't trade any of the four outfielders I have for him." Graig Nettles of CLEVELAND is getting known around the league, and in one way that isn't good. After hitting his 23rd home run in a 6–3 win over the Tigers, Nettles came to bat against DETROIT's Joe Niekro. On Niekro's first pitch, high and close, he threw up both hands to protect his face. The resultant damage—two sore thumbs—kept Nettles out of the next game. Very much in the game for the Tigers was Norm Cash, who was 11 for 23 in six games and drove in 12 runs, three on his 30th home run, the most he has hit since 1966. In winning his 16th game for his best season, Pitcher Joe Coleman was more sanguine about the year than Manager Billy Martin. "Look," said Coleman, who began life in the big leagues with the Senators, "it isn't any shame to finish in second place. This is my seventh year in the majors and I've been in the second division six straight times. If we don't catch the Orioles, it's still a big year for me." It still may be a big year for Bill Gogolewski, too. He became the first WASHINGTON starter to hold a winning record for the season when he defeated the Yankees 2–0 with a four-hitter. NEW YORK, which seems to unleash its frustrations with single-game outbursts separated by weeks of unproductivity, did it again. Stan Bahnsen was the beneficiary of 11 runs in the first two innings as the Yanks won 11–1 over the Senators. Still, the Yankees are a 5-10 team against Washington, and not many clubs claim that.

BALT 84-48 DET 78-61 BOST 72-68
NY 67-71 WASH 57-80 CLEV 54-84

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The U.S. turns over some land to California, but not with love

Last week, without fanfare, hoo-ha or even the sloshing about of California champagne, a 50-year lease finally went into effect turning over to the state a goodly chunk of land and beachfront belonging to the Marines' Camp Pendleton. This is a little something the President promised California last spring, and the grant includes the famous San Onofre beachfront southeast of his own San Clemente house—an area well known to surfers because of its superb waves and pretty well known to everybody else because of some all-too-colorful skirmishes between surfers and Pendleton's marines, to say nothing of the San Clemente security forces. The transfer of this property follows in the wake of some harsh remarks in Ralph Nader's current report on land abuse in California to the effect that some of Pendleton ought to be handed over to the public; the President might fairly observe that trying to give the 5½ miles of beachfront and 2,400 backup acres to the state's parks department has been one whale of an uphill job.

In part the new San Onofre Bluffs State Beach Park is wild as Quetico-Superior, though only a few steps off an asphalt strip where anybody can park a "mobile home," pour a few martinis and then set out to explore. From the San Diego Freeway, where the traffic rockets north or south through the fog at 70 to 100 mph, the brush-covered acres sloping toward the ocean seem nondescript, a seaside wasteland, from the beach below the 200-foot cliffs that terminate the sloping brushland the aspect is formidable and, on a foggy day, almost frightening. The cliffs are vertical; unlike the manicured palisades of Santa Monica, fronting a beach 500 yards wide, the San Onofre cliffs seem almost to lean over the surf and are attainable only by tortuous trails that switch back and forth across the eroded, red-brown turrets. The beach itself is minimal. Its narrow portions at the high-tide mark are only 30 feet from the foot of the cliffs.

On the cliff tops themselves San Onofre wears an often beautiful but almost impenetrable wig. From the highway right-of-way to the very edge of the cliffs and *barrancas*, the waist-deep tangle of vegetation defies anyone not equipped with a machete. There are five trails to the sea, winding through penstemon, anise, castor bean, holly and sumac—lots of sumac. But the main growth here is sage and chaparral: in the fog and mist the mute colors flaunt a few bright accents, but for the most part they are a soft tartan quilt of green—pale green, black-dark green, half a dozen gradations of grayed-green (the words gorse and heather come to mind)—with an occasional clump of delicate brown. Thrusting up mournfully from this patchwork are the white-with-char remnants of large bushes or small trees, survivors of a long-ago fire that swept the cliffs. At trail entrances, brown and yellow park department signs warn, "Dangerous bluff . . . dangerous sinkholes." Oh, yes. And there are rattlesnakes.

Beautiful, primitive, a trifle eerie, a little bit dangerous—is this the formula for a state beach or park? There may be some question, but if so it is not one of those in the minds of the people who have been dragging their feet or squawking all this time about Mr. Nixon's leasing of Camp Pendleton land to the State of California.

Back on March 31 the President announced that he would ask the appropriate Senate and House Committees on Armed Services to review his proposal to turn over the land, and 3½ miles of beachfront did in fact become available to the public on a short-term lease. The rest of the deal, however, lurched off to an unpromising start when the House Armed Services Special Subcommittee on Real Estate objected to *any* transfer. "Well, from what I understand from reading the papers," said an outraged Representative James Byrne (D., Pa.), "why, this is a real giveaway. And I will not vote to turn it over to anybody in the State of California." Representative Samuel Stratton (D., N.Y.) charged that the General Services Administration had recommended that the upland acreage be reserved for private development. Subcommittee Chairman Charles Bennett (D., Fla.) listened to the testimony of Major General George Bowman, commandant of Camp Pendleton, and came to the conclusion that the testimony did not ". . . indicate that this land is excessed as far as the Marines are concerned. Now, whether the President can make a decision contrary to the evidence of the Marines as Commander in Chief and President, under our statutes, which would override that, I am not sure that he has this kind of power."

Mr. Nixon does have this kind of power, and in July he exercised it, overriding the subcommittee's objections, but eight days later House Armed Services Committee Chairman F. Edward Hébert (D., La.) sneaked into a military construction authorization bill a provision prohibiting the transfer of any more of the beach.

While House committees and subcommittees were thus busily arguing that Mr. Nixon was taking too much away from the Marines, the *Los Angeles Times* was offering a contrary view. In an editorial the paper huffed, "Camp Pendleton has 17 miles of empty, inviting beachfront going to waste. Of course the beach should be available for maneuvers when needed. The rest of the time, however, the entire 17 miles, not just six, should be firmly in the public domain." Moreover, those Californians who chronically suspect the worst of Mr. Nixon were predicting that substantial parts of the new parkland would find their way into the hands of private developers, some of them Nixon cronies, and conservationists were sniping at the President for having reportedly remarked, during a helicopter tour of the San Onofre Bluffs, "They ought to al-

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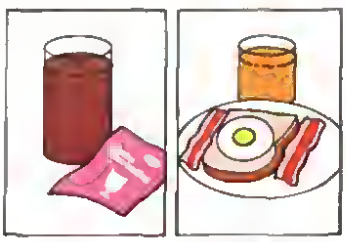
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low restaurants there because of the magnificent view."

But at least the surfers were applauding the President, right? Not exactly. Some of the nation's most renowned wave riders turned out to view the park proposal with "mixed emotions," primarily because of that unimposing northwest strip of sand and swamp called the Trestles. The surf off the San Onofre Trestles, by common consent of the area's most skillful surfers, is one of the best "breaks" on the Pacific coast, and the beach fronting it has been the scene, for the last two decades, of that other undeclared American war, Marines vs. surfers. This has been fought more or less on a man-to-man guerrilla basis, with the surfers infiltrating Camp Pendleton from U.S. 101 or approaching it by sea from north of San Mateo Point. The Marines used to send jeep patrols into the area at unpredictable times, and surfers whose boards got away from them have seen them confiscated. Once, in 1969, the Marines' frustration at being unable to track the enemy into the sea led to gunfire: Dick Barrymore, a documentary film maker from Dana Point, and Wayne Schafer, a Capistrano Beach real estate broker, spent some anxious moments under their boards. But Barrymore, for one, did not greet the news that the Trestles were to be declared On Limits with any particular enthusiasm. "I think they should start on the other side of the nuclear power plant [an installation smack in the midst of the disputed beachfront] and go for whatever he wants to give away, but leave the entire Trestle and San Onofre area alone. The Trestles is one of the best waves in Southern California. But if you get 20 people taking off on a wave there's very little any one of the 20 can do. If you open the Trestles up and make it a park nobody will be able to surf there because everybody'll be there. Personally, I'd rather take my chances with sneaking in." Wayne Schafer agrees, and speaks with some nostalgia of the bad old days. "We'd park our cars along old 101 and leg it across that riverbed, which was a beautiful strip. There were deer and birds and all kinds of wild creatures and it was always a nice experience. It was pre-Vietnam, you know. They were training the marines, and we'd play hide and

continued





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seek. And sometimes we would outleg them to the water and sometimes they would cut us off."

It is hard to say what the California Department of Parks and Recreation could work out to preserve, for Barrymore and Schafer, the fun of dodging bullets in the surf, but back in the spring Deputy Director Robert Meyer tried to put some other fears for the area to rest. He declared himself certain that once the package was safely under the jurisdiction of California Parks Director Bill Mott, the chances of developers muscling in on it were nonexistent. "If in fact the statement attributed to the General Services Administration is true, that the upland site could be an ideal subdivision, I feel it shows atrocious judgment," Meyer said. "We are determined to make campsites. We have a shortage of 30,000 campsites in Southern California and this will help alleviate it.

"We will cut some additional trails to the beach, and some areas will have to have guardrails to protect people who are unwilling or unable to protect themselves. And wilderness people may object, but we feel we must widen one of the trails to the beach—probably the southernmost one—to be jeepable in case of an accident at sea level. We expect heavy use, and will provide normal supervision and protection, facilities to cope with trash, lifeguards and so on. But no luxuries."

As for the Trestles, Meyer said that the hot surfers could quit worrying. "We have no intention of opening it to novices. We have full authority to declare certain areas of beach available only to skilled athletes, especially areas that might be dangerous to others. The experienced surfers are safe—at least from us."

Well, with the state's signing of the lease on Sept. 1 the San Onofre Bluffs State Beach Park has officially started its 50-year run, and we can all settle down to watch and wait. Will developers weasel their way into San Onofre's 2,400 acres? Will there be restaurants on the San Onofre Bluffs? Will Trestles surfers find themselves working 30 surfers to a wave? Above all, land reform fans, is President Nixon going to go through all this stuff again to release federal lands to the states, no matter *what* Ralph Nader says? **END**



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Garbage, grit and the Hambletonian miracle

In the continuing saga of New York's Antonacci family, which used a sanitation biz as the springboard to victory in the 1969 trotting classic, they again invoke some lofty assistance, reinvade Du Quoin—and win!

Frank and Tom Antonacci are the proprietors of the Crown Carting Company of Flushing, N.Y. In plain words, they are in the business of collecting garbage. With three trucks and six employees, they serve 800 restaurants and food stores. Not a huge operation, as garbage goes, but a good, steady living for two Italian-Americans who scratched up from the streets of New York.

The Antonaccis have another interest, harness racing, and their specialty is driving the sport's established owners bananas by the incredible ease with which they pick off big races. They have only a three-horse stable, featuring a colt lucky even to be walking, but last week they showed up at trotting's premier event, the Hambletonian—and they did it again. On a hot, dusty afternoon in Du Quoin, Ill., the lucky colt, named Speedy Crown, demolished the world's best 3-year-olds in two straight heats, the first being the second fastest (1 57²s) in Hambo history. Maybe it shouldn't have been all that surprising. Two years before, these same Antonaccis—then hooked up with their kinsman Guy Antonacci and other garbage-collecting cousins, the Lomanginos—had knocked off the Hambo in their first try with an animal named Lindy's Pride. Then, as now, their winning driver was an Ohio cowboy named Howard Beissinger.

Last week Frank and Tom Antonacci, along with their bounteous families, came out of the stands in giggling, wiggling numbers and overflowed Victory Lane, collecting $64,885 of the $129,770 purse. "To have one Hambletonian winner was a miracle," said Frank Antonacci, "but to have two in three years — plain people like us— is unbelievable. I think God must be with us."

When Lindy's Pride won in 1969, harness racing gave itself a pat on the back as a truly democratic sport. But in November of that year, after Lindy had swept the top five 3-year-old stakes, the Antonaccis and Lomanginos had a "disagreement over certain aspects of the horse business," as Frank puts it. The Lomanginos bought out the Antonaccis and took over Lindy Farms, while the Antonaccis momentarily dropped out of the sport.

By April 1970, Frank and Tom had decided they missed racing too much, so they paid Beissinger $20,000 for a colt named Headin 'n Heelin. He was named—and bred—by Beissinger, an easy-smiling horseman who would almost as soon be bulldogging steers at rodeos as driving harness horses. The colt was the first foal of the mare Missile Toe, who is owned by Beissinger. His sire, Speedy Scot, won the 1963 Hambletonian for the esteemed Castleton Farm and is a most promising young stallion. The Antonaccis liked everything about the colt except his name, which they changed to Speedy Crown—after their business, of course. Right away they had some bad luck.

"When I sold the colt, he had a little splint about the size of a chestnut below his left knee," Beissinger recalled one morning last week. "The splint began to hurt him about a month after the Antonaccis bought him."

It hurt so much, in fact, that Beissinger called in Dr. William Lee, a Florida veterinarian, to remove it. The operation was successful but rather odd: instead of more normal surgical tools, Dr. Lee used a hammer and chisel to take it off.

Thereafter nobody heard much about Speedy Crown until early this summer, when he won five straight races at Scioto Downs, then three straight at Vernon. He entered the Hambletonian picture last month at The Meadows, when he was parked out an entire race but lost to Castleton Farm's much-touted Hoot Speed by only half a length. "That's when I began to think he had it," said Beissinger.

From there Beissinger and Speedy Crown took an unusual route to Du Quoin's Victory Lane. The colt was not eligible for the big Hambletonian prep races at Springfield, Ill. and Indianapolis. "I was too cheap to nominate him, I guess," said Beissinger. "You can't stake him for all of them unless you're a millionaire."

So while Hoot Speed was winning at both Springfield and Indianapolis, and thereby gathering momentum and support for the Hambletonian, Beissinger had to be content with time trials and workouts. Even when Speedy Crown turned in a hot 1:57⁴s trial at Indianapolis, many horsemen shrugged. They still had to be shown what he could do under the Hambo's special conditions—two heats or more against top competition under a killer sun.

Last Wednesday Du Quoin awoke to overcast skies, but around noon the sun blazed out. Among the early racegoers were Janna Spear and Phil Bersinger, a pair of 18-year-old Californians who had won an expenses-paid trip to the Hambletonian by virtue of their Aug. 9 appearance on TV's *The Dating Game*. Asked how she liked Du Quoin in comparison with, say, Hawaii or the Bahamas, Janna smiled bravely and said, "Oh, the people are great but—ugh—I don't like the humidity." Which is more, probably, than Karen and Rich Carpenter could say. At their Tuesday night performance at Du Quoin's fair, the popular singers quit in the middle of their

continued

THE HORN heralds yet another Antonacci victory. That's Frank, with part of his family, and Speedy Crown winning the first heat.






3
3

last number and walked off the stage. Seems they were a bit miffed because many of the farm folks in the crowd began to leave. The Carpenters obviously never had to milk cows.

Unaccustomed to multiple miracles, the experts looked for a wide-open race, no fewer than four of the nine starters having trotted miles in two minutes or less. It was a bookie's dream, entirely in the mind, of course, because bookies and totes and such are forbidden at Du Quoin. In the old days, or so legend has it, there was a man who hung around the lobby of the antiquated St. Nicholas Hotel in downtown Du Quoin. He was noted for two things. One was writing obscene poetry. The other was making book on the Hambo. Had he been doing his thing last Wednesday, he probably would have made Speedy Crown and Hoot Speed co-favorites.

The owners made a most unlikely match-up. Hoot Speed (also a son of Speedy Scot) trots for one of the most prestigious operations in the sport. Castleton Owner Frederick Van Lennep is tall, elegant, rich and powerful. The Castleton empire consists of three farms—1,000 and 800 acres in Kentucky and a 900-acre spread in Florida. In addition Van Lennep runs racetracks in Florida and Michigan, not to mention a Florida dog track. Last week he and his family glided into Du Quoin in a large, lavish, customized bus.

In the first swift heat of the Hambo, Hoot Speed challenged pace-setting Speedy Crown from the half-mile mark to the top of the stretch but broke stride and faded back to eighth. In the second, Hoot raced gamely near the front for three quarters and finally finished a well-beaten third. In the overall standings, Hoot Speed was fourth, preceded by the Billy Haughton-driven A.C.'s Orion and Savoir, Jimmy Arthur driving.

Speedy Crown's margin of victory the first time around was an easy three lengths, and in the second, when the humidity deflated some of his rivals, his superb condition paid off. He came back fit and strong to win by 2½ lengths in 1:58⅕. "My horse trotted real well," said Jimmy Arthur, "but Speedy Crown was the best today." Some thought he might become one of the best ever. "I've never seen a colt who could trot more than this one," said Delvin Miller, the owner-breeder-driver-trainer who is harness racing's most conspicuous personality. Miller, a sometime reindeer driver—he claims West Germany's Gerhard Kruger blind-sided him into a Swedish ditch during an exhibition of Santa-class trotters one memorable day—added a little international tang to Victory Lane by presenting a Scandinavian rune stone to Beissinger. This was a modern tablet carved in the primitive manner of authentic stones, and on it was an invitation to the winner to race in Stockholm. Kruger himself was at Du Quoin behind an American-bred, Italian-owned

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colt, Top Hanover, which finished seventh in a field of nine.

Beissinger, not a man to brag, allowed that Speedy Crown was "as good" as Lindy's Pride. On the track Beissinger had been entirely confident, cutting out all the pace in both heats.

"Hoot Speed just wasn't right today," said the colt's trainer-driver, Glen Garnsey, who was sorely disappointed. So was Van Lennep. After the Hambletonian he was in the bus, discussing the race with friends.

"By the way," said one, "what business are those people in?"

"Garbage," replied Van Lennep. "I understand there is good money in garbage."

Meanwhile, the Antonaccis were putting on their cast-of-thousands act at a party given by Bill Hayes of the Du Quoin trotting dynasty. The adults sipped champagne, except for Frank, who toasted the victory with orange soda. All the little Antonaccis—Frank and Tom married sisters in 1949 and now each has four children—hovered around the *hors d'oeuvres* table. Pretty Francine, 19, one of Frank's children, was worried. She had told her boss she was sick so she could get to the race, and she wondered if she might be fired.

Tom Antonacci remembered to call his mother, Amelia, who was born in Italy and now resides in Copiague, Long Island. She reminded him of something he had forgotten in the excitement: it was her 66th birthday.

In the Crown Carting Company, Frank works outside with the drivers and trucks while Tom stays in the office and tends to bookkeeping. Somebody asked Tom if he planned to give his employees a day off to celebrate.

"I'd like to, but I can't," he said. "You know, the garbage must be picked up no matter what. Look," he added, "I love the horses, but garbage is my bread and butter."

Sure. In the meantime, other owners had better start worrying about the 1973 Hambletonian. Remember that mare Missile Toe? Speedy Crown has a little sister named Speedy Toe, just a yearling now, which means she will be the right age for Du Quoin in two years. The Antonaccis own her. Beissinger will train and drive her. Just remember to have plenty of *hors d'oeuvres*, Bill Hayes. **END**



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The Northwestern Hawaiian Islands, sometimes called the Leeward Archipelago, are among the most isolated bits of land in the world. The archipelago is a necklace of lava rocks, coral reefs and sandbars, with the easternmost island of the chain, Nihoa, some 270 miles from Honolulu, and the western outpost, Kure, 1,000 miles farther away. Polynesians briefly colonized Nihoa seven or eight centuries ago, leaving behind only a few domestic plants and certain massive stone sculptures of the Tahitian type. Around 1900 guano diggers worked several of the islands, including Midway, but they departed long before the area became of interest to American and Japanese military strategists during World War II. Currently, there is a naval installation on Midway and a Coast Guard navigational aid station on Tern Island. (Eighteen men spend a grumbling year without relief on this enlarged sandbar, the Coast Guard's loneliest duty spot.) Otherwise the Leewards are uninhabited, and have been ever since they rose out of the sea 25 million years ago.

Despite their insignificant area (in the archipelago there are only 3,200 acres of sometimes dry land) and because of their isolation from human affairs, the islands are one of the most extraordinary wildlife breeding grounds in the Pacific and, in fact, on the planet. Hundreds of continued

Then Came Man and a Mustard Seed

. . . and the seed grew, a scaurge over the islands, threatening the seabirds, green turtles and whelping seals. Because the smallest germ of civilizatian can devastate nature's outposts in the Pacific Ocean, few men are permitted to set faat an them

by BIL GILBERT

thousands of screaming, fiercely competing seabirds have established enormous rookeries on the bare sands and rocks. In the spring, for example, there are more than a quarter of a million albatrosses on 1,000-acre Laysan Island. One of the few remaining nesting grounds of the green sea turtle is in the Leewards. The turtles once were found worldwide and laid eggs in the sands of our south Atlantic and Gulf beaches. This population has been almost totally wiped out by egg and meat hunters, pollution and the resort trade. Also, the archipelago is the only place where the Hawaiian monk seal, of which 1,000 individuals survive, still whelps. Finally, there evolved on these tiny dabs of land seven terrestrial birds found no place else. Four of these still survive, but barely. The three other species became extinct just 10 years after the archipelago was brushed by civilization during this century.

Because the wildlife was there and because it was obvious, given the fragility of the habitat, that the wildlife would very soon be gone if man encroached even casually, the archipelago (excluding Midway) was set aside in 1909 by Theodore Roosevelt as a sanctuary. The Hawaiian Islands National Wildlife Refuge, to give the preserve its official name, is administered and guarded by the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, an Interior Department agency. Currently two bureau biologists who work out of Honolulu—Eugene Kridler, the refuge manager, and his assistant, Dave Olsen—are responsible for the management. Weather and the military permitting (the Navy and Coast Guard supply transport and logistic support when convenient), they try to visit the major islands and reefs a couple of times a year. Once in their refuge, Kridler and Olsen have a variety of biological chores. They tag sea turtles and seal pups. They make precise counts of the four surviving species of birds. (The current census is: 100 Laysan ducks, 400 Nihoa miller-birds, 7,000 Laysan finches, 3,000 Nihoa finches.) The bureau guardians also keep a general eye on the welfare and security of the vast colonies of seabirds. Occasionally the biologists take along a visitor on these trips, someone with a special interest in the sanctuary and, preferably, somebody with a strong back to help with the horse work of wrestling 400-pound turtles and 600-pound seals. Otherwise, permission to enter the refuge is granted charily by the bureau, being given only to scientific parties with the most impeccable credentials and purest motives. As a rule not more than a dozen men are allowed to visit these public lands in a year.

The very existence of these forbidden islands raises the question, what use are they if they cannot be used? The Northwestern Hawaiian Islands are naturally endowed in ways that would make any resort promoter drool options and four-color brochures, and the prospect of unlocking the archipelago is not entirely fanciful. These days Honolulu newspapers and TV stations are advertising "get-away-from-it-all" vacation developments in the New Hebrides, 3,200 miles southwest of Waikiki. In the Leewards the temperature range is perfect, from the low 60s to the mid 80s, and except for warm rain during the winter months and an occasional typhoon, the sky is a turquoise bowl with cotton marshmallow clouds. The water over the reefs is inexpressibly clear, the color of creme de menthe. At midday, flying 50 feet over a lagoon, the fairy tern—a delicate white bird that looks more like a peace symbol than any dove ever sketched—so faithfully reflects the light and the color of the sea that for that moment a new species is created, the mint-green Leeward tern.

The most common sort of island in the archipelago is sandy, with bars, spits and strands. At the surf line there will be a streak of mixed color, a wind and water row of exotic shells. On the crown of some of the islands, there is a splash of green where a few low vines and tough grasses cling tenaciously. For the most part though, the islands are dead and bone white, the sand being composed of coral ground in grades from powder to grit to gravel. Against the reflecting water, under a torturous noontime sun, the coral sand burns the eyeballs like the arc of a welder's torch.

East Island is such an island. It is a long, flat, 10-acre bar. If mowed, all the coarse vegetation growing on its crown would not make 50 bales of hay. Yet, from a mile across the water, East Island appears to have what none of these islands have, trees and bushes. Approaching closely, easing through the coral heads, the thickets begin to shimmer and dissolve like a water molecule viewed through a powerful microscope and turn out to be not plants at all but animals, dense clouds of hovering, circling, gliding birds.

The pelagic species that come each spring to lay, incubate their eggs and rear their chicks are in such numbers that they defy conventional biological census tak-



ing. In May there probably are more than 100,000 seabirds on the island, above it or trying to get to it. Sooty terns—black and white crow-sized creatures—are the most common. Thousands squat over the single eggs they lay on the sand. There are as well two kinds of albatrosses, boobies, noddies, shearwaters, tropic and frigate birds. The inhabitants utilize every available scrap of East Island above the normal tide line.

Below that, in the shallow water, are turtles and seals. The turtles heave themselves onto the wet beaches to take the sun, letting it work therapeutically on the grotesque scales and parasites that hang from their shells and flesh. Other turtles by the score float just off the island, basking and copulating. Seal families—a cow and her single pup—are dispersed among the turtles. The females are gray, their almost-hairless hides scarred from shark attacks, coral abrasions and the violence of their own courting and aggressions. They are awkward on land but fiercely protective of their young. They lash out, roaring, snarling and showing their formidable teeth if they are disturbed by another seal or intruder. The pups are lamblike, lamb-sounding, small, black, velvety tubs of fat and mother's milk. They bleat piteously, making a "barf, barf" sound if they become separated even momentarily from their dams.

At its southwest end East Island narrows to a spit of absolutely bare white sand. The promontory is often swept clean by the surf and is only a marginal nesting place for the birds, used sparingly by latecomers and weaklings. On those days when there is a calm sea, it is possible to land there, lay out a tarp, flashlights, lifejacket pillows, some food and drink and spend the night on the island.

An hour before sundown the bird colony begins to increase dramatically as adults who have been fishing at sea return to feed chicks and roost on, or at least hover over, the sand until daybreak. While it remains light, the armadas of returning birds are silhouetted against the flaming Pacific sunset, at times nearly blotting it out. The only eccentric movements, eddies in the steady homing currents, are made by the frigate birds, those big, vaguely vulturine creatures whose aerial skills are matched only by the peregrine falcon. The frigates seldom, if ever, hunt for themselves but hijack fish from birds that do. The evening flocks, returning like honest merchantmen to port, must run a gauntlet of frigates that idle above, long wings set at full sail, waiting to plunder and sack. Selecting a victim, the frigate swoops, forcing the unfortunate bird to either disgorge its fish (whereupon the frigate neatly seizes the food in midair) or be driven down into the water, where a variety of predatory fish await, swimming close to the surface.

After dark, as the river of birds continues to break over the island, the wedge-tailed shearwaters begin what might charitably be called their vespers. The shearwaters are diggers, burrowing nest tunnels in the sand, and at night they sit in the holes and moan. It is a nightmare, low-budget horror-movie moan, a long, cackling, desperate wail that it is said has terrified more than one sailor. There are lesser but no less curious night sounds. Cow seals roar and bellow, contributing an odd jungle tone. Female turtles lurch out of the water like prehistoric half-tracks. They crunch over eggs, living and dead birds and slide across seal afterbirth. Eventually they reach the center of the island, where they spend the night scooping out a pit, laying eggs in it and covering and tamping down the sand over the nest they will leave by dawn and never visit again.

Above everything else is the incredible storm of birds. A strong flashlight beam will penetrate the darkness only a few feet, as the light is obscured by whirling bodies. To walk about, it is necessary to shield one's face and eyes with a hat and forearm to avoid wings, beaks and talons. Hostility and aggression are not involved; it is simply a matter of lack of space for all the living beings trying to occupy the island. Each morning there are crippled birds—soon in the unshaded tropic sun to be dead birds—flailing and shuddering on the ground, victims of aerial collisions.

The noise of the calling and moving birds is deafening and continues throughout the night. It is the sound of future traffic jams, industrial complexes and wars, noise greater than any we have yet managed to make. The sounds, smells, look and feel of this fecund, fetid place provide a weird, sensual psychedelic trip, the transporting agent being raw, unadulterated life.

Lava rocks, the remains of ancient volcanic action, form the other type of island in the archipelago. An example is La Perouse, a black pinnacle that rises 122 very straight feet out of the ocean. La Perouse has no beach, and any climb of the island begins with a dive from a boat, a swim and then a wait in the

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S3N51 DICK BUTKUS, Chicago		8N74 MERLIN OLSEN, Los Ang		6A16 LEN DAWSON, Kansas City	
3N40 GALE SAYERS, Chicago		8N75 DEACON JONES, Los Ang		7A12 BOB GRIESE, Miami	
4N44 LEROY KELLY, Cleveland		9N30 BILL BROWN, Minn.		7A39 LARRY CSONKA, Miami	
4N78 BILL NELSEN, Cleveland		12N18 BEN HAWKINS, Phila		S8A12 JOE NAMATH, New York	
5N14 CRAIG MORTON, Dallas		13N34 ANDY RUSSELL, Pitts.		8A13 DON MAYNARD, New York	
5N22 BOB HAYES, Dallas		14N8 LARRY WILSON, St. Louis		8A41 MATT SNELL, New York	
5N30 DAN REEVES, Dallas		15N12 JOHN BRODIE, San Fran		9A3 DARYLE LAMONICA, Oakland	
5N74 BOB LILLY, Dallas		16N9 SONNY JURGENSEN, Wash		9A83 BEN DAVIDSON, Oakland	
8N20 LEM BARNEY, Detroit		16N42 CHARLEY TAYLOR, Wash		10A19 LANCE ALWORTH, S. D	
6N24 MEL FARR, Detroit		1A35 JIM NANCE, New England		10A12 JOHN HADL, San Diego	
6N71 ALEX KARRAS, Detroit		2A36 O. J. SIMPSON, Buffalo			

water to catch a swell that hopefully will throw one against the black cliffs, where a handhold or foothold may be found on the lava. The ascent is bad. Startled seabirds scream and rocket out of their nest crevices. Guano deposits, which crumble like papier-mâché, obscure the holds and make them slippery and treacherous. It is vertical all the way up, with a climber suspended over the razorlike lava outcroppings and the open sea below.

After ascending and descending, any visitor with enough adrenaline remaining can continue adventuring below La Perouse. Because of the purity of the sea, diving and underwater gawking are excellent throughout the archipelago and especially phenomenal around the lava islands. A few feet under the surface the water is effervescent as champagne because of the action of the surf against the lava cliffs. At La Perouse there are underwater caves, some eaten entirely through the base of the island. Suspended against the inward pull of these dark siphons, a diver moves among fluttering, curious schools of tang, parrot, butterfly and goat fish, so brilliantly colored as to make birds appear drab in comparison. Evil-looking green-and-black-ringed eels writhe through the coral. Tame, stately rays flap slowly by like flights of soaring eagles.

There are other, less benign, beasts. The waters of the archipelago are full of sharks, particularly just off the lava cliffs. Predators wait in these depths to scavenge young birds that fall from the rocks or, for that matter, wait for anything edible.

Necker is a larger island than La Perouse's pinnacle but similar in that its lava walls make for difficult landings. Dave Olsen is a large (6′ 4″, 220 pounds), athletic man, not too long past his days as a college football lineman. He is also a strong swimmer, proficient enough to have competed for the U.S. in international skin diving meets. In the process of trying to get a field party onto Necker, Olsen volunteered to dive from the rubber landing raft being used to transport gear and the less aquatic members of the party ashore. "I saw the tiger sharks when I was about halfway to the rocks," he said later. "There are a lot of theories about what to do—stay quiet, get away quick, pray, cry.

continued



If you're too old to have diaper rash... it must be something else.

It's jock itch. Jock itch is a fungous infection.

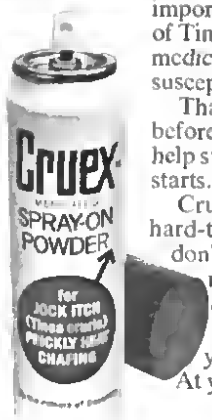
That's why it keeps coming back even though you've tried all sorts of remedies. Including baby powders and salves. They may be okay for diaper rash. But not jock itch!

Now you can get relief with Cruex®. A spray-on powder specifically made to fight jock itch.

Cruex spray soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Cushions against further irritation.

Cruex absorbs sweat (one important factor in the growth of Tinea cruris fungi.) Its medication directly attacks susceptible fungi.

That's why using Cruex before and after exercise can help stop jock itch before it starts.



Cruex spray cools; gets into hard-to-get-at places. (And you don't make it sting or burn by rubbing, dabbing, smearing or spreading anything on.)

Cruex spray is easy on you. It's strictly hands off. At your pharmacy. **CRUEX®**

Cruex. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

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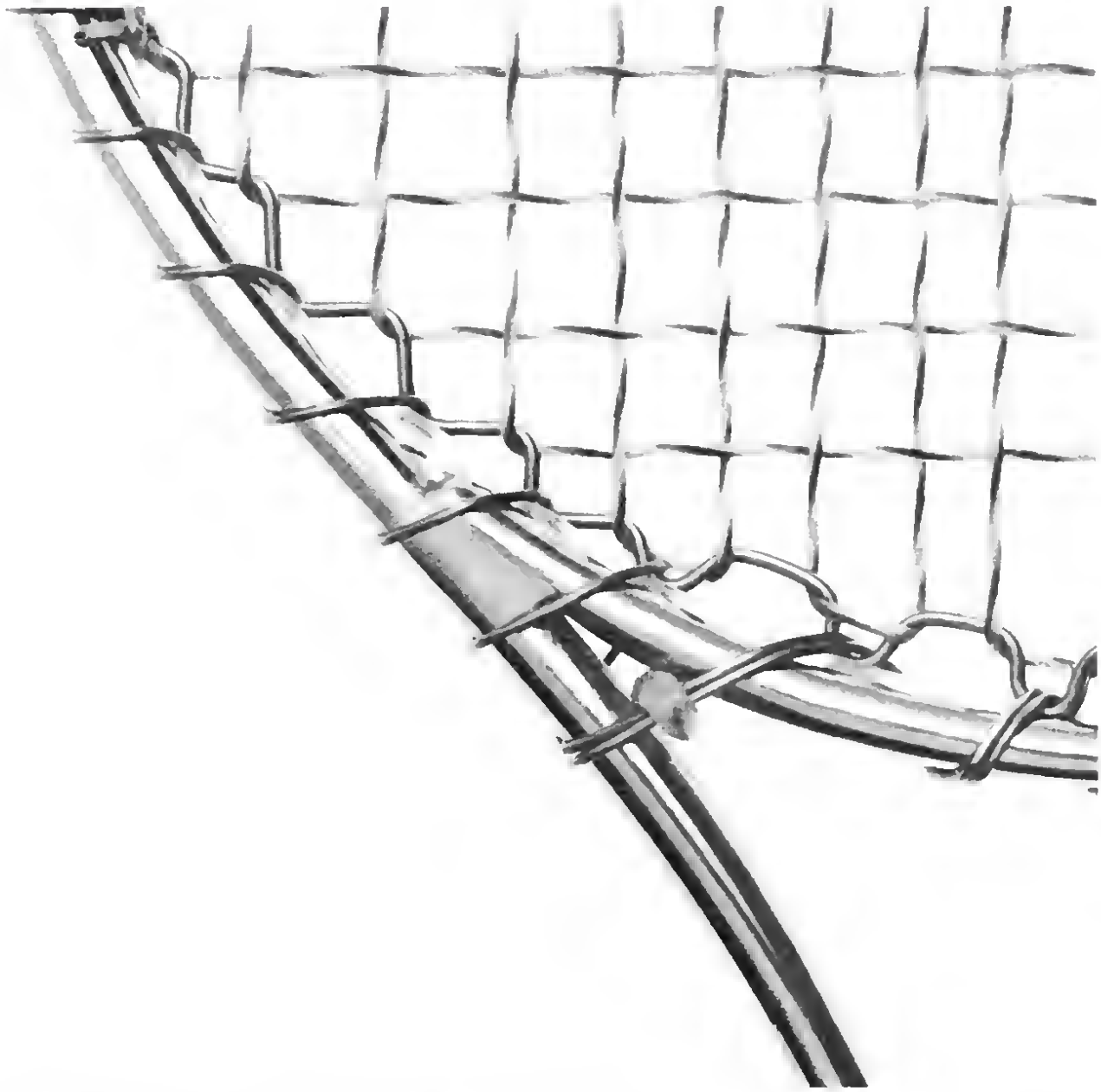
Trout trapper.

Not all 35mm reflex cameras are fast enough to catch a fish on the fly. When you look away to adjust the camera, your trout might steal away with your picture. With a Minolta SR-T 101, the shutter speed and lens opening indicators are inside the viewfinder. So you can frame, focus, adjust exposure and (nibble) get the shot fast and easy.

Minolta SR-T 101, from about $260. The Minolta SR-T 100, about $220. Look for a little "M" tag attached to Minolta SR cameras. It assures you of a 2-year warranty, according to the terms of the U.S.A. warranty registration packed with the camera.

Minolta

For literature, write Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.



Wilson T2000. The little wires

Too many metal rackets would have you believe they can help you play more powerful, more controlled tennis simply because they are metal rackets.

They should know better.

The WILSON T2000, grand-daddy of them all, had the edge on them right from the start: a patented string suspension system called the crown-and-wrap. It can help you do almost everything better.

The crown-and-wrap system leaves the strings free to give and take tension, to accommodate one another, to deliver the perfect degree of pace and angle that your head is asking for when it swings your arm and racket into a shot.

Taut strings on tight wires...like live nerves. The racket is hypersensitive. Ordinary rackets, frame-strung, can't give you the "feel" you need, for example, to finesse a neat drop shot.

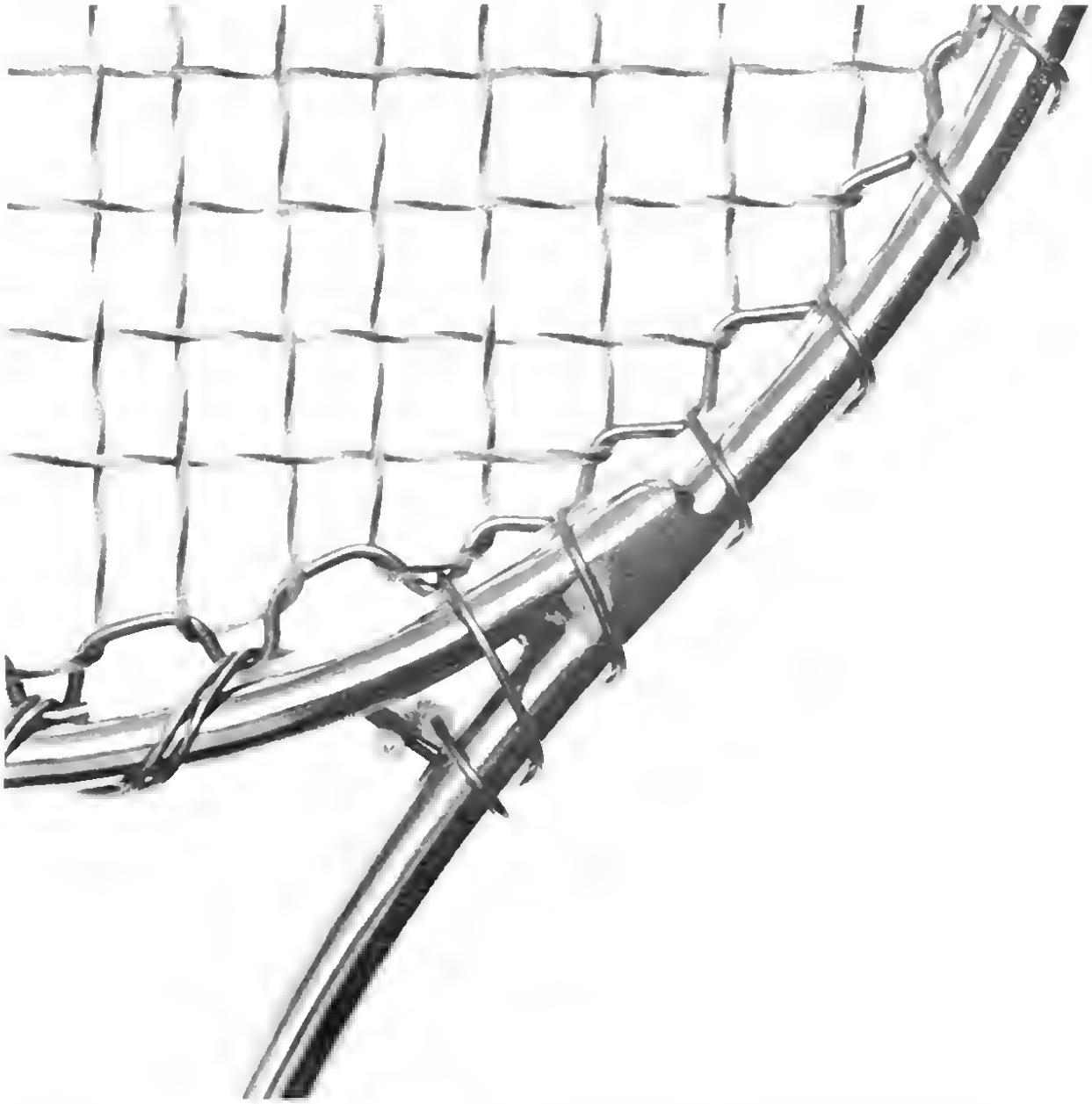


Cutting loose on a smash or a cannonball serve, the whole head of the racket acts like a small trampoline, powering the ball back at many times your own strength. Man, it satisfies!

But, let's be realistic: nobody hits them all dead-center. How about all those times you settle for getting just a piece of the racket on the ball?

The crown allows some "give" around the edges of the frame, which wouldn't happen if the strings went into the frame. So the T2000 can respond to those off-target hits with all the authority that most rackets save for bulls-eyes.

That's the kind of help you need from a racket.



are a big help to your game.

Tennis people would know that. Only someone who has a deep understanding of what happens when ball meets racket could conceive the advantages of a crown-and-wrap suspension...or the mobility and balance of an Astro-Bow frame...or the sure feel of a top-grade calfskin grip.

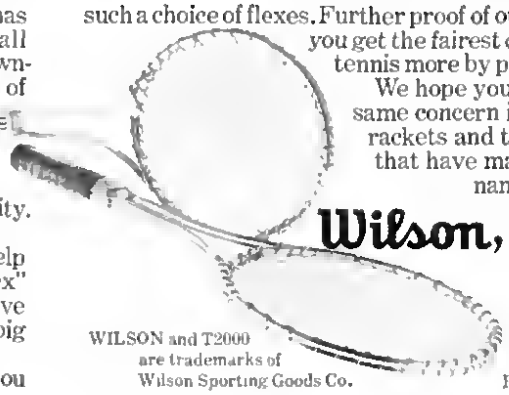
All of which explains why the Wilson T2000, first of the metal rackets, is still the best. Machine-tested for durability. Tournament-tested for playability. No complaints.

If you're an average player and can use some help putting speed on the ball, you should buy the "R Flex" model. The "Firm Flex" model is slightly stiffer, to give our power-hitting friends better control of their big game.

The T2000 is the only metal racket that gives you such a choice of flexes. Further proof of our concern that you get the fairest chance to enjoy tennis more by playing it better.

We hope you will read that same concern in all the other rackets and the tennis balls that have made Wilson the name of the game.

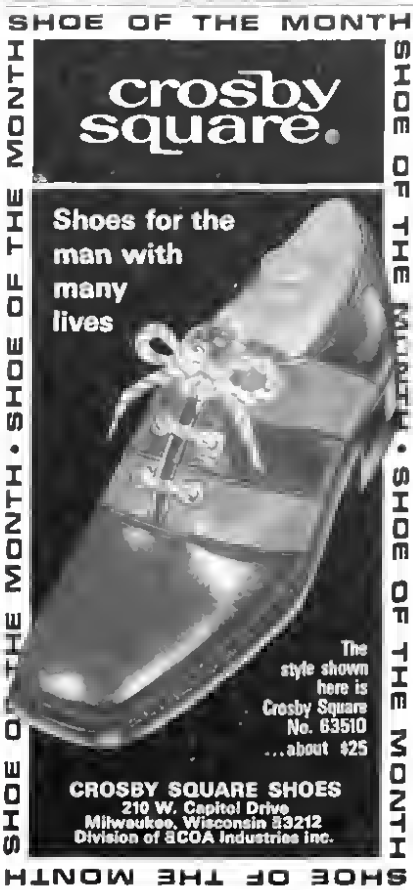
Wilson, anyone?



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String suspension system licensed under patents of Rene Lacoste.









Ted Williams and Bill Talbert and Jean-Claude Killy and Bob Cousy and Jack Nicklaus—just a few of the top sports professionals who make SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's "instructionals" one of the magazine's most rewarding features.

But it's our own professionals who every week write and edit SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that give the magazine its continuity and its tradition. Our by-liners aren't playing pros—but you could call them prose pros. Or even: all pros and no cons.

Mustard Seed

continued

There is a lot of chicken in me. I always try to run. It seemed that just my flippers were on water, I was trying to get out of there so fast. When I got to the rocks, there were more sharks. I grabbed at the cliff but missed it and fell back in. Now there were dozens of sharks below, above, circling me. On the next try I must have set a world's record for a high jump from a water takeoff."

With the panting Olsen out of reach, the shark pack, now numbering some 60 fish, swerved toward the raft in an investigatory fashion. "Olsen is too big," somebody said. "They want us to throw them a smaller one."

Though the Northwestern Hawaiian Islands have been a federal sanctuary throughout most of this century, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife was unable until 1964 to assign a full-time manager. That was when Gene Kridler moved to Hawaii and took on the assignment. Now Kridler knows the stretch of reef and water better than any other man. He is unabashedly enamored with the place and his work in it.

"It bothers me a lot that Dave and I and a few others are the only ones who can know any of this," he says, speaking of the mint-green terns and schools of flaming fish, the incredible wildlife light-and-sound show on East Island, the immaculate coral sands and more. "After all, this is public land, it belongs to every American, but what are we going to do? If we are going to keep it as it is, general public use cannot be permitted."

According to all past experience, current ecological theory and fact, Kridler is speaking the uncomfortable truth. If the Leewards were exposed to what is sometimes called civilization, the wildlife that currently finds sanctuary there would be devastated within a matter of years. A few military landing exercises, an airstrip, a marina, even regular visits by such sensitive parties as bird watchers, photographers and skin divers would create havoc.

Island life has fascinated natural historians ever since they began to take a clinical look at biological dynamics. The whole theory of evolution might well have come to us in a different form, at a different time and from a different agent had not Charles Darwin sailed on

continued

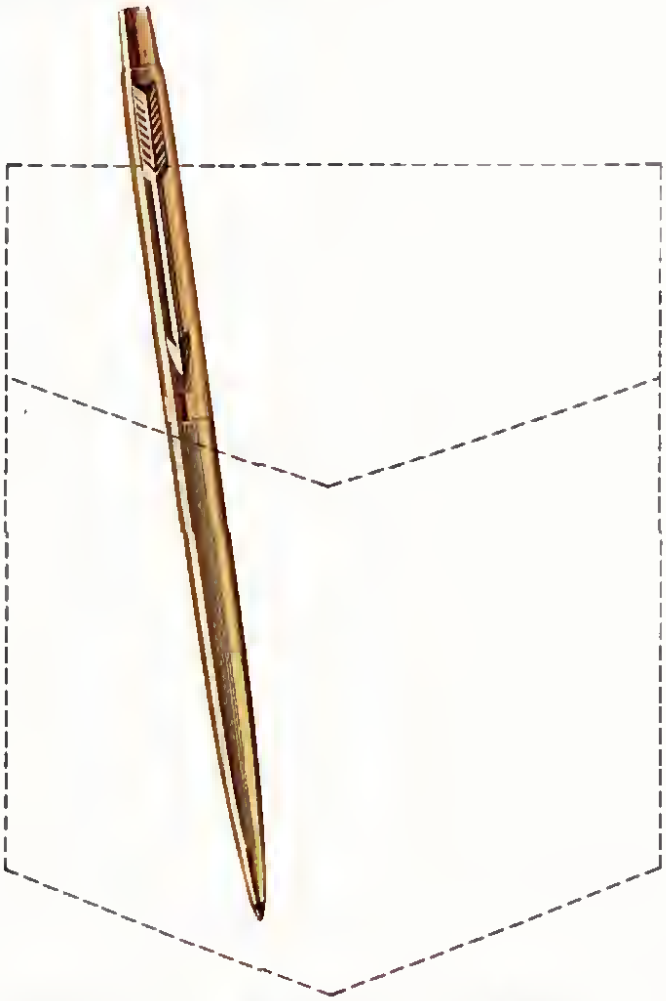


King Size, 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine. Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70.

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They said we'd lose our shirt.



Our pen designers gave us a thin smile and said: "You want us to design the slimmest pen Parker's ever made?"

"Correct," we said, "But only on the outside. Leave lots of room for ink."

"You mean you want it to write a long time?"

"Several times longer than the ordinary ballpoint. Months longer per cartridge, at least."

"You want it to have a gold-filled case?"

"Of course."

"But not to weigh more than an ounce—one ounce?"

"One beautifully balanced ounce," we said evenly. They sighed deeply, and continued to peruse the list.

"You want the pen to start writing instantly. You say you don't want the ball to slip or skip."

"Microscopic texturizing should do it," we ventured.

"And you want a choice of *five* point sizes?"

"For different kinds of writing," we said. "Broad, Medium, Fine, Extra-fine and Extra-extra-fine."

"No one's been able to design a pen like that!" they said. "Let alone guarantee it!"

"We can," we said. "And we'll guarantee it against defects for the owner's lifetime. Or we'll repair or replace it—free."

"A pen like that would cost a fortune!"

"$8.50," we said.

The designers walked away in a bit of a daze. "You're gonna lose your shirt," they mumbled. "You're gonna lose your shirt."

But they made it. The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen. And we sell it for $8.50.

So give it to someone who really matters. Someone to whom you'd give the shirt off your back. After all, it's our shirt!

PARKER

Maker of the world's most wanted pens

The gold-filled Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is $8.50. With matching Cartridge Pencil, $17.00. A memorable gift for personal or business friends. Other fine Parker pens to own or give, from the $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.

the *Beagle* and been exposed to and pondered on the wildlife of the Galápagos. On island habitats the principal evolutionary forces—mutation and natural selection—seem to work with great rapidity, and their effects are more observable than on continents, where more complex pressures operate. One well-documented phenomenon of island life is its fragility. Subtly adapted, intricately specialized to the peculiar conditions of their isolated habitat, island species have far fewer options than mainland creatures if their environment is suddenly changed or new environmental factors are introduced. The natural history of Hawaii during the past century serves as a classic illustration of this vulnerability.

Originally there were two mammals, the monk seal and the bat, no reptiles and only two insignificant predators, a small owl and a hawk, on the main Hawaiian islands. The vertebrate population was made up largely of a number of gentle woodland and water birds living in a kind of biological Eden. Western man (and to a lesser extent, because he had less energy at his disposal, Polynesian man) came on these delicate creatures like a panzer division on an open Balkan village. The basic environment was drastically altered by new agricultural, commercial and domestic uses. Forests were reduced, swamps drained and water and land contaminated in a variety of ways. All of this happened in much the same manner in the continental United States, of course, but with less noticeable and immediate effects on wildlife. When a forest was cut or the land plowed, it disrupted the habitat and lifestyle of, say, a wood thrush but often there were odd, overlooked corners into which the bird could retreat and make do after a fashion. However, when the relatively few acres of woodland habitat in which the Lanai akiola of Hawaii had become a specialized resident were destroyed, there was no place for this species to flee, no alternative to extinction.

Even more dramatically, invading men brought with them, intentionally and unintentionally, a host of hostile camp followers—various weed plants that choked out native species; mosquitoes carrying new strains of avian malaria; rats, mice, cats, dogs, pigs and, perhaps most unfortunately of all, the mongoose. Beautifully adapted to their tiny microenvironments, the specialized island natives could not cope with these new life-bending forces. Without immunity to the introduced diseases, innocent of normal predatory relationships, having no space in which to fall back, no time in which to develop the necessary defenses, the Hawaiian birds succumbed quickly. During the past century 24 species of birds, found no place in the world but Hawaii, became extinct. By way of comparison, in all the rest of the U.S. in 3½ centuries only six species of birds are known to have become extinct.

The situation on the islands continues to deteriorate. Of the 50 species of birds in the United States judged to be endangered, whose chance of survival is regarded as slim, over half of them are natives of the Hawaiian Islands. The names of many of these creatures—io, koloa, oo aa, Maui nukupuu—are exotic and totally unfamiliar. Many of the species are small rain-forest creatures. In point of fact, quite a number of these birds may be as improbable as their names. It has been so long since some of them have been reported, or the reports are so vague and unsatisfactory, that possibly half a dozen or more of the species are already extinct and all that now can be done for them is to write their ornithological obituaries. A good many students believe that by the end of this century none of these endangered species and very few native species of any sort will survive on the main Hawaiian islands. Even if these dire predictions do not prove to be completely true, there is no disputing the fact that during the past 70 years the land of aloha has been the most lethal in the world for wildlife.

It was against this background of disaster, at a time when it appeared that the happenings on the main islands would be repeated on the Leewards, that the national refuge was established. In the first few years of this century hunters found the monk seals in the western islands of the archipelago, eliminated the animals from some islands and reduced them to the status of a rare creature everywhere. At the same time, merchant and fishing ships were visiting the islands and filling the vacant space in their holds with sea turtles. Turned on their backs, helpless, the big reptiles would

continued

Psyched student's plea:

"MAKE MY JOTTER QUIT!"

With shaking hand, Charles Newman of Lehigh University wrote:
"When I bought a Parker T-Ball Jotter, I expected that not too many weeks later I would be buying another. But that ball pen has been through 60 weeks of lectures, papers, notes, tests, and textbook underlinings. And it refuses to quit. Instead, I have been destroying my psychological well-being with this Parker. Imagine the suspense! Imagine every day for a year and a quarter having to use the same pen. Outrageous! And not even an opportunity to change the refill. It is cruel!"

The Parker Jotter Ball Pen was made to give and take it. The tungsten-carbide ball tip is textured so it won't skip, and floats in a stainless-steel socket so it won't wear out. And the ink supply is downright extravagant. The Jotter writes better months longer — three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint. Yet it costs a mere $1.98.



P.S. Four months later, a relieved Mr. Newman wrote "My doctor says I will be much better now— my original, seventy-six-week-old ink supply has finally given way."

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Cone

Mustard Seed

stay alive and provide fresh meat for months. On Laysan Island the manager of the guano digging operations set up a permanent residence for himself and his family and brought in a few hutches of domestic rabbits, again to provide fresh meat. When the family abandoned the island, the rabbits were turned loose and left behind. Within half a dozen years the multiplying rabbits had stripped most of the foliage from the island, and in doing so, eliminated three species of terrestrial birds, the Laysan rail, apapane and miller-bird. With the disappearance of the restraining vegetation, sandstorms began to sweep the island at frequent intervals, and thousands of nesting seabirds were pinned down, buried and destroyed. Finally, having literally eaten themselves out of house and home, the rabbits themselves died.



It is for such reasons that the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife now treats the sanctuary as one might an incubator infant, trying to isolate it from the world. However, the sources of biological contamination are so varied and subtle that despite their best efforts, the plague already may have been introduced. Several years ago an unidentified military commander is said to have decided Laysan Island would be a good place for his troops to spend a day practicing landing tactics. The immediate, obvious effect of this illegal entry was negligible but the long-range consequences were terrible. Apparently a few mustard seeds were lodged in the tracks of one of the landing vehicles. At least, that is the theory, for the next season mustard was thriving on Laysan, and since then the tough, aggressive weed has continued to spread, altering the nesting habitat and possibilities for a number of birds. Not wanting to use herbicides and able to visit the island only infrequently, Kridler and Olsen have attempted to weed out the mustard by hand, but it is apparent they are fighting a losing battle.

In the winter of 1971 a Japanese fishing boat ran aground and was abandoned on the reef of Laysan, which seems to be the hard-luck island of the archipelago. "When we heard about it," says Kridler, "the first thing we thought of was rats. We got in touch with the captain and asked if he had any rats on the ship. He said, 'Of course not. I keep a clean ship.' Later we got out there and looked over the wreck. We found rat poison, which was suspicious, like a trout in the milk. However, we've combed the island carefully and as yet haven't found any rats. They could appear in the next year or two, but maybe we got lucky this time.

"There are any number of things that might be fatal on the islands, and most of them are hard to detect. A few plant seeds, an insect or insect eggs clinging to gear, fungus spores, bacteria, virus, to say nothing of big things like rats—any of them could do it. If we opened the refuge to any more use than now, no matter how careful and good-hearted the users might be, there is a strong probability one or a combination of these accidents would occur. It is my feeling that if we permitted general or unrestricted use, we would in a few years lose the four endangered species of birds and possibly the seals and turtles, and that the seabird colonies would be greatly reduced. Just knowing what we do now, I don't see how we can take the chance. We have too much to lose."

There is not an evolutionist, ecologist or conservationist who would substantively disagree with Kridler's estimate. As near as anything can be a biological fact, it is one that if the Hawaiian Islands National Wildlife Refuge were opened to only moderate use by the public that owns it, most of the creatures who use it as a refuge would not be able to survive there for any length of time. Granting all of this, the second for-

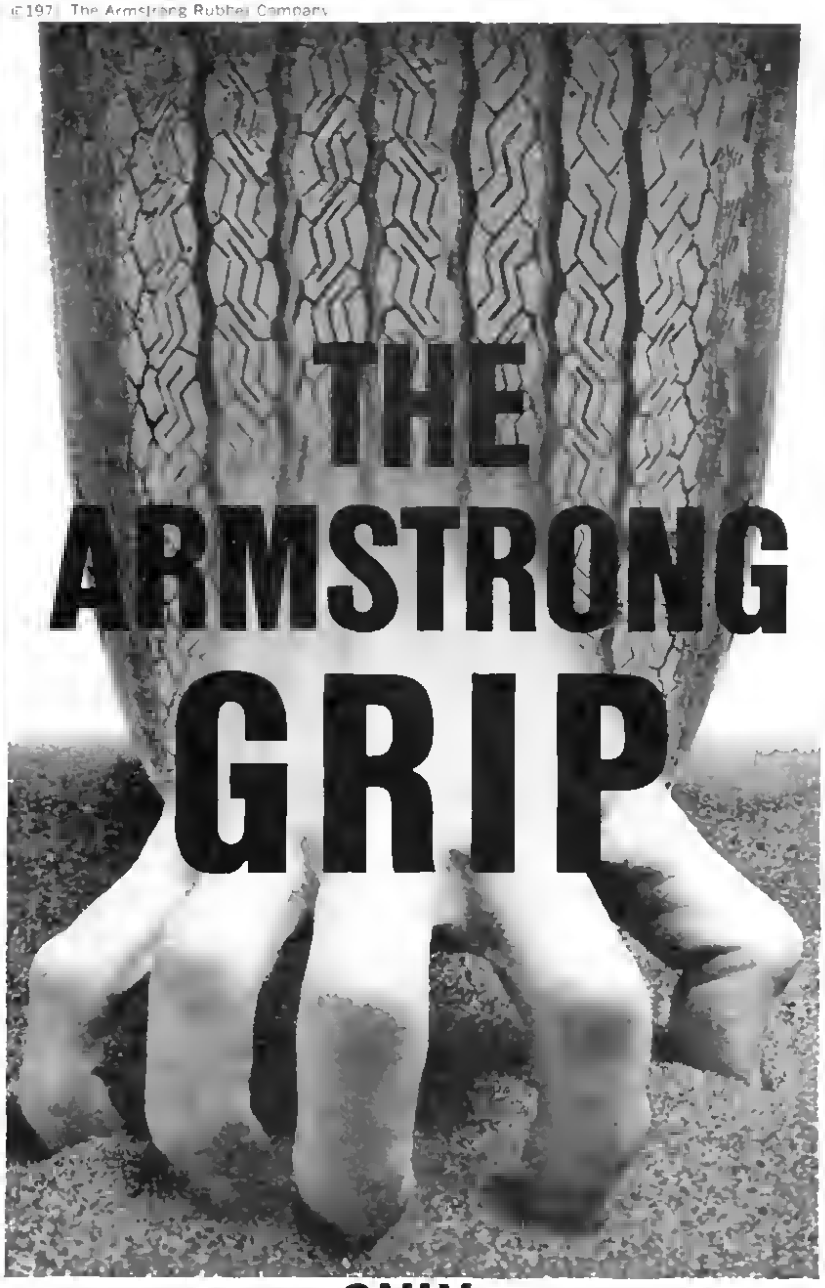
midable horn of the dilemma remains—what is the use of a thing or place that cannot be used?

In the jargon of the conservation Establishment, use of wildlife is divided into two categories, consumptive and nonconsumptive. Consumptive users are hunters, fishers, trappers and exterminators, those who one way or another do in beasts for pleasure or profit. The nonconsumptives are bird watchers, photographers and squirrel feeders who have found ways to get kicks out of animals without killing them, at least not directly and immediately. This distinction may be meaningful elsewhere, but not on the Leeward Archipelago, where a seal poacher or a turtle hunter would be bad but no worse than a nature lover with mustard seeds in his binocular case. If it is to remain what it is, this place has no practical, economic or esthetic use to either the consumptive or nonconsumptive factions.

The uses of unusable things of this sort are not to be found in the physical but the metaphysical world. The Hawaiian Islands National Wildlife Refuge is useful because it instructs us in subjects, ignorance of which constitutes a deadly peril. We have become accustomed in recent years to seeing portraits of our planet snapped from hundreds of thousands of miles out in the universe. From these vantage points the Earth resembles as much as anything else a small island in the sea of space. In terms of fragility and vulnerability, East Island is to the Earth as the Earth is to the heavens. We should keep East Island, with its birds, seals and turtles, to constantly remind us of this situation, of the need to live carefully in our own isolated world.

The Hawaiian Islands National Wildlife Refuge is useful, too, because it calls attention to elements of human behavior which, when honored, would seem closely related to the future prospects of our species. There is abundant evidence as to the darker, bloodier side of our nature, countless memorials to our greed, lust and mindless predaciousness. Yet we are also capable of compassion, restraint and biological altruism. Maintaining a useless island sanctuary for useless creatures we will never see is a magnificent monument to these most hopeful traits. END

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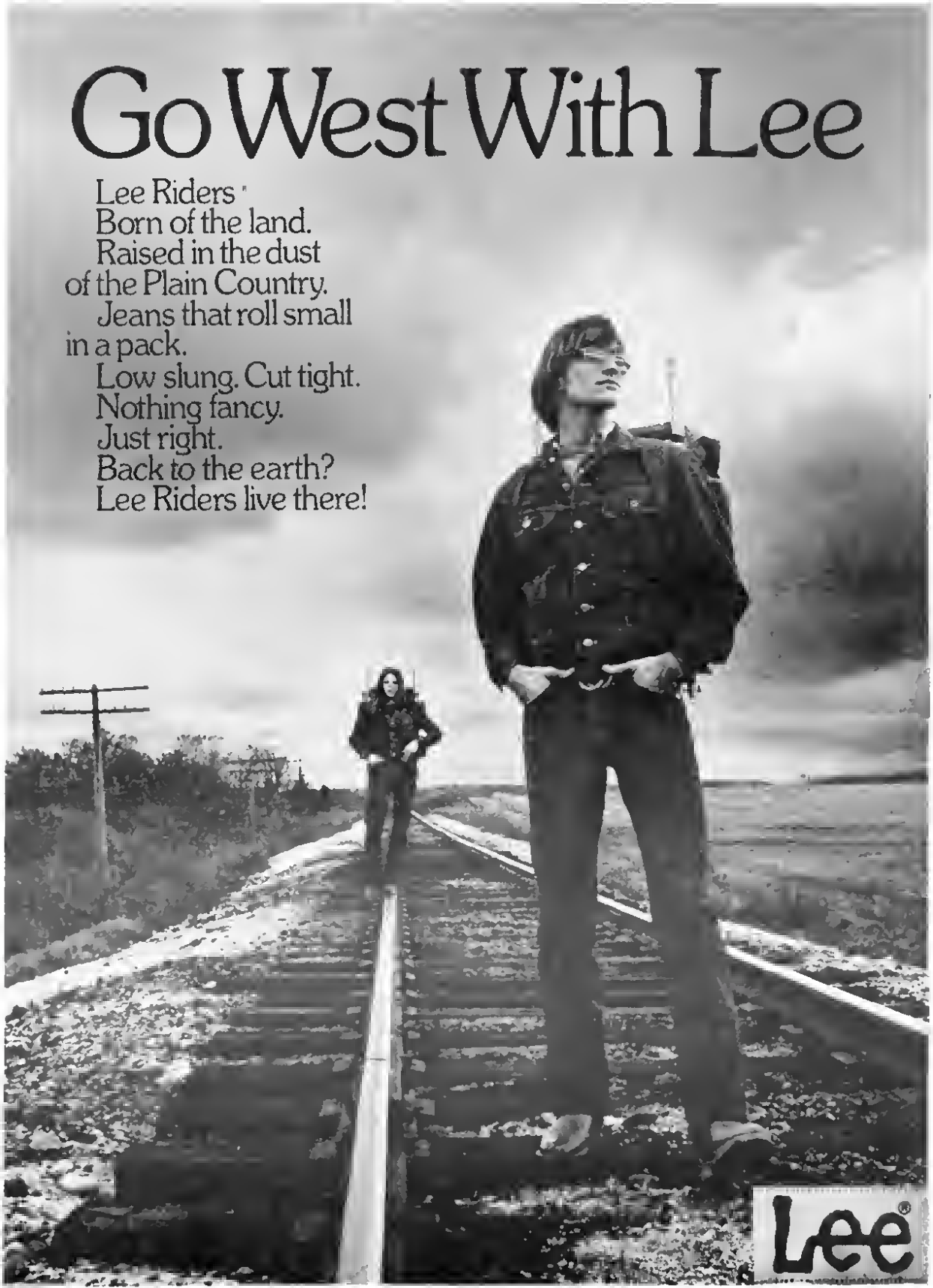
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 31-Sept. 5

BOATING—JOHN KOLIUS of Houston won the Mallory Cup in Buzzards Bay, off South Dartmouth, Mass (*page 22*).

CHARLIE SCOTT and his two-man crew of Eddie Holt and Larry Leonard carried the Annapolis Yacht Club colors to victory in the Sears Cup regatta for juniors off Oxford, Md. to gain the North American Yacht Racing Union championship.

MRS. ROMEYN EVERDELL of Duxbury, Mass. amassed 48¾ points in three days of competition off Falmouth, Me. to gain the Adams Trophy, her fourth national women's sailing title.

ERNEST FAY of Houston won the national 5.5-meter championship for the sixth time since 1958, skippering his *Sundance* to two firsts, a second, a third and a fourth in the five-race series off Stamford, Conn.

BOWLING—BARRY ASHER of Costa Mesa, Calif. won the highest-scoring championship in PBA history—the $40,000 South Bend (Ind.) Open—with a record 247 average for 42 games. Eleven perfect games (another record) were bowled in the three-day tournament, including one by Asher, whose winning margin of 123 pins and six-game qualifying average of 264 set other marks.

BOXING—ANTONIO GOMEZ of Venezuela knocked out Shozo Saijyo of Japan in the fifth round of their scheduled 15-rounder in Tokyo to win the World Boxing Association's featherweight championship.

CYCLING—The U.S.S.R. won three gold medals in the World Track championships at rain-soaked Luigi Ossola Stadium in Varese, Italy, followed by Belgium with two and The Netherlands, West and East Germany, France, Italy and Colombia with one apiece. The men's professional sprint—considered the most prestigious of the world titles—was won by LEIJIN LOVESIJN of The Netherlands.

FOOTBALL—In the fifth week of NFL exhibition games (*page 18*) DALLAS gained a small measure of revenge for its Super Bowl loss by easily defeating Baltimore 27–14 before only 16,217 fans in Baltimore. Roger Staubach, playing the second half, completed 12 of 17 passes, two of them for touchdowns to Bob Hayes, as the undefeated Cowboys won their fifth game in a row. In a doubleheader in Cleveland before 82,710, PITTSBURGH outscored the New York Jets 35–21 on Terry Bradshaw's four touchdown passes, and CLEVELAND gained its first victory, walloping the winless New York Giants 30–7. Rookie Ken Anderson (Augustana) completed seven of 13 passes for 131 yards in the second half to lead CINCINNATI to its fifth straight win, 27–24 over Green Bay. OAKLAND came from behind in the fourth quarter to beat San Francisco 34–28. HOUSTON defeated Chicago 37–17 and PHILADELPHIA shut out New Orleans 34–0. Dennis Shaw ran for one touchdown and passed for two others, including an 87-yarder to Marlin Briscoe, as BUFFALO beat Detroit 31–17. DENVER upset Minnesota 14–7 when Defensive End Pete Duranko picked up a fumble on the five-yard line and ran it in with less than four minutes to play, while George Mira's two TD passes led MIAMI to a 27–10 victory over Washington. With just 19 seconds to go, Jim Bakken booted a 47-yard field goal to give St. Louis a 17–14 lead over Kansas City. But the Chiefs' Jan Stenerud kicked a 28-yard field goal as the gun sounded to tie the game 17–17.

GOLF—GARY COWAN won the U.S. Men's Amateur in Wilmington, Del. by three strokes over Eddie Pearce (*page 24*).

HARNESS RACING—SPEEDY CROWN, *driven by* Howard Beissinger, took the $129,770 Hambletonian at Du Quoin, Ill. (*page 92*).

HORSE RACING—FORWARD GAL ($7.20), ridden by Mike Hole, won the $56,200 Gazelle Handicap at New York's Belmont Park by three lengths over Our Cheri Amour.

MODERN PENTATHLON—Army Captain CHUCK RICHARDS of Tacoma, Wash. did not win a single event but totaled 4,809 points to retain his title in the national championships at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

SWIMMING—HANS FASSNACHT of West Germany set a world record for the 200-meter butterfly with a 2:03.3 clocking in Landskrona, Sweden.

The U.S. won 24 of 28 events in a dual meet with East Germany in Leipzig as three world records were broken. ROLAND MATTHES of East Germany lowered his 200-meter backstroke mark with a 2:05.6 while MARK SPITZ bettered Don Schollander's three-year-old record in the 200-meter freestyle by 1 second with a 1:54.2. With Spitz swimming the butterfly leg, the U.S. 400-meter medley team set a record of 3:50.4 in beating the same East German team that held the old mark.

TRACK & FIELD—ILONA GUSENBAUER of Austria bettered the 10-year-old women's world high jump record (the oldest track mark in the world) of Rumania's Yolanda Balas by a quarter of an inch with a leap of 6' 3½" in Vienna, and Russia's FAINA MYELNIK increased her world discus record by 2' ¾" with a 212' 9¼" heave in Munich.

The men's world hammer throw record was also broken when WALTER SCHMIDT of West Germany reached 250' 7.93" in Lahr, West Germany.

ADRIENNE BLAMES of Australia claimed the fastest women's marathon ever, running a 2:46:30 in Werribee, Australia.

WRESTLING—DAN GABLE of the U.S. won the lightweight title at the World Amateur Freestyle championships in Sofia, Bulgaria. Two other Americans won medals as the U.S. finished a surprisingly strong sixth in the 13-nation tournament. DON BEHM of Lansing, Mich. finished second in the bantamweight division and RUSS HELLICKSON of Madison, Wis. earned a bronze medal in the light heavyweight class. The U.S.S.R., led by ALEXANDER MEDVED's victory in the superheavyweight division, dominated the competition as expected, winning five gold medals in the 10 weight classes for 42.5 points. Bulgaria finished second with one gold medal and 31 points.

MILEPOSTS. NAMED. TOM MESCHERY, 32, a poetry-writing, 10-year veteran forward of the NBA who was a player-coach with Seattle last season, to be head coach of the ABA's Carolina Cougars.

RETIRED. GINO CAPPELLETTI, 37, all-time scoring leader of the old American Football League. Cappelletti, who played 11 seasons and was the last of the original Boston Patriots, gained 4,575 yards and scored 42 touchdowns as a pass receiver and added 878 points booting field goals and extra points for a career total of 1,130 points.

SENTENCED. WARREN WELLS, 28, wide receiver of the Oakland Raiders, to 90 days in prison by a Superior Court judge who found him guilty of repeatedly violating probation of a 1969 attempted rape conviction.

DESTROYED. ASSAULT, 28, the famous Club-footed Comet from the King Ranch of Texas who won racing's Triple Crown in 1946, after fracturing his left front leg near the shoulder, in Kingsville, Texas. Assault stepped on a surveyor's stake as a yearling, yet he earned $675,470 while winning 18 of 42 starts (he finished second or third 13 times). In 1946 Assault took eight of 15 races and earned a then-record $424,195. He was retired to stud in 1950, but was a dud.

CREDITS

Cover Insett James Drake **18, 19** Sheedy & Long **20**—Rich Clarkson **21**—Dick Raphael **22, 23**—Neil Leifer **24** Tony Triolo **32**—UPI (2) Photography Inc. Ed Morgan Earl Stubert-Minneapolis Tribune **33**—Chicago Daily News Chicago Sun Times **34**—UPI AP UPI **35**—UPI (2) **44**—H. Lane Stewart **47**—Sheedy & Long Carl Iwasaki **48**—Walter Iooss Jr. Neil Leifer, Heinz Kluetmeier (2) **49**—Sheedy & Long Carl Iwasaki **50**—Heinz Kluetmeier **51**—Walter Iooss Jr., Heinz Kluetmeier (3) **52** Tony Triolo **54-57**—Tony Triolo **58-79**—H. Lane Stewart **82**—Herb Scharfman **93**—Heinz Kluetmeier **111**—Dive Bowing-Dayton Daily News, U.S. Marine Corps Photo Mike Musuraca San Francisco Examiner

FACES IN THE CROWD



DANNY CRAITE, 13, of Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich. won the J. C. Morrison handicap event in trapshooting at Vandalia, Ohio by breaking 73 of 75 targets in a shootoff. Danny, who has been shooting three years, also won the sub-junior title.



CAPTAIN WAYNE E. ROLLINGS, 30, of Elloree, S.C. did 17,000 sit-ups nonstop to break the previous world record of 15,011 set in 1966 by an FBI agent. The feat required seven hours and 27 minutes for the marine, who is stationed in Kaneohe, Hawaii.



TOM WALSH, of the victorious New York Athletic Club, was named MVP at the 1971 Men's AAU outdoor water polo championships. All-American Goalie Walsh led the NYAC, which is also defending indoor titlist, to a 7-0 tournament record.



WOODY THOMPSON, of Erie, Pa., 6'2", 210-pound fullback and state schoolboy heavyweight wrestling champion, rushed for 126 yards in 25 attempts and scored three touchdowns to lead the West to a 34–20 win in the Pennsylvania Football Classic in Hershey.



DR. FRAN CONLEY, a brain surgeon at Stanford University Hospital, won the women's division of the Bay to Breakers 7.8-mile race in San Francisco. Mrs. Conley, whose husband Phil threw the javelin in the 1956 Olympics, ran the distance in 50:44.



KERRY KING, 10, of Tampa, who has been competing in judo since December 1968 and has never failed to place, was the youngest "outstanding contestant" in the history of the national juniors, taking the 10-year-old lightweight (under 75 pounds) title.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

PENNANT PERCENTAGES

Sirs

As baseball wheels into its final month the question is Which National League team will fade the least (*It's That Time Again*, Aug 30)? Instead of "Here Come the Cubs," your cover headline should have read "Down Go the Pirates." The NL must be pretty bad if no one can catch a couple of .580 percentage "powerhouses." It seems all a National League team has to do is play .500 ball to have a shot at the pennant, while Detroit and Boston, each playing better than .500 ball in the American League East, are completely out of it.

It is becoming apparent that the Orioles are a dynasty of the Yankee mold, while the only thing close to a dynasty in the National League is San Diego. The Padres may have full control of last place for the next 10 years.

MARK FRANCIS

Potomac, Md.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your excellent articles by William Leggett and Ron Fimrite concerning the pennant races in the National League, but I would like to dispute a statement made by Mr. Fimrite in his portion of the story. He said that Richie Allen was a problem athlete in both Philadelphia and St Louis. True, Richie had his differences with the Phillies' management and fans and even with his teammates. This, coupled with his flamboyant but solitary life-style, resulted in his finding himself a member of the Cardinals. But the Redbirds accepted Allen even if they did not exactly welcome him. After all, had they not traded away their incumbent catcher, Tim McCarver? In any event, Allen collected 34 homers and 101 RBIs for the Cards while being injured a good part of the time. He was subsequently peddled to Los Angeles because the Cards needed Ted Sizemore to bolster their infield, which consisted of an aging Julian Javier and a good-field, no-hit shortstop named Dal Maxvill.

We Dodger fans love Richie, and he tries to supply the game with the necessary excitement. If you will notice, a number of his home runs this season have been booming shots over the center-field wall. You can bet that we are glad he's a Dodger

DANNY ALCALA

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

Bill Grabarkewitz says in your article that the Giants don't have any fans, but he is wrong The Dodgers may have better attendance than the Giants, but let's not forget that the Bay Area houses two professional baseball teams, the Giants and the A's The A's, who are going to draw at least a million fans, have Vida Blue to show off. The Giants will draw over a million fans, too. The Giants lost ground to the Dodgers, but they always jump out ahead, and this time they'll stay ahead!

DAVID BORING

Livermore, Calif.

Sirs:

Thank you, William Leggett, and thank you, SI, for giving some overdue publicity to one of baseball's premier pitchers, Ferguson Jenkins.

THOMAS RUBIN

Hamden, Conn.

Sirs:

Thank you for the write-up we Cub fans have been longing to read Maybe the Cubs *can* win their first pennant since 1945!

HAROLD HUGGINS

Nashville

Sirs:

Since you printed an article on the Pirates in the Aug. 2 issue, it was only fair of you to print another article on the miraculous comeback of the Cubs and Cards 28 days later. I'm sure that the latter article struck a hopeful note in the downtrodden hearts of the people in Chicago and St. Louis However, as a Pirate rooter, I am not worried. As far as I'm concerned, the Bucs are going all the way.

RICHARD E. CARRAWAY

Graysville, Pa.

PIRATE POWER

Sirs:

I beg to differ with you concerning Joe Jares' article *New Bats and Arms in the Box Score* (Aug 30) He says that Henry Aaron and Earl Williams are the best 1-2 power package in either league. As of Aug. 30, Pittsburgh's Willie Stargell, major league leader in home runs (42) and RBIs (112), and Bob Robertson (26 HRs, 65 RBIs) were ahead of their Atlanta counterparts in both power categories.

NOEL J. TOPPER

Cortland, N Y.

Sirs:

As of Aug 27 Willie Stargell and Bob Robertson of the Pirates had hit a total of 39 doubles, topping the output of 29 by Williams and Aaron. Williams and Aaron did have a 10-point advantage in batting average and they had hit a total of three triples to only

continued

The First of the Fastest

Al Tharniah didn't care whether he was running for Ringling Bros. or Yale as long as the price was right **by CHARLES GILLESPIE**

A newspaper columnist in Chicago once called Al Tharnish the "first of the world's fastest men," which, like so many things, was not so much the truth as an elaboration of it. Al Tharnish was not the first of the world's fastest men, he was merely the first one to prove that he was.

He did this beginning one day in 1884, when Ringling Bros. circus stopped at Audubon, Iowa, Tharnish's home, and introduced, along with its other tented wonders, a swift attraction called The Ringling Flash, who—as "the world's fastest human"—challenged rubes from all over the countryside to a footrace. One of the rubes was Al Tharnish. Running barefoot and clad in overalls, Tharnish defeated the circus champion, despite the fact that his opponent had trained, was used to daily competition and wore spiked shoes.

Naturally, to keep the act alive, the circus hired Tharnish. During the next year he was Ringling Bros.' fastest star, and during the next eight years the world's greatest footracer, a claim he defended under a variety of names and in a score of guises—one week as a college star, the next as a pro, the following in a back-alley matched race. From 1884 to 1891 Al Tharnish never lost a race with a prize at stake, nor any race where he was given an even start—and he ran any distance from 50 yards to four miles.

Al Tharnish was born in Darien, N.Y. in 1868, but his family migrated from the East to open a livery stable and wagonyard when he was quite young. It was during his Midwestern boyhood that Tharnish discovered how fast he was; a young man soon learns he can do something better than his contemporaries, particularly when the something involves speed. Professor George L. Miller, who coached Audubon's football team, said Tharnish could run faster and jump farther than any boy he had ever seen.

When Tharnish was only 16 years old he was already established as the fastest runner and best football player in his section of Iowa. Then the circus came to town, and Tharnish was off and, well, running. In the midst of his circus tour, he met a man named Ed Moulton, who later trained Charlie Paddock, a more famous successor to the title of world's fastest human. Moulton saw better things for Tharnish and persuaded him to leave the circus.

It was a chancy move. Then, as now, there was no such thing as open track-and-field competition, but Tharnish campaigned as if there were. He was a regular fixture at collegiate meets, although he never enrolled in a university. But, he said, he ran for Yale and "every other college you can name." He also ran for various AAU teams, competed in any professional race he could find and went head to head with every challenger, usually with a handicapped start. For four years Tharnish and Moulton were never in a town longer than two days, but during that time they managed to clean the local sports of money, medals and most of the simpler satisfactions of winning.

Forty years later, commenting on his laissez-faire attitude toward amateur and professional competition, Tharnish said, "The word amateur gives me a pain. If they're good enough they're all being paid one way or another. I represented almost all the large colleges." Tharnish seemed proudest of running for Yale, often mentioning it to his children, although by applying makeup he also ran against Yale under the names George Strong, J. S. Wilson and a variety of other aliases.

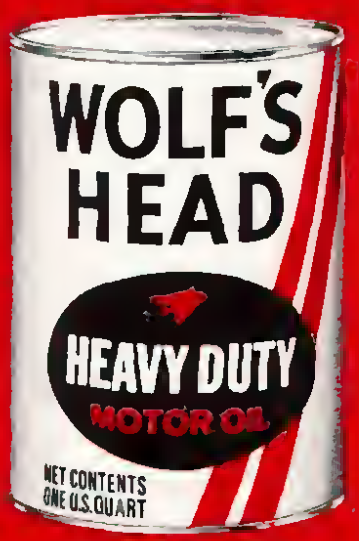
Tracks of the era were much slower than today's artificial surfaces, and the shoes weighed considerably more than today's. Runners competed in a flannel covering from their necks to their knees, rather like long underwear. "We'd have been mobbed if we dared to step out on a track in a pair of shorts," Tharnish said. Despite these burdens, Tharnish ran the 100-yard dash in 9⅘. He ran 125 yards in 12 flat and 220 yards in 20⅖, all at or below existing world records.

continued

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He boasted that no man lived who could beat him at 90 yards, although he did admit there was an occasional rare individual who might get a tie with him at 50.

The largest official prize Tharnish ever claimed for winning a race was $400 but flush gamblers usually sweetened the total and one of them once gave him $1,000 on the side. "I was always in shape, and they knew they could depend on me to win if there was money on the race," Tharnish explained. "I worked out every day at about five o'clock. After supper I would go out on the track again and run five to 10 miles just to be in shape if the occasion demanded. It built up endurance and stamina."

Tharnish ran in meets in New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and dozens of small communities throughout the Midwest and the West. The usual tactic was to allow the local talent to win an exhibition race, but when the money was on the line Tharnish ran away from the panting yokels. Then he and Moulton quickly vanished with their winnings. They also had a trick of greater subtlety ready if needed. Tharnish carried a 50-foot steel tape around with him that had been lengthened to 56 feet—making a 100-yard course actually 112 yards long. The extra distance was all Tharnish needed to make up for the 10-yard handicap he generally agreed to against the home-town amateur.

Tharnish's hand was never called when he was running for the colleges, but his appearance aroused the suspicion of the judges in the first Western AAU meet, held in Chicago. He was representing the Atlantic Athletic Club of Iowa, and hostile officials twice set him back behind the starting line—the custom in those days for jumping the gun. Despite this harassment Tharnish won the 100, after which the exasperated judges still placed him in a tie for second and then set him so far back in the 220 he was never in the race.

Tharnish had some interesting theories about the sources of his talent, the most intriguing being his ability to hear. "I could hear the trigger mechanism of the starter's gun before the hammer fell. No one ever beat me on the start, and once I was away first it was like running a race by yourself," he said.

"Running is like life," Tharnish once said. "If you have the speed you don't

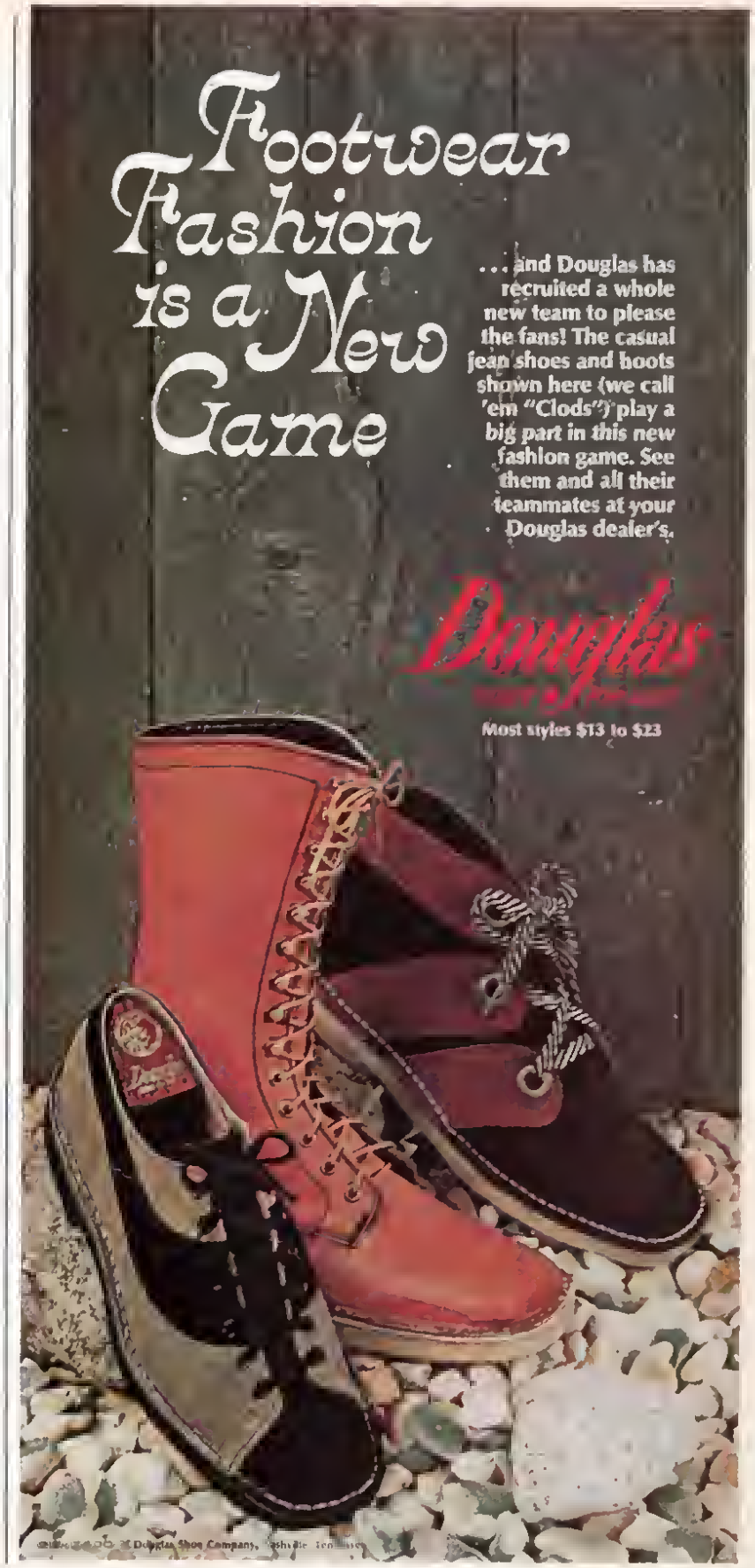
have to tell the world. They'll find it out. You can make yourself think fast or slow. I preferred to think fast. I could run 100 yards backward in 10.2, faster than most men can run forward. That was just because I had trained my muscles to coordinate with my mind. Anyone can do the same. I had a stride of nine feet six inches with my right foot and nine feet four inches with my left. Try that some time and it may give you the secret of speed."

Tharnish, in 1934, thought a sprinter might one day run 100 yards in 9.1, but he indicated that was the ultimate. Nine seconds flat was not possible, he thought. So far at least he's right. "There seems to be a maximum speed, and no amount of exertion will cut down the resistance to an athlete's weight," he said.

Tharnish ran his last race in the summer of 1891 in St. Louis' old Sportsman's Park. He was sprinting for the finish line, leading as usual, when a spectator in the grandstand heaved a sandbag seat cushion at the track. The heavy bag struck Tharnish in the abdomen, just below his heart, knocking him unconscious. He never again felt any desire for running. Shortly afterward he married, which completed his retirement from the track, though he remained in training for five more years and stayed on a training diet for the rest of his life.

Tharnish did return to the public eye, briefly, to campaign for William Jennings Bryan in the Midwest, but there were few hurrahs left to sustain him. Even so, his son Joseph recalls that his father was an inordinately cheerful man who never despaired despite a series of misfortunes and his fading from public memory. Pursuing a new career, he studied watchmaking in Illinois and went into that business, but a jewelry store robbery in Iowa ruined him financially. He drifted south, to Jonesboro, Ark., and shortly afterward became a railroad watch inspector in Memphis, establishing himself as one of the finest engravers in the country. Secret Service agents often called upon him to identify suspected counterfeit currency.

In 1915 a streetcar accident paralyzed him for several months, and it was five years before he recovered. He died in Memphis on March 18, 1935 of a heart ailment. The obituaries said he was formerly the world's fastest human being and a member of Tennessee Watchmakers' Guild No. 4. **END**





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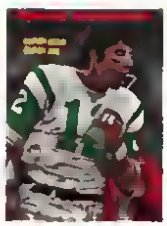
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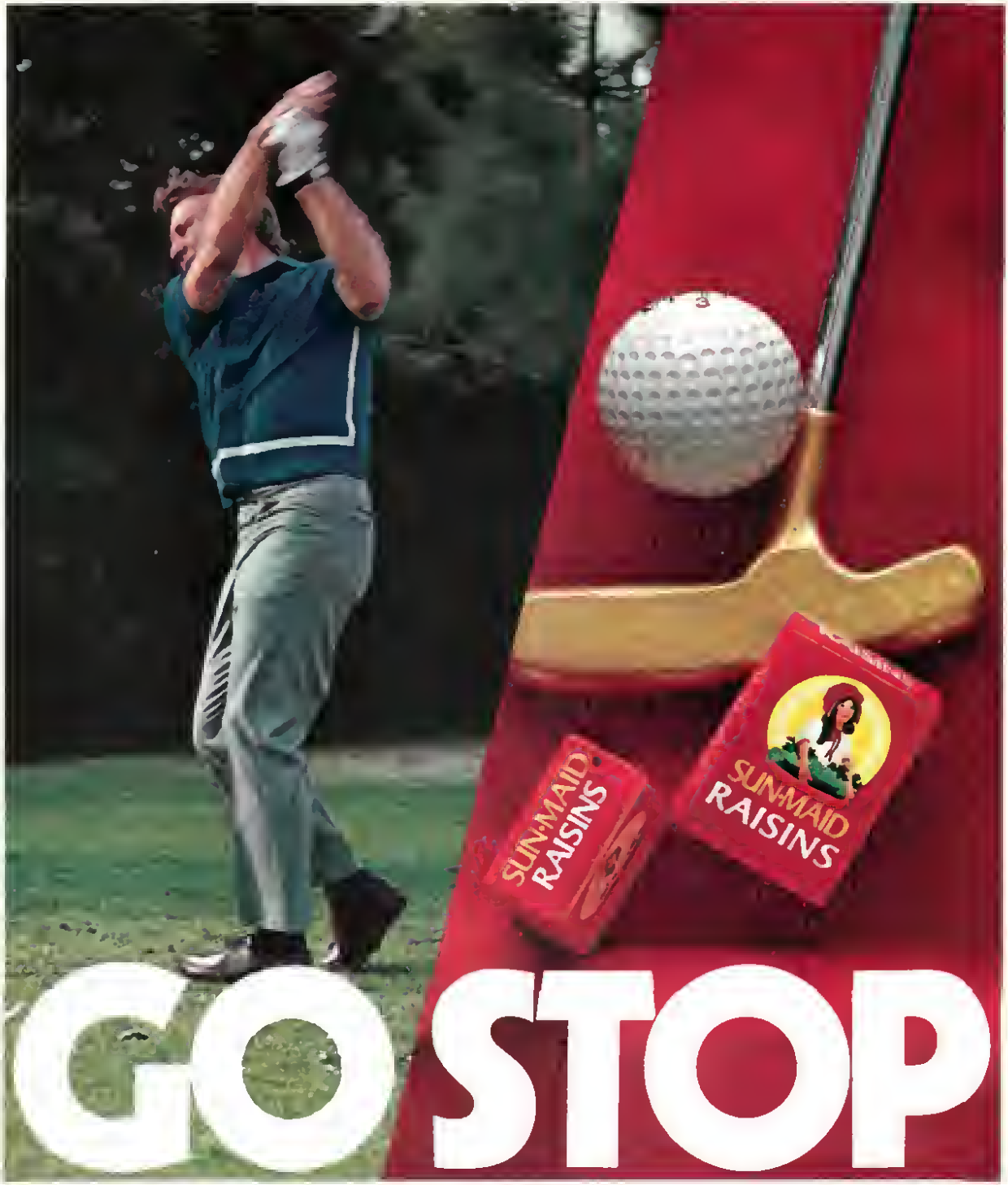
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one for Stargell Rob[illegible] but neither of these categories is a power yardstick. What is important is that the Pirate pair had all 68 home runs to 64 for the Braves' duo. Stargell and Robertson had also produced 177 RBIs, 11 more than Williams-Aaron.

While these statistics will continue to change, the ratios have been about the same all season. So let's call Stargell and Robertson the best 1-2 power package in either league.

BILL COYLE

Cumberland, Md.

JOHN MACKEY

Sirs:

Gwilym S. Brown's article on John Mackey ("*I'm Going to Punish Them for Last Year*," Aug. 30) reveals an intelligent person who happens to make a living at playing football. At a time when the struggle for power in society—any part of society—brings to the surface many and varied personalities, it is refreshing to see a level-headed, sincere person such as John Mackey step forward. The owners would be smart to meet Mackey at least halfway. He might be their only hope.

John Mackey, you are all right.

W. C. JONES

El Cerrito, Calif.

BORDER CROSSINGS

Sirs:

Your article on Canadian football (*Dodging the Draft in Canada*, Aug. 23) was an excellent one. However, I would like to dispute one point that author Mark Mulvoy brings up. He states that the combination of three downs and a larger field "force Canadian teams to play a wide-open, go-for-the-bomb style, rather than the ball-control, patterned attack employed by many U.S. pro teams." I would like to point out that in the Calgary Stampeder-B.C. Lion game of Aug. 24 two Stampeder backs each rushed for over 100 yards. The Calgary attack gained a total of 307 yards on the ground. Every year there are five or six backs in the CFL who carry the ball for more than 1,000 yards. Our game is not quite as wide open as implied.

GARY SEAMANS

Calgary, Alberta

Sirs:

With the arrival of more All-America talent in Canada, we are sure to see an improvement in the caliber of the Canadian game. If top-ranked U.S. college players continue to come north, I can foresee, in the not-too-distant future, Canadian football being on a par with that of the U.S. Who knows? Maybe within the next few decades the Super Bowl will be a tightly fought battle between the Miami Dolphins and the Hamilton Tiger-Cats.

[illegible] undoubtedly like the current American product[illegible] grateful for the sizable contracts and [illegible]ers they are receiving in Canada, but [illegible] important, we the CFL spectators, are very grateful for the contributions these [illegible] are making to *our* game.

JIM CIMBA

Hamilton, Ontario

Sirs:

Thanks for the inside report that Jim Stillwagon has a Canadian flag tattooed on his derriere. That's getting to the bottom of a story! Stillwagon deserves a swift kick in the pants, but that, I presume, would now be considered unpatriotic.

JIM SHEARON

Radio Station CKOY
Ottawa

Sirs:

I would like to add my thanks for the article on Canadian football. It has settled a lot of arguments concerning the ability of our college idols such as Jim Stillwagon and Joe Theismann. Now wouldn't it be great if we could watch our boys in Canada on an American TV station?

RICHARD J. LOWE

Chula Vista, Calif.

● According to Ralmar Sports Productions, Inc. (Ralph Kiner, president), live telecasts of both the Nov. 20 CFL Eastern Conference playoff game and the Grey Cup game on Nov. 28 will be carried over some 200 TV stations to audiences in 90% of the U.S.—ED.

SHOT IN THE DARK

Sirs:

Pat Putnam's report on the Great Skunk Ape of South Florida (*He's Big! He's Bashful! He Smells Bad!* Aug. 30) is a fine expose of the shoot-first-ask-questions-later mentality. It would seem that man's IQ works in inverse proportion to the caliber of the gun carried.

As a student of unexplained phenomena, and of man's reaction to them, I find that "aiming the .38 into the inky night and touching it off" is the reaction to be expected whenever the unknown is confronted. The piece was aptly placed in the NATURE category—nature of man, that is.

RONALD PALMA

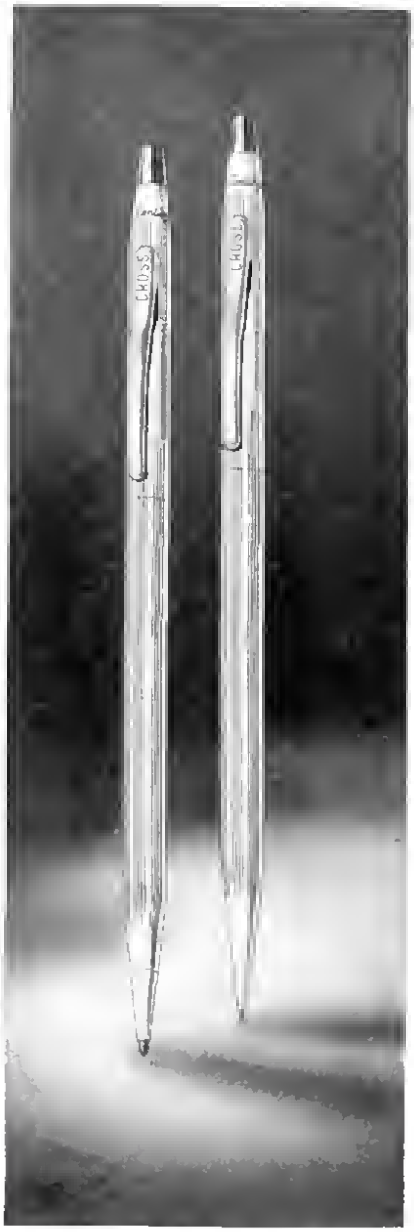
Cincinnati

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

Sirs:

After reading about the work of some rather ambitious mathematicians who, in recent issues, have endeavored to provide readers with equations to compute the distance that home runs such as Reggie Jackson's would hypothetically travel, I have come to

continued



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the only logical conclusion to which one could be led. Clearly, what every armchair fan needs is a formula that does include such variables as air resistance, the earth's rotation, the ball park's latitude, wind and air currents, the rotation of the ball and any other "significant" factors. Then each fan would be able to compute, beyond any doubt, the exact distance that each home run travels. In fact, if our armchair baseball fan is fast enough with figures, he might also catch the rest of the game action by the bottom of the ninth inning.

CHARLES STEINHORN
Middletown, Conn.

Sirs:

The equation offered by Dr. Simeon M. Berman (PEOPLE, Aug. 16) for determining how far a batted ball would travel if it were not obstructed was good. The equation submitted by Laurence Taff (19TH HOLE, Aug. 30) was better. But Casey Stengel's equation is best:

$$\frac{HT}{DB}+\frac{O}{O}+\frac{T}{P}=HR$$

For those weak in equations it translates, "Hit the damn ball out of the park." Incidentally, Casey is the only one of the three who made the *Hall of Fame*.

ROBERT L. CAHILL
East Hampton, N.Y.

TRAIL OF THE BLAZER

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's story on the blazer (SPORTING LOOK, Aug. 23) was a fine treatment of a fashion favorite, but your version of the origin of the blazer is open to question.

Many men's-wear experts, including those at the Men's Fashion Association, believe the blazer actually originated in Queen Victoria's navy when the chief officer of the H.M.S. *Blazon* designed a jacket for his officers to wear on shore. Made of blue flannel navy-uniform cloth with brass buttons, three patch pockets and a minimum of construction, they were called "blazers" after the name of the ship.

Blazers were later adopted by boating, cricket and tennis clubs, and were sometimes made in a particular club's colors, such as red blazer with white piping or blazer with stripes.

Though its origin may be in question, there is no disputing the fact that the blazer has become the symbol of versatility in a man's wardrobe.

NORMAN KARR
Executive Director
Men's Fashion Association of America
New York City

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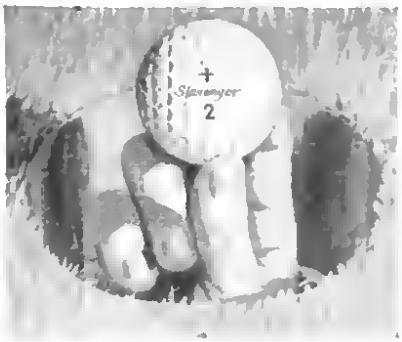
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